TABLE OF CONTENTS, *April, 1929*

THE LIVING AGE

The Magazine of World Topics

Articles:

The 'Wild Young People' of Modern France. *What the Post-War Generation Is Doing* — *Georges Duhamel* 94

Winston Churchill. *A Study of the Versatile English Statesman* — *David John Marshall* 96
Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

How the Tsar Abdicated. *An Eyewitness Recounts a Dramatic Event* — *General Goury Danilov* 99

Germany under the Great Blockade. *The Effect of the Entente Starvation Campaign* — *Louis Guichard* 111

An Aërial Passage to India. *From the Thames to the Ganges by Air* — *Sir Philip Sassoon* 122

A Visit to Maria Chapdelaine. *Louis Hémon's Heroine Is Interviewed* — *Marie Le Franc* 131

Departments:

World Records. *Recognizing the Unique and the Extreme* 82

World Travel Calendar. *A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad* 82

The World Over. *News and Interpretations with a Map* 83

A Paragraphic World Tour. *Around the World in Thirty Days* 92

Persons and Personages. *Vincent Massey — Sir Aurel Stein — Hugh Simons Gibson — Einar Lundborg* 105

Metropolitana. *Yvette Guilbert Comes Back to Paris — The Little Inns of Budapest — Home Life in Brussels — London Looks for the Whimsy Cake — Advertising the Cape in Madrid — The Preaching Burglar of Tokio* 118

Letters and the Arts. *A Letter from the Marquise — The Conquering Roman Alphabet — Novelist versus Professor — Words, Words, Words — Must Authors Starve? — A Protest against Suppression — Signatures de Gala* 127

As Others See Us. *American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism* 134

World Travel Notes. *Two Spanish Expositions — The Bavarian Alps* 136

World Business. *The Reign of Gold* 144

War and Peace. *Conflicting Views on the One Great Question That Vexes All the World* 158

Book Reviews:

A Complete Bibliography of the Month's Travel Publications 146

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: —

'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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The Guide Post

Pacific & Atlantic

RAY LYMAN WILBUR

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR in President Hoover's Cabinet. Mr. Wilbur is a member of the advisory council of THE LIVING AGE.

IT IS with sincere satisfaction that we record the appointment of Mr. Ray Lyman Wilbur to the post of Secretary of the Interior under the Administration of President Hoover. Mr. Wilbur is a valued member of our Advisory Council for whom THE LIVING AGE heartily wishes continued distinction and success.

Like Mr. Hoover, Mr. Wilbur is a native of Iowa. He had a thoroughly international education, first at Stanford, then in Frankfurt-am-Main, Munich, and London. He has been connected with Stanford University ever since he graduated, working up from an instructorship in physiology to the presidency of the university. He has been associated in various capacities with the United States, California, and San Francisco governments ever since he took a post in Mr. Hoover's wartime Food Administration. Last year, President Wilbur was a delegate to the Sixth Pan-American Congress at Havana. In addition to all this, Mr. Wilbur has written numerous scientific books in his specialty, which is ichthyology. It is fortunate for the nation that his life-long friend, Herbert Hoover, should give wider scope to his unusual abilities.

(*Continued on page 154*)

World Records

— As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

— Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ GOLF. Sportsmen in Dallas, Texas, assert their claim to a unique world's record. Out for a New Year's Day round of golf on January 1st, 1929, Mr. George Dexter stepped up to the tee and, with his first stroke on the first hole of his first round on the year's first day, scored a hole in one. Allowed.

¶ POSTAGE STAMPS. It is claimed that, for the first time in history, the present Holy Father of the Roman Catholic Church has allowed his portrait to appear on a postage stamp. The occasion was the sale of stamps by the towns of Santiago and Toledo in Spain to assist in raising funds for the excavation of the Catacombs. Beside the Pope's portrait, snugly sharing the same stamp, is the picture of the King of Spain.

¶ MAIL SERVICE. The world's record for slowness in mail delivery is claimed by a news dispatch in behalf of Mrs. E. Burkloder, of Harrisonburg, Virginia, U. S. A., who mailed a letter to her husband, residing in Washington, D. C., on February 23rd, 1903, shortly after the marriage of the twain. The missive reached its destination 26 years later, bearing the postmarks of Harrisonburg and Washington only. Fortunately, it found Mr. Burkloder living, and still the spouse of the writer of the letter. Whether its early phrasing was wholly appropriate to the later conditions, the story does not say. The distance between Washington and Harrisonburg being about 100 miles, the speed with which the letter traveled was less than four miles per year. This would be about 1,700 feet per month, 60 feet per day, or about 30 inches per hour. A fairly vigorous tortoise could have traveled the same distance in about one half of one per cent of the time required for the mail delivery. A robust snail, without feeling hurried or getting out of breath, could have won over the Post Office Department, hands down.

¶ ARCHERY. C. W. Douglas, a high-school teacher in Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A., recently won the world's archery title, making 704 points out of a possible 810, with ninety arrows — the highest score ever made.

¶ NEWSPAPERS. The newspaper novelty of the month is claimed by a columnist in the *Observer* (London) to be the *Daily Mail's* introduction of pictures into the 'captions' of its news stories. Thus, its headlines announcing a cure for distemper were embellished with a picture of a wire-haired terrier, and those which described Sir Otto Beit's much praised benefaction included a representation of a piece of radium (highly magnified). But then we are reminded that literature began by the drawing of pictures, and this modern development of journalism only suggests that we are going back in our tracks.

(*Continued on page 160*)

World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

AUSTRIA

ADELSBERG. *May* 20, Peasants' Ball and illumination in the Adelsberg Caverns.
HALLSTATT (TRAUN LAKES). *May* 30, Corpus Christi carnival.
ST. ANTON (TYROL). *May* 4, 5, Ski-jumping contest.
VIENNA. *May* 1, Holiday celebrated in the Augarten; 5, Spanish Riding School performance; 8–13. Congress of German Psychologists; 30, Corpus Christi festival; *June* 2–16, Johann Strauss festivals; 28, St. Peter's Eve, pilgrimage to Maria-Zell.

BELGIUM

BRUGES. *May* 2, festival; 6, Procession of the Precious Blood; 6–8, Rogation Days processions.
CLUYSEN-TERDONCK. *May* 9, International Regatta.
GHENT. *May* 12, Horse Fair; *June* 17, Horse Fair.
HAL. *May* 21, Whit Tuesday pilgrimages.
LIÈGE. *May* 19–*June* 19, Art Exhibition, Palace of Fine Arts.
LOUVAIN. *May* 5, Church pilgrimages.
MALINES. *June* 3, 10, 17, 24, carillon concerts by Jef. Denyn.
MONS. *May* 7, 14, 21, 28, carillon concerts; 26, Procession of the Lumeçon; *June* 3, Fair opens, ancient procession of *Char d'Or;* 4, 11, 18, 25, carillon concerts.
MONT-ST.-AMAND. *June* 11, Horse Fair.
NIVELLES. *May* 20, Whit Monday processions.
OSTENDE. *June* 3, International Boating Competition; 24, Culinary Arts Congress.
WALCOURT. *May* 26, Trinity Sunday Pilgrimage.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

KARLOVY VARY, *May* 1–*September* 30, Sample Show.
PRAGUE. *May* 15–21, Agricultural Exhibition; 16–24, Festival of St. John Nepomuk; 17–24, International Sample Fair.
TÁBOR. *June* 23–*August* 15, South Bohemian Exhibition of Czech Mediæval Times.

DANZIG

DANZIG. *May* 18–20, Medical Congress on Ear Diseases.
ZOPPOT. *May* 12–26, International Harbor and Marine Exhibition; 20, horse races; *June* 4, horse races; 30, horse races.

DENMARK

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *May* 1, spring festival, chiefly celebrated at Marienlyst, Elsinore, Tisvilde; 11, Children's Day; *June* 5, *Grundlovsdagen* (Independence Day) festivals; 15, Flag Day.

(*Continued on page 140*)

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

VOLUME 336 APRIL · 1929 NUMBER 4340

The World Over

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S LEGACY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

TO THOSE who believe that the foreign policies of the United States have passed like a legacy, tried by time and accepted without qualification, from the Coolidge to the Hoover Administration, there is in store a considerable shock.

Foreign affairs, essentially a wordy and gregarious activity, never were Mr. Coolidge's forte. His more felicitous utterances, such as his valedictory on what passes in senatorial sonorousness as 'Washingtonian isolation,' have been thoughtful rather than thought-provoking. When showing to less advantage, as in his understandable but poorly timed Armistice Day address, he turned against the policies of other nations instead of drawing with him support for his own. He was temperamentally unable to dramatize the thing that the American people are least interested in to-day; with his habit of chary verbiage, he never saw fit to make the foreign scene vivid to his fellow citizens. To the end, he remained unaccustomed to the lavish display of spokesmanship that is necessary to 'sell' foreign affairs to the American people.

Of his three principal world policies, one failed, another came to a deadlock, and the third stops short of the real issue.

First, we refer to the breakdown of the Geneva Naval Conference, which became lost in the Swiss Alps for want of the right kind of guidance from somewhere — London, if not Washington.

Kladderadatsch, Berlin

EUROPE LOOKS AT MR. HOOVER'S MAJOR DIPLOMATIC PROBLEM

'UNCLE SAM: Father England, give me your trident! It is getting too heavy for your old arms to wield!'

Second, we refer to the attempt to bring us into the World Court — an effort which the White House backed with but little enthusiasm, at a time when only vigorous leadership could have speeded the distant but inevitable day. Third, we refer to the Anti-War Pact, one of those ideas of another, seized on by men in the high places of state for varying reasons — possibly because France wished to bind Washington in a negative accord where a decade earlier a positive alliance had been rejected; possibly because the United States wished to escape too intimate an entente by inviting the support of all the world. In this case, there has as yet been no occasion to come down to earth. It will be the task of the Hoover Administration to know 'aggression' when the United States meets it face to face on the world's highway, and to decide what is to be done in a breach of the peace.

There are those who will maintain that though Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg were unwilling to apply pressure where pressure was needed in international affairs, this very fact has permitted the United States and the rest of the nations concerned to drift toward a solution of their common porblems. At the same time, such unwillingness is likely to mean a postponement of the issues. Both Mr. Coolidge and his Secretary of State usually were formally correct, without always showing great understanding of either the temper of the American people or of world opinion. But, though the overly empirical approach of the Coolidge administration toward the further limitation of naval armament, toward the World Court, and toward the outlawry of war may be outstanding achievements of four years, they constitute, ironically

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enough, the hangovers which will challenge the statesmanship of the Hoover Administration until 1932.

There are also those who will maintain that the Coolidge administration, with its safe-and-sane international outlook, has left the foreign affairs of the United States in a generally happy condition. Strained Latin American relations have been eased — notably those with Mexico and Nicaragua. Pan-Americanism, through Hughes's legerdemain at the Havana Conference, has become a tactical if temporary triumph for the United States. Across the Pacific, the traditional American stand on the square deal for China, though it is a ready-made garment of diplomatic policy, to be found in the political wardrobe of any administration, admittedly contributed to possibilities of eventual stabilization. Then, too, the United States has established contact, if only through observers, with Europe's post-War nightmares — reparations and armaments.

Nevertheless, there is something reassuring in the appearance of a Quaker President who has a record for forthright action. But a word of caution. Notwithstanding popular opinion based on stories of Belgian bread lines, Hoover is not easily prejudged on foreign affairs. True, he would appear to be that *rara avis* of American politics, a Chief Executive who knows his way about the world, even if he believes in seeing America first. He would appear to appreciate the fact that 'international understanding' does not mean taking foreign blarney at its face value; he would seem to realize equally well that there is always the danger of an international bite behind any national bark. Are we to have a revision of 'Speak softly but carry a big stick?'

While the President of the United States was being inaugurated, the Fifty-Fourth Session of the Council of the League of Nations opened. Although it is still quite a distance from Washington to Geneva, each inauguration on Capitol Hill since that of 1920 has been followed by a four-year interval of closer coöperation with the League. The more important of the thirty questions on the present Council agenda — with the exception of the overshadowing minorities problem — represent matters of direct interest to the United States. Europe's best minds, and others from the rest of the globe, have had the Paraguayan-Bolivian dispute before them as one of the principal topics for *sub rosa* discussions; for Geneva has retained freedom to move directly in the event that Pan-American mediation does not settle the dispute. The narcotic question, wherein the United States has a tremendous interest, was also considered. The progress of several conference plans in which America claims an interest have also been discussed by the Council — notably, the prospects for a conference on the codification of international law before the end of the year; the advancement of work on the General Conference for the Limitation of Armaments; and the convening of an international conference on counterfeiting. Both the latter meetings will have official American delegations.

That there is any likelihood that President Hoover and his Secretary of State will oppose this trend toward greater coöperation with Geneva seems more than remote. The essentially economic mind of the new occupant of the White House, measuring all things with an eye to organization and efficiency, might be expected rather to welcome the effectiveness of a continuous conference system. Indeed, the extension of American 'non-political' coöperation with the League, in whose current activities business problems common to all nations play a large part, might well be a possibility for a not too distant future. Such an idea involves considerable hardihood of thought; but when so much that is close to the heart of President Hoover as a citizen of the world is being developed in that larger Department of Commerce of all nations, the International Labor Office, it seems a pity that the greatest of industrial nations stands largely aloof from this work. Especially is this true when we really understand that the 'I. L. O.' has more to do with business and with the economic aspects of public administration than with the much misunderstood 'labor' side of its functions.

Across the street from the White House Executive Offices, the man now in charge of the somewhat abused Department of State, Colonel Stimson, brings to his task sharply defined talents. He has a genius for personal conciliation, which accounts for the fact that he had his own way in Nicaragua and the Philippines. He possesses the legal technique we are apt to regard as a *sine qua non* for the office, enriched by familiarity with the business forces which loom so large in modern statesmanship and tempered with a background of direct foreign contacts in Occident and Orient.

There may be a portent of the future world rôle of the United States in the Nestor-like figure of Elihu Root. Gallantly renewing his hope in the possibility of the United States' joining the World Court, the arch-mind of twentieth-century Republican Party councils has accepted an 'overlapping' mission. He sailed at the close of the Coolidge era, to begin work as the Hoover Administration takes the reins of government. His 'full powers,' as the diplomats would express it, appear to arise from his preëminence as an American jurist who contributed largely to the organization of the Permanent Court of International Justice in 1920, rather than as an official emissary from Washington. This has its advantages. He has had the opportunity of meeting Europe's leaders at the Geneva Council, and of participating in the work of a new committee of jurists, appointed on the initiative of the League, to study changes in the procedure of the World Court.

If this points to continuity of foreign policy, Hoover's adoption of the Coolidge outlook on world organization at least has one merit. It assures against the likelihood of another American reaction against the growing non-political coöperation between ourselves and more effectively organized neighbors, who back the clearing house of nations at Geneva as vital to world progress.

The Lateran Treaty

ON Monday, February 11th, the plenipotentiaries of the high contracting parties, four for each, assembled in the Lateran Palace and signed the treaty which settled the Roman Question. There were no speeches, no elaborate ceremonies; the Vatican's official moving-picture photographer was the only other person present. At eleven o'clock in the morning, the Pope's representatives arrived in an American Chrysler; Premier Mussolini, in an Italian Isotta Fraschini. They passed into the Grand Council Hall of the ancient palace, part of which was constructed over fifteen hundred years ago, by the Roman Emperor Constantine. The treaty was read aloud, and the signatures affixed. The Lateran treaty will probably be finally ratified later in the spring and will take effect immediately thereafter.

Already it is reported that Pius XI plans to spend the hot summer months at the monastery of Monte Cassino; on Sunday, February 17th, a motor truck, decorated with the arms of the House of Savoy, and two Italian militiamen in uniform entered the Vatican grounds to show a moving picture of the signing of the treaty. For the first time in nearly sixty years the Pope will leave the Vatican; for the first time in nearly sixty years Italian soldiers have entered the Vatican. So much for the immediate effects of the treaty.

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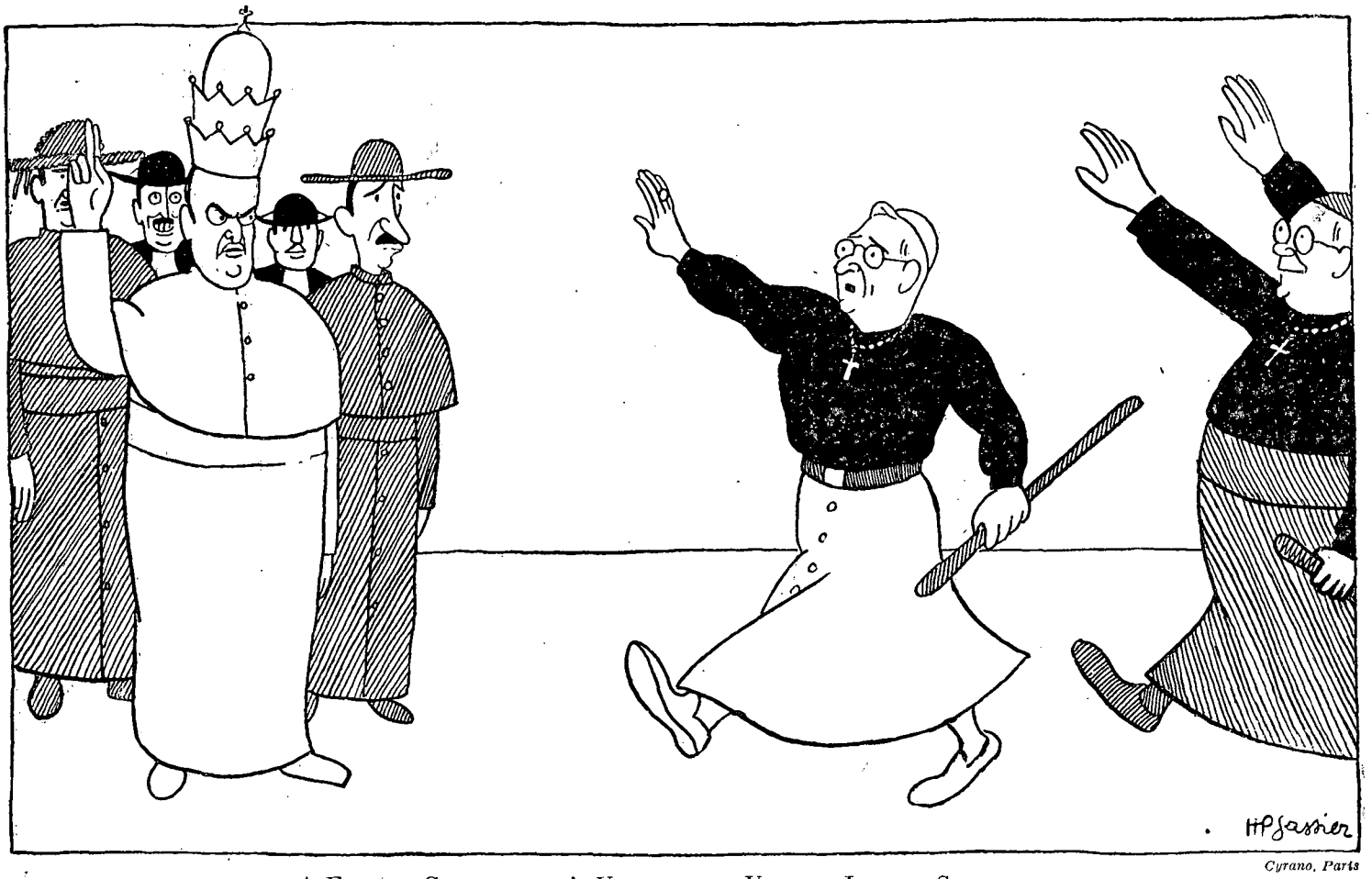

Cyrano, Paris

A FRENCH CARICATURIST'S VIEW OF THE VATICAN-ITALIAN SETTLEMENT

PIUS XI, converted to Fascism, dons a black shirt and gives the Fascist salute to the new Pope, Mussolini.

An hour after the signing, by official arrangement, news dispatches began to reach New York dated 'Vatican City, Feb. 11'; the papal flag, white and yellow with an emblem of keys crossed beneath the triple tiara, was flown from the roof of a great London department store. For the first time in history, the Italian national colors were displayed from all episcopal palaces in Italy; and the steeple of the church in the Pope's native village, Desio, was bedecked with an Italian flag. The congratulations of the great powers of the world began to pour in to the Vatican. The Pope was at peace with Italy.

The repercussions of the treaty outside Italy have been many. In France, the liberal parties have seen a new danger in what they call the 'Fascisization' of the Holy See. They are renewed in their anticlericalism. At the same time, strangely enough, they express annoyance at the loss to French diplomatic prestige which they foresee in a reconciliation between Italy and the Pope. Since 1870, France has posed as the protector of the Catholic Church in the Near East. Now France fears that Italy will assume this position. The conservative Press has taken this as an occasion to blame the liberals for lack of 'realism' in antagonizing the Church by an anti-clerical policy. The French Government has merely expressed its approval of the settlement.

In Germany, it is feared that the concordats separately made with the Holy See by the individual German states will now have to be approved by the Reich, for the German Constitution does not allow the federated German states to make separate treaties with an external *sovereign* power. The English Minister to the Vatican has expressed the congratulations of the Empire. There has even been talk in the United States of a Vatican immigration quota, which has been estimated at one-fifth of a person a year, or one whole person in every five years! These minor problems, which serve only to make vivid the change that has occurred, will doubtless be easily settled.

There has been very little actual opposition expressed to the treaty, and a good deal of enthusiasm expressed for it. The Vatican has been exceedingly tactful. The Pope announced on February 12th that he wished no international guaranty, but would rely on the honor of the Italian nation. He said that he had no desire to enter the League of Nations, and would not apply for membership. It is supposed in Geneva that the Vatican will assume officially much the position which it has had for some years unofficially — one of friendly coöperation with the League, a position exactly analogous to that of the United States.

There has been a great deal of discussion of the advisability of an autonomous state to serve as the centre for the League of Nations. There is precedent of a sort for this in the American District of Columbia; the Vatican settlement offers an even closer parallel. Perhaps in time to come the most effective organization against war will be a League operating from a League of Nations City conceived in terms very similar to those which created the Vatican City. And thus Dante's great plan, stated as an ideal for statecraft over five hundred years ago, of complementary, autonomous political and religious authorities will be realized.

TANAKA HANGS ON

JAPAN'S Conservative Cabinet, confronted with significant popular opposition to its policy in China, does not find itself in an easier position as a result of the outbreak of civil war across the Yellow Sea.

The clouds were already gathering when the first 'manhood-suffrage' Diet convened at the close of 1928. Premier Baron Tanaka, though he has held power since April of the preceding year, has

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Kladderadatsch, Berlin

THE SUFFERINGS OF GERMANY FROM THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES

A BITTER GERMAN COMMENT on the harshness of the Entente powers. In 1431 Joan of Arc confessed on the rack. In 1918 Germany confessed her guilt, with Wilson, Lloyd George, and Poincaré as the torturers.

never had more than a small numerical majority in the House of Representatives. No sooner had parliament convened, than the lower house became the scene of bitter attacks on the Cabinet's policies at home and abroad. The representatives of the people, stronger than ever under the newly revised electoral system, clamored against the heavy taxation necessitated by the new budget, — the largest in Japan's history, — and their dissatisfaction with this domestic question increased their opposition to the measures taken by the Tanaka Cabinet in dealing with the Chinese situation.

The destructive criticism of Tanaka's 'positive policy' in China by the Opposition reveals how far Japanese liberalism has advanced from the shackles of 'patriotic' silence. The outstanding figure among the Government's critics, the distinguished diplomat, Shidehara, bitterly assailed the Cabinet's relations with China. He charged that Baron Tanaka's espousal of the old-line attitude of the Mikado's Land toward her neighbor was producing nothing but anti-Japanese agitation. As for Shantung, he contended Japan's intervention had not protected Japanese lives; but that these forces had fired anew Chinese hatred of the Island Empire.

Though the Government, standing firm, weathered the assault in the Lower House, the Peers administered a sharp rebuke on another question. The ever-delicate matter of the Cabinet's political manipulation of the 'Imperial Prerogative,' this time brought up in regard to the resignation of a cabinet minister some months ago, involved the Emperor's almost sacrosanct name in the debate. The bungled moves of Premier and minister, arousing sharp criticism over the technical procedure employed, led to an adverse vote from the hereditary and appointive Upper House. The resignation of the Tanaka Government, not mandatory in the case of what was termed a 'warning,' has not followed. The outstanding domestic issue, the land tax measure, has remained the principal source of danger to Tanaka's continuance in power, apart from the opposition to the China policy.

THE UNITED STATES UMPIRES THE REPARATIONS PARLEY

THE unanimous selection of Owen D. Young as Chairman of the Committee of Experts meeting in Paris to revise the German Reparations Settlement of 1924 has been received in the United States as a tribute to its disinterestedness. That, however, is incidental. What we really have been privileged to see is Europe's bow to the ambassadors of United States finance.

Though we may join these distinguished experts in holding that reparations involve 'business questions only,' and may accept the by no means loquacious statement made as they entered the Paris parley early in February, the American people must by this time realize what is in store. The 'disinterestedness' — to continue overworking a much-abused word — of the United States is that of a residuary legatee who has been invited to a meeting of the creditor's committee, which is seeking to salvage something from a badly strained estate. The happy thought of the separation of the financial and political interests of the United States, so steadfastly maintained by Ex-President Coolidge throughout the preliminary talks across the Atlantic on American 'unofficial' participation, has meant nothing to European realists. Within the first fortnight, the political considerations began to make themselves felt in the deliberations of the experts. Three weeks sufficed to bring out the inseparable connection between reparations, war debts, and the international financial position of United States investors.

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Many of the developments have been chronicled with baffling official brevity. But though the *communiqués* from the council room in the George V Hotel have been compressed within the limits of a traveler's modest week-end cable, the world has at least been given glimpses of the maze which the twenty-nine experts and their aids are exploring. They have gone far enough from the gastronomic diplomacy of the Bank of France luncheon which started them forth in a happy frame of mind, from the flashlights of their organization meeting, and from optimistic anticipation of an early settlement to make the crucial transition from mere discussion of facts to vigorous argument over their meaning. When the German spokesman, Dr. Schacht of the Reichsbank, completed his well-received and temperate portrayal of Germany's economic position, the delegates found themselves approaching what very nearly became a blind alley. The unemotional pessimism of this Titan of the Berlin banking world was far more effective than table pounding in the Stresemann manner. The significance of the Gilbert Report, which had set all the creditor nations licking their chops on the eve of the parley, was greatly modified by the softly advanced counter-interpretations of Dr. Schacht. There was no fight over figures — only conflict over conclusions.

Upon this ground, the Germans have entrenched themselves with far-reaching strategic effect. Can the Dawes Plan payments continue? No; they have been met so far with borrowed funds. Can Germany unconditionally meet lower annuities? No, for their transfer, possibly resulting in pressure upon the mark, might threaten the financial stability of the Reich unless qualified by a safeguarding clause, permitting the temporary stoppage of payments when necessary. Is German business now ready to stand on its own feet? No, far from it — any new settlement must be based on annual reparations payments small enough to allow German enterprise to continue to secure private capital in New York, London, anywhere. Well, how much can Germany pay? Ah, gentlemen, how could you!

This colloquy has developed into an attack, by indirection, upon the inter-Allied debts. The mere hint of scaling these down has brought the creditors of Germany back to their own problem of the obligations due Washington. It has also given new impetus to talk of 'commercializing' the German reparations through some sort of international flotation. The gigantic underwriting proposed, defined as 'the economic digestion of the political indiscretion of the first world war,' rests inevitably upon the decision of the ambassadors from United States finance. For, where experts are, governments will be found close behind — that is, close behind all except the American delegates, whose voice represents the cold economics of the New World's financial power.

China's Empires of Dust

WELL may the friends of modern China join in the lament of a bard of ancient Cathay over an old battlefield: —

> 'Oh sorrow! Oh ye Ch'ins!
> Ye Hans! Ye dynasties forever flown!
> Ye empires of dust . . .'

For once again China's military pawns have been moving in the seemingly inevitable springtime clash of arms which has been recurring for nearly a decade, and there is some reason to think that the Nationalist régime may join the 'empires of dust.'

Shantung, so closely connected with Manchuria's destiny by Japanese diplomacy, has become once more the centre of disturbance. The defeated factions there remain by no means acquiescent in the Nationalist supremacy, and their machinations are now coming to a head in what may develop into a far-reaching conspiracy. The present situation leaves the allegiance of every leader outside the immediate circle of the Kuomintang open to doubt and the object of Nanking's anxious scrutiny. Mukden, now the political centre of the conservative northern militarists, has never given any signs of allegiance beyond hoisting the Nationalist flag over the three Manchurian provinces as a gesture of nominal national unification. Its loyalty to the Nationalists is highly dubious. Since summer, the political power of this principality, wherein lie Japan's vested rights in Eastern Asia, has passed by a bloody coup into the ambitious hands of the 'Young Marshal,' Chang Hsueh-liang. Manchurian armies have increased from 250,000 to 450,000, foreign observers report, with the best arsenals in China at work on a twenty-four-hour schedule. Should the 'Young Marshal' turn against the Nationalists, they will find him hard to coerce. Far to the south, Canton, once the centre of the Nationalist movement, has slowly been drifting away from the conservative Kuomintang party dictatorship. The Kuomintang now has little control over any part of China outside the lower Yangtze Valley. Mid-China, virtually a country in itself, has been sharing its own radical hostility to Nanking with the southern and northern centres of discontent.

Coincidences play an over-large part in this new tragedy of China. It was pure chance that Japan should have been negotiating with Nanking over the renewed evacuation of Shantung when events began their march. But the reputation of the Mikado's Land for meddling in the domestic turmoil of her neighbor — noted elsewhere in its bearing on Japanese internal politics — has furnished a new basis for the Nationalist denunciation of foreign interference. This, however, does not explain the subsequent upheaval in Central China, which threatens Nanking with a second military campaign on another front. The intrigues of China's military politicians are rarely spontaneous, but there is in this case no evidence of foreign instigation. It is, therefore, just possible that we are dealing with two more or less separate bids for a new deal — the Shantung clash sponsored from Manchuria, doubtless under the semi-complacent eyes of Japan; the subsequent Central China *coup d'état* against loyal Nationalist authorities, flaring up from the mysterious inwardness of Chinese politics.

Prophecy in affairs Asian is a thankless task. The real arbiter of China's immediate future, nevertheless, has not been mentioned. That Jason of Chinese political adventure, Marshal Fêng Yu-hsiang, lies midway between what may be the Scylla of the Manchurian militarists and the Charybdis of the Nationalists. He has eaten the rice of Sun Yat-Sen's Nationalism; will he remember this Chinese token of fealty? As for the difficulties in which the Nationalists find themselves, there is no need for blaming anyone but the Chinese themselves. The Nationalists have in a year done more to rehabilitate China than all their opponents together have done in a decade. But neither that argument nor the utilization of Japan as a foreign scapegoat will save them in Chinese eyes if they have lost that mystic sign of authority — their 'mandate from Heaven.'

Trotski in Constantinople

ON the evening of the same day on which Pius XI celebrated the seventh anniversary of his consecration and the final settlement of the Roman Question, Leon Davidovitch Bronstein (Trotski) arrived in Constantinople, a broken man. Six years ago he was the idol of a country larger and more populous than the United States. To-day he is an exile, closely guarded and critically ill.

What happens in Russia is of vital concern to the rest of the world, particularly

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A Bourgeois Jibe

The German conservative Socialist daily, *Vorwärts*, congratulates Communist Russia on having at last developed a product for mass export, Siberian cold, which has made this winter terrible all over Europe.

A Communist Reply

The *Rote Fahne*, German Communist daily, retorts that, if the *Vorwärts* cartoonist can think of no better reason for attacking Russia, his brains must be frozen and, however mild the weather may be, they will never thaw out.

to the United States. Here is a country of tremendous resources in natural and human wealth, standing ready for development. Russia is bound within the next generation to assume her rightful place in the international scene. What her influence will be is being determined largely by present events.

It is almost impossible to get accurate news from Russia. The Press is rigorously censored, and the correspondents of non-Russian newspapers are allowed to send out only such news as the Stalin régime desires to let out. The result is that half the Russian dispatches in the American Press are dated from Berlin, Paris, London, or Warsaw after having reached those cities through underground channels. They are completely unreliable. Not merely is much of the published information misinformation; the true state of affairs is almost unknowable. It is thus possible for a cleverly organized group, like Orlov's, which was exposed recently by the *New York Evening Post's* Berlin representative, to forge statements and documents which must gain a certain amount of popular credence because they cannot be immediately proved false.

If one is allowed a certain amount of liberty in 'putting two and two together,' one can in a measure approximate the true situation. It has had parallels in all the great popular upheavals of history. Out of the revolutionary idealism have come two essentially antagonistic parties, the conservative and the radical, — those who feel that the fine phrases of the revolutionary period are mere phrases and are not to be taken too seriously and those who continue to believe, heart and soul, in those phrases, — the Hamiltons and the Jeffersons. Usually the Hamiltons win out.

In Russia there are Rykov and Kalinin, who represent the most extreme form of conservatism possible in an ostensibly Communist state. And there was Trotski. Stalin, the essential politician, the moderator between the extremes, rules the roost through his Tammany-like 'influence' and through the fact that there is still enough sentiment in favor of pure Bolshevism to make a government by the conservatives impossible. Yet the forces of the Right are winning. Trotski is under lock and key in the Russian consulate in Constantinople — a new use, that, for a consulate! The peasants are gradually becoming a propertied class, and the extreme poverty of the country is gradually forcing the Stalin régime into more and more concessions to foreign capital.

Meanwhile, with Trotski in final exile, the Communists of other countries are largely his partisans, and thus in time the International is likely to come into conflict with the Soviet Union. Doubtless this would please Stalin greatly, for it would enable him to stop paying the International's bills, and thus remove a large expenditure from an already strained budget. Whatever the outcome, the world can only watch Russia work out her own salvation and trust that, when she emerges, it will be with ideals which make possible thorough co-operation with her fellow nations.

The Baltic and the Balkans

THE cause of world peace has been making rapid progress in two of the stormiest regions of the world — the Baltic and the Balkans. Poland and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, never on really friendly terms, though hostilities between them ceased in 1921, have at length joined with Latvia and Rumania in signing a kind of supplement to the Kellogg Treaty. Under the terms of the new agreement between the four East European countries, the Treaty is to become effective immediately, so far as their mutual relations are concerned. They thus pledge themselves to a peaceful settlement of their differences. The Kellogg Treaty itself will not come into effect until ratified by all fifteen of the powers whose plenipotentiaries affixed their signatures at Paris last August. As we go to press, only eleven nations have done so.

Although, as has often been pointed out, the Kellogg Treaty provides no effective means for its own enforcement, it is encouraging that four powers, in the areas where war has long seemed more probable than elsewhere, should be so eager to declare themselves for peace that they hasten to commit themselves to observe the Treaty's terms, even before all ratifications have been deposited.

Numerous questions remain to be settled, but it may be hoped that they will now be settled by diplomacy and not by force of arms. Chief among them is the vexed problem of Bessarabia, claimed both by the U. S. S. R. and by Rumania; and the equally difficult problem of the Ukraine, now in Russian possession, though both Poland and Rumania cast longing eyes toward portions of it. Latvia has yet to work out terms upon which Russia may make use of harbor facilities at Riga, the Latvian capital.

Unfortunately, neither Lithuania, which has a standing grudge against

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Poland for the seizure of Vilna, the former Lithuanian capital, nor Finland, which regards the U. S. S. R. with extreme suspicion, could be persuaded to enter the agreement. The possibility of war along the east coast of the Baltic is therefore not wholly ruled out, even assuming that the terms of the supplementary pact are rigorously observed; but it is at least minimized.

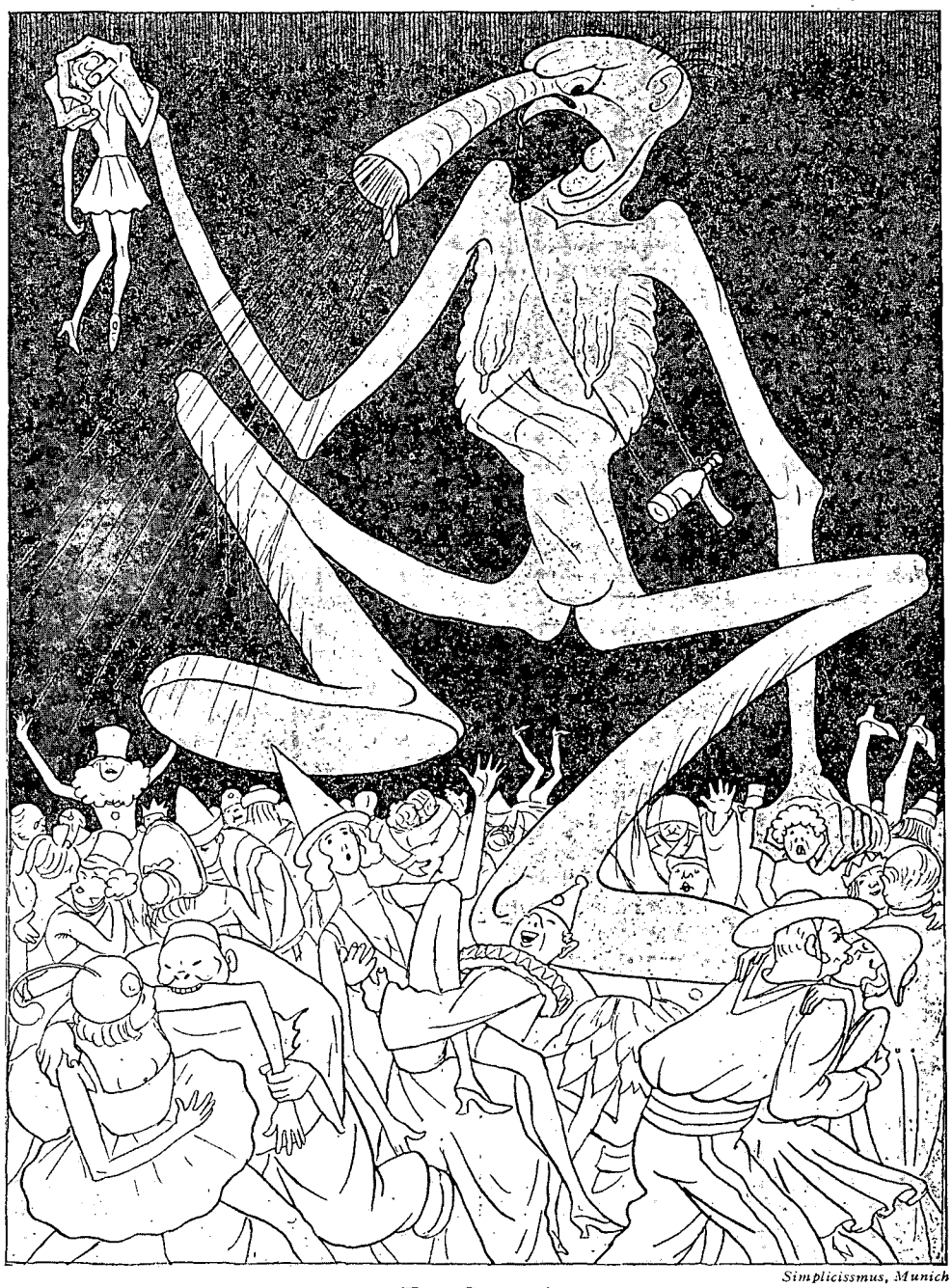
The prospect of a peaceful settlement of Rumania's long-standing dispute with Russia over Bessarabia will, if realized, help to heal one of the traditional 'sore spots' of the eastern Balkans. On the western coast of the Balkan peninsula, King Alexander of Yugoslavia, since assuming the dictatorship, has been trying to heal two others. He has reduced the tension between his Croat and Serb subjects through generous pardons to political offenders. He has reopened the Bulgarian frontier, and is reported to be considering making Bulgaria an offer of a formal pact of amity, thus promoting good feeling between two traditionally hostile states. This is doubtless intended as a counterstroke to the policy which Italy has been pursuing, of allying herself with all the powers that encircle Yugoslavia, and rendering the Yugoslavs helpless against any future Italian effort to dominate more completely in the Adriatic. If the encirclement policy pursued by Italy were to succeed, the Yugoslavs would probably be tempted to appeal to arms. This would involve France, as an ally, against Italy and would be a grave danger to the maintenance of world peace.

If King Alexander offers Bulgaria his olive branch and succeeds in persuading her to accept it, he will improve the general international situation as much as his conciliatory policy since assuming the dictatorship has improved his country's domestic stability. For the time being, at any rate, the war spirit is exorcised all along the 'cordon sanitaire' which in 1919 the Peace Conference drew around Russia from the Baltic to the Balkans.

The White Man's Burden Again

DURING the whole of the first week of February, the native sections of Bombay were turned into a charnel house. Over a thousand Indians were killed or seriously injured. A Hindu was dragged by force into a mosque, his throat was slit, and his body thrown out into the gutter; an inoffensive Parsee merchant happened to pass by a group of brawlers and was stabbed to death; a Mohammedan chauffeur was wantonly murdered as he sat in his automobile waiting for his employer. And all of this terror and bloodshed occurred because someone started a rumor that the Pathans, a variety of Mohammedan Afghans, had been kidnapping Hindu children and making human sacrifices of them. There was no basis to the rumor, but that did not matter. It simply brought to another crisis the long-standing hatred between Mohammedan and Hindu in India.

It is merely another instance of the difficulties of empire. The United States has somewhat similar responsibilities in Central America. There is a sanguinary revolution in Nicaragua, prompted by pure greed on the part of two sets of opportunist local leaders, the 'Ins' and 'Outs.' To protect its own interests and to prevent futile bloodshed, the American Government intervenes. Immediately there are shouts of 'Yankee Imperialism.' In India, for over a century, the British have had the same problem. To make India into a good investment, and for the Indian's own good, Great Britain has maintained order. Natives have been shot by Englishmen. In the recent Bombay riots, natives were shot by the English constabulary, but only to prevent a far greater number of natives' deaths at native hands. And the British are accused of tyranny and perfidy. Americans are asked to have sympathy for Indian independence. One cannot help wondering what the Indian Na-



Simplicissmus, Munich

THE GRIPPE!

A STARTLING, VIVID CONCEPTION of the grippe, which has been epidemic in Europe as well as in the United States, seizing living people as they gaily dance and enjoy the carnival season.

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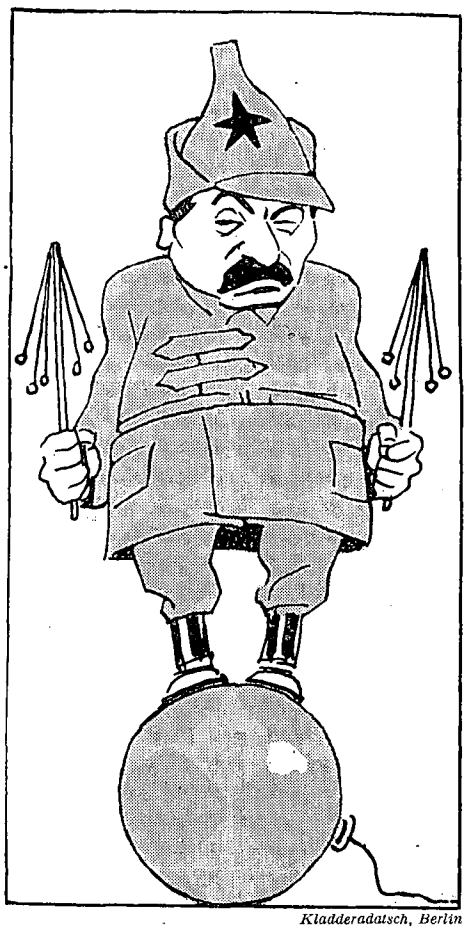
tionalists expect will happen when British law and order are withdrawn. Perhaps these gentlemen enjoy fratricidal bloodshed. Perhaps they are not so soft-hearted as the British police officer who recently fainted at his post when an Indian was stabbed within a few yards of him to fall dying at the officer's feet.

The Vicious Circle of Mexican Revolt

IT may well have been more than a mere coincidence that the latest revolution against the Mexican Government broke out on Saturday, March 2nd — just two days before Mr. Hoover succeeded Mr. Coolidge as President of the United States. Mexican revolutionists have always gone about their violent business with one eye on Washington. More than once in the past their plans have been spoiled by diplomatic protests, by the threat of arms embargoes or even of intervention on the part of the United States. This uprising began simultaneously in the two Mexican states of Vera Cruz and Sonora, separated by nearly a thousand miles. Within twenty-four hours six other states had joined the revolt. Such concerted action implies long planning, and presumably the moment at which the plan was to be put into effect was chosen for certain definite reasons. One of them, at least, was no doubt the feeling that the few days of unsettlement which were bound to accompany the shift of the reins of government in the United States from Mr. Coolidge to Mr. Hoover might deter the United States from acting until the Mexican revolutionists were able to accomplish their aims and to present the new American Administration with a *fait accompli*.

The revolt seems to have taken the United States almost completely by surprise. Even Ambassador Morrow was caught unawares, spending a leisurely week-end off duty with his family at Cuernavaca, nearly fifty miles from Mexico City. We in the United States had almost begun to believe that Mr. Morrow was living in a tranquilized Mexico, with the tranquilization of which the engaging American ambassador himself had had very much to do. Now the scenes have suddenly shifted and we visualize the country as seething with civil war, a condition involving problems of grave delicacy in Mexican relations with the United States.

The difficulty of getting at the exact causes of the revolution, especially during its early stages, was illustrated by the apparent mystification of President Portes Gil himself. He stated, in somewhat hurt tones, that he did not know why it had started, and that he considered it 'one of the most unjustified rebel movements of all those which have occurred in the Republic in recent times.' The revolutionists themselves have not been over-explicit concerning their motives. They loudly condemned President Gil as 'the unconstitutional instrument' of Ex-President Calles. They called Calles 'the diabolical inspirer of inhuman and savage persecutions, the inventor of abysmal institutions of delinquency and crime.' They complained that he had 'made a comedy of popular suffrage' and 'imposed one of his puppets upon the presidency, by force of bayonets and by crime.' But they did not explain why they had remained silent since last November, when that 'puppet,' the present President, was 'imposed'; or what new 'inhuman and savage persecutions' had led them to act when they did.



Kladderadatsch, Berlin

STALIN

THE CLEVER BOSS of Russia, standing on a bomb and grasping a pair of whips with which to maintain his power.

New presidential elections in Mexico were not scheduled to take place until next November. Preparations began this winter, however; and during January and February the nature of the coming electoral conflict became apparent. On the one side was the National Revolutionary Party, organized by Calles after Obregón had been assassinated and he himself had retired from the presidency in favor of Portes Gil. The principal candidates for its nomination were Aaron Saenz, Governor of the State of Nuevo Leon, and Pascual Ortiz Rubio — both of them strong Calles supporters. On the opposing side were the Independents, enemies of Calles, numbering among them many of the supporters of the dead Obregón, and even going so far as to accuse Calles of Obregón's assassination. Their nominee was Gilberto Valenzuela, former Mexican Ambassador to London. Presumably, as the campaign developed and party forces began to line up, the Independents reached the conclusion that only violence could put their candidate in power. The result was that they revolted against the Gil Government, which they considered a Calles Government, calling to their assistance anyone who considered Calles his enemy — Obregónista politicians, dissatisfied military men, and supporters of the freedom of the Church.

That a political party in a nation whose government is supposedly representative should decide, eight months before a presidential election is to take place, that that election will go against them, and thereupon proceed to armed revolt against the existing Administration, may be evidence of remarkable foresight. But it is also overwhelming evidence, if evidence be needed, that political affairs in Mexico must still be judged by standards far different from those which apply to the nations of Western Europe and the rest of North America. It is as if the Democratic Party in the United States, deciding last summer that the exploiting of the religious issue by the Republicans, let us say, would make it impossible for Mr. Smith to be elected the following November, should have armed its followers and proceeded to seize strategic points throughout the Solid South. Mexico, whose people have not yet had time to develop the skill required to walk the tight rope of democracy with even passable grace, is caught in a vicious circle. In order to control her at all, her rulers must be men capable of governing through blood and iron. Government through blood and iron, however, is an invitation to revolt. A revolt occurs. But a revolt against such rulers, to be successful, must be led by men capable of exercising brute force also. And the country, whether a revolution be successful or unsuccessful, is certain to be left with the same sort of leaders in power, and much the same likelihood of fresh revolution to come.

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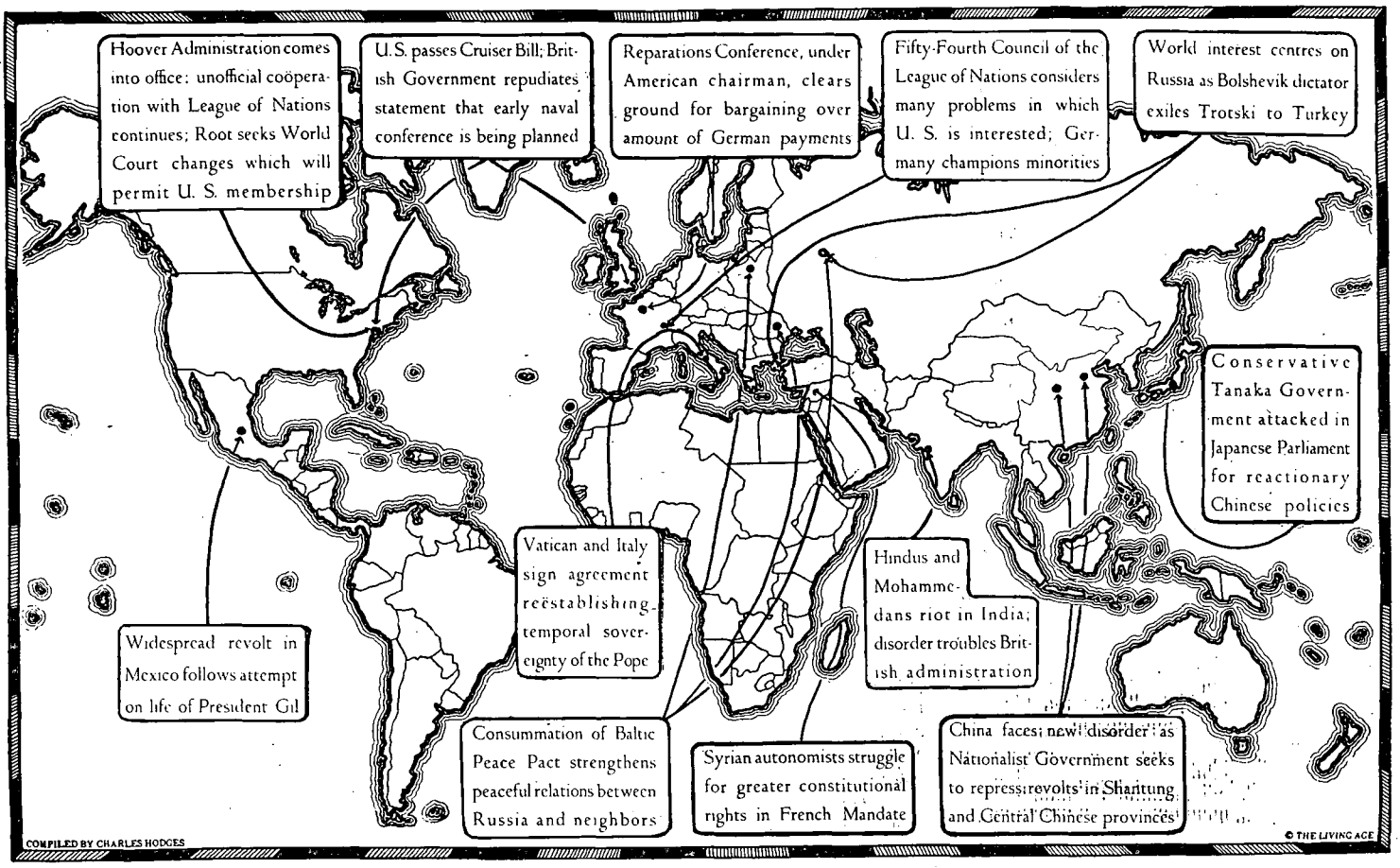
Hoover Administration comes into office; unofficial coöperation with League of Nations continues; Root seeks World Court changes which will permit U. S. membership
U.S. passes Cruiser Bill; British Government repudiates statement that early naval conference is being planned
Reparations Conference, under American chairman, clears ground for bargaining over amount of German payments
Fifty-Fourth Council of the League of Nations considers many problems in which U. S. is interested; Germany champions minorities
World interest centres on Russia as Bolshevik dictator exiles Trotski to Turkey
Conservative Tanaka Government attacked in Japanese Parliament for reactionary Chinese policies
Vatican and Italy sign agreement reëstablishing temporal sovereignty of the Pope
Hindus and Mohammedans riot in India; disorder troubles British administration
Widespread revolt in Mexico follows attempt on life of President Gil
Consummation of Baltic Peace Pact strengthens peaceful relations between Russia and neighbors
Syrian autonomists struggle for greater constitutional rights in French Mandate
China faces new disorder as Nationalist Government seeks to repress revolts in Shantung and Central Chinese provinces
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

THE SUBJECTS indicated by the legends on the map are dealt with at greater length in 'The World Over.'

NATIONALISM IN SYRIA

THE action of M. Auguste Henri Ponsot, French High Commissioner in Syria, in again proroguing the Syrian Constituent Assembly suggests that French difficulties with this btroulesome mandate are by no means at an end. The necessity of military coercion ended definitely after the defeat of the rebellious Druse tribesmen in the summer of 1927, during the administration of M. Ponsot's predecessor, M. Henri de Jouvenel. M. Ponsot tactfully spent the first four months of his term as High Commissioner in listening to the requests of the Syrians, many of which he was ultimately able to grant. But an impasse quickly developed because the French were insistent on maintaining their full rights as mandatories of the League of Nations, while the Syrians insisted on recognition as a nation. The constitution drawn up by the Syrian Assembly contained articles providing for a degree of sovereignty amounting to a declaration of independence from League control. This M. Ponsot declined to grant, although French interests might have been safeguarded by a subsequent treaty. Last August he prorogued the Assembly for three months, and at the expiration of that period repeated his action. He has now prorogued the stubborn Assembly for the third time, and will presumably continue to govern without it.

Pending new proposals from the Syrians, there seems no danger of revolt, since all tribesmen have been disarmed. Italy, however, has been following the situation, and, if the rumors of her prospective alliance with Turkey prove true, may later be able to stir up trouble for the French in a region which she has always coveted.

ANTARCTIC IMPERIALISM

THE penguins, those solemn birds immortalized by Anatole France, are to know at last the supreme expression of the modern civilization that their interpreter so searingly satirized. Imperialism threatens the peace of these sole inhabitants of the South Pole.

Land hunger, with its attendant flag-raising, menaces the last living creatures who trust so fully to the security of their Eden that they must be literally bowled over before they grasp the necessity of learning to flee humanity. Of course these strangely civilized bird communities have witnessed polar exploration before — the dash of Amundsen or the tragedy of the Scott party — without turning a feather. But doubtless the most dignified of elders among the deaconish birds realized that something new was a-wing, as the penguins might put it, when the passing hum of an aëroplane established the claim of the United States to Marie Byrd Land.

This final gesture, so exuberantly different from the plodding staking of claims to the scant horizon-bound snowy wastes of Ross Land, King Edward VII Land, and the rest reminds us that American skippers a century ago were making yearly visits to the islands which fringe Antarctica for the furs so important to the China trade. With the passing of the fur trade and of sealing, neither claims nor permanent settlements were made by the United States in the Falklands, South Georgia, the South Shetlands, or any other Antarctic islands. The question of ownership has remained for Britain and Argentina to debate diplomatically at the present moment, the South American republic's wireless and meteorological station recently set up in the South Orkneys furnishing a physical basis for the settlement of claims.

So far as title goes, we can dismiss the old 'right' of discovery. Subsequent 'occupation' and 'use' furnish a better claim to permanent ownership, especially when coupled, as at present, with 'notification of the fact' to the nations. Most of the claims to the Antarctic regions, however, obviously are not beyond the stage of 'constructive occupation.' But we may hazard the view that more important considerations than strategic possibilities in wartime, or suitability for weather stations, will determine the actual partition of the Antarctic. On the distant day when oil fields or ore deposits are discovered, if ever, we may find renewed interest for us in several suggestions now serving as filler for news from the Byrd Expedition. We may, on the one hand, regret that this great continental plateau — primarily a land mass possibly as large as Australia — was not placed in trust for all mankind under the League of Nations. Americans, on the other hand, may be confronted by the problem of extending the Monroe Doctrine, on grounds of geographic propinquity, to the penguin continent.

In this case, major questions of state would arise. Should this extension of the American diplomatic shibboleth apply only to that territorial quadrant adjacent to the tip of the Americas? Or should our gesture of self-preservation cover the whole of the mass of the Antarctic continent and its unthawed archipelagoes? One might suppose the latter. Our forefathers a century ago spoke about 'manifest destiny' as eventually extending our dominion to Tierra del Fuego. Why stop at Cape Horn?

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A Paragraphic World Tour

Around the World in Thirty Days

England

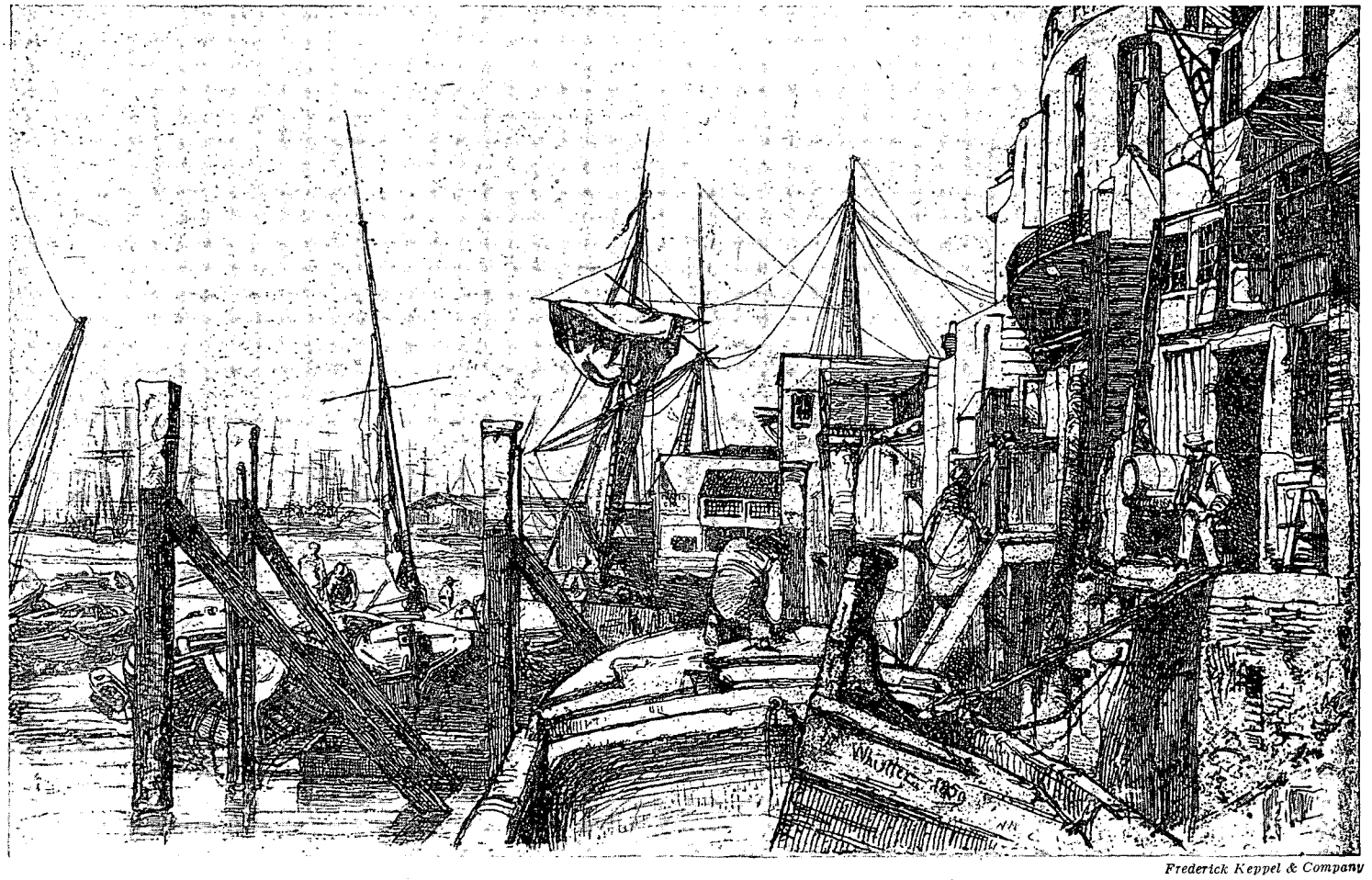
On account of the inheritance tax, which practically halves the fortunes left by some English peers, and the income tax, which takes heavy toll of the incomes of heirs, many of England's fine old ancestral estates which have been in the same family for many generations are being sold to the highest bidder. Real estate developments are springing up, and scores of small houses are now growing where but one dignified mansion stood before. The former owners are discovering the conveniences of living in metropolitan hotels or apartment houses, and it is getting to be quite a common thing to find ancient and noble names on the registers of permanent residents of the more exclusive London hotels. A striking example of this enforced exodus from the country, by families who find it difficult to keep up their ancestral traditions, was recently afforded by the sale of the Esher Place Estate of some three hundred and fifty acres. Its last owner was Lord D'Abernon, but at one time the Esher lands belonged to Chertsey Abbey, which, in the reign of Henry III, sold them to the See of Winchester. William of Waynflete built himself a palace there and occupied it until 1436. Cardinal Wolsey rebuilt the palace, leaving Waynflete's famous tower, which still stands. The Cardinal came to Esher after his downfall, and later Queen Elizabeth bought the estate and gave it to one of her favorites. The present house was built in 1805, in French château style, high above the River Mole. The new development is planned with an eye to preserving the dignity and the artistic entity of the old estate. To those who have a weakness for the beauty of the English rural landscape it will be gratifying to know that the ancient park of Esher will be preserved intact.

Germany

There is no doubt a wide divergence in the costs of living in Germany. Foreign diplomats and foreign business men who live there declare that living costs are higher than anywhere else in Europe. Tourists who know the ropes hold the opposite opinion. The truth of the matter is that rent and servants are incredibly cheap, while fresh vegetables, fruit, meat, and other commodities which Americans regard as everyday necessities are extremely high in price. A workman in Hamburg pays $9 a month for rent on an average, a teacher not more than $20. We have been told that many a man in Dusseldorf who earns $2,400 a year will pay less than $15 a month for rent. This, in view of what one hears of the housing shortage, is quite amazingly cheap. A good cook, in Berlin, costs about $20 a month, and a maid of all work $15 or less. Notwithstanding, some American housekeepers living in Berlin complain that German servants eat enormously! *Plats du jour* on restaurant menus seem reasonable enough, but when you have paid extra for bread, for mineral water, for coffee, and for beer, your bill has mounted. All luxuries are expensive, not necessarily as Americans consider expense, but from the German viewpoint. A man will pay about $50 to have a suit made by a fairly good tailor. First-class theatre tickets range from $2 to $7, though in Berlin, as in most German cities, good music and good theatres are plentiful, available at prices which the working classes can afford, provided you do not insist on having a loge. On the whole, living in Germany, if you set out to be as comfortable as you are at home, including also the usual tourist enjoyments, costs not more than three-fourths of what it does in the United States.

Italy

In the controversy between Signor Gray, president of the semigovernmental tourist agency, Cit (Compagnia Italiana del Turismo), and Mario Carli, fiery and fertile-minded editor of the ultra-Fascist *Impero*, the honors have all been with the former. Editor Carli, it will be remembered, attacked the hotels and tourist agencies catering to foreign travelers in Italy, on the ground that the methods employed to attract and entertain visitors involved an attitude



Frederick Keppel & Company

London: Limehouse

From an Etching by J. A. McN. Whistler

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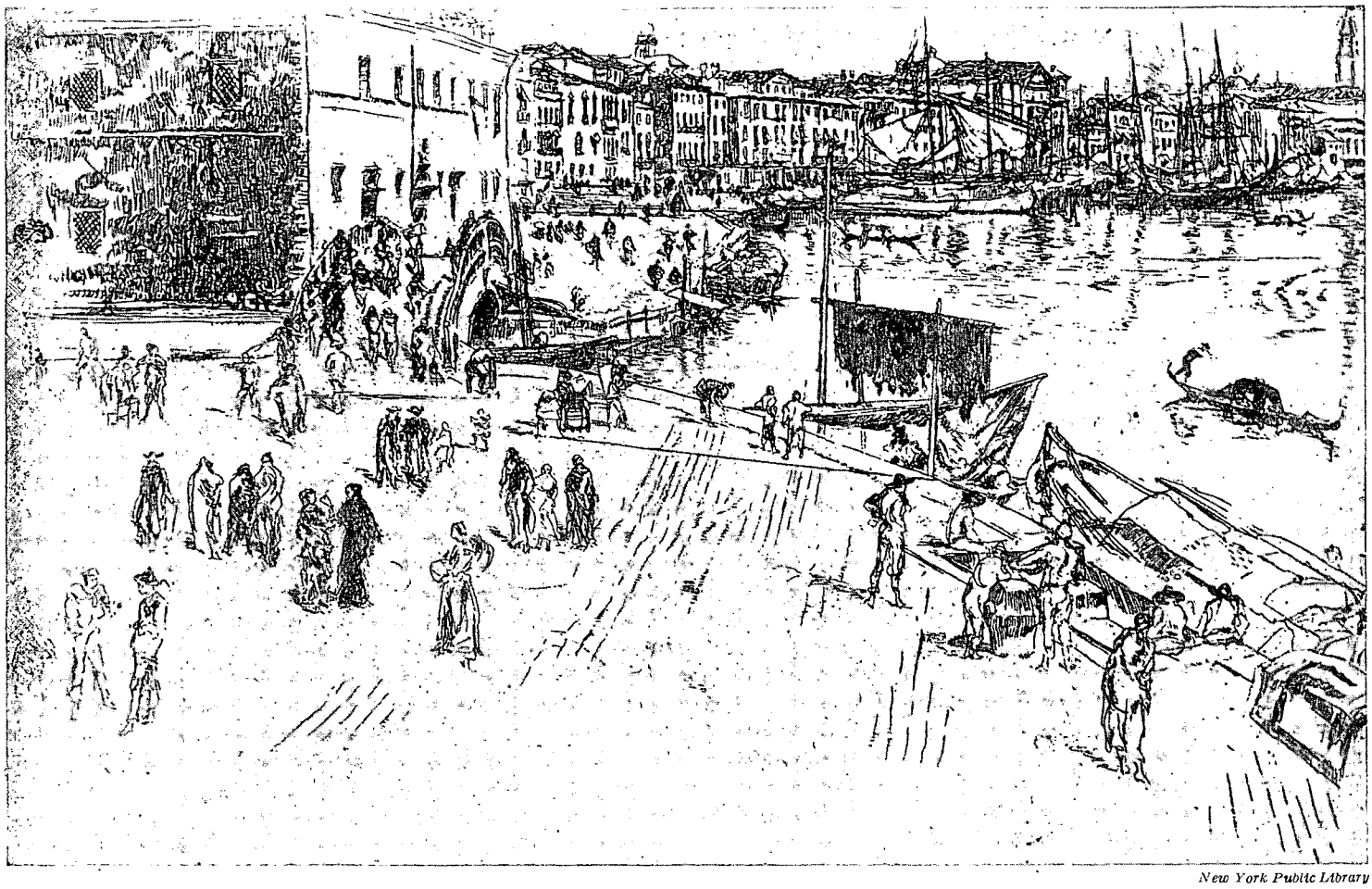

New York Public Library

VENICE: THE GRAND CANAL
FROM AN ETCHING BY J. A. McN. WHISTLER

of servility, and sometimes apology, unworthy of the new Italy. Signor Carli also insisted that many tourists were opposed to Fascism, and after brief visits returned to foreign homes ill-informed with regard to it and ready to spread misrepresentations. Signor Gray replied so fully, firmly, and convincingly to Signor Carli that the latter was almost completely silenced.

'Besides being consumers of Italian products,' declared Signor Gray, 'the tourists are a tremendous help indirectly in every form of Italian activity.

'As regards the museums, most Italians go on Sundays when the admission is free. But the foreign tourists generally go when they have to pay admission, and if it were not for their money we could not continue excavating.

'For every imbecile who goes away from Italy disgruntled because he could not appreciate the beauty and magnificence of our country, there are thousands upon thousands of foreigners who, after traveling over Fascist Italy, return home enthusiastic over what they have seen and who paint our country in rosy hues.'

NETHERLANDS

ELECTRICAL power is rapidly displacing wind power in the industrial life of Holland. An international finance corporation, with a capital of 10,030,000 florins, has just been founded at Amsterdam to finance conversions from windmills to dynamos. Windmills, however picturesque, cannot keep up with Holland's need for production, and Holland, being progressive and enterprising in inverse ratio to her size, is forsaking the windmills that have become almost a symbol of the country of dykes and wooden shoes. But visitors to Holland who love to see windmills, and artists who love to paint them, need not despair. They will not be banished wholly from the flat, neat landscapes that border the Dutch canals. Holland, probably more than any other country, realizes the value of the picturesque in attracting tourists. In Flushing and Middelburg, modern towns with trams and hotels, women still wear the traditional Dutch costume, with the stiffly starched, winged cap, the gold forehead ornaments and the gorgeous old earrings of their great-grandmothers. It is no uncommon sight to see a girl so arrayed swing herself upon a relatively modern bicycle and speed away. Market days are observed in the open air strictly in the old tradition, with high piles of golden or scarlet cheeses and peasants in puffed sleeves and elaborate aprons lending an air of long ago.

SWITZERLAND

SWITZERLAND, always shrewdly hospitable to the visitor, has just granted tourists another boon. The toll on Alpine passes is to be abolished. Alpine clubs and independent climbers have special reason to rejoice, for the toll was often a considerable sum. On the Grimsel-Furka-Gotthard-Klausen route, easily accomplished in one day, the tax amounted to nearly $10. Besides the abolition of the tax, there is an advantage in the circumstance that the passes will now be open all the time, and not merely during office hours fixed by the convenience of the toll collectors. To compensate the cantons for the loss of the toll, which they declared necessary for the upkeep of their roads, one quarter of the revenues derived from the petrol tax will be put at their disposal. This is a wise arrangement, and should provide all-round satisfaction. The Cantons of Wallis, Bern, Ticino, Unterwalden, Uri, Glarus, and Grisons, all of which have levied a toll on Alpine passes since the War, will all have fallen into line by May, making it a long, unimpeded, and joyous season for those who delight to scale the snowy heights.

TRIPOLI

IN TRIPOLI, the four-day week that has been in effect for several decades sometimes makes shopping difficult for visitors unless they know the religion of the shopkeeper. Christian, Mohammedan, and Jew live side by side in this Barbary coast town, and each observes a different Sabbath. Under Turkish rule, only Friday was a legal holiday, but since the Italian advent before the World War, Saturday and Sunday are also set aside by law as Jewish and Christian holidays, respectively. On Friday, the Moslem holiday, the old section of the city is silent as a tomb, except for the mosques, which are filled to capacity. Visitors who yearn to hear and see the raucous, colorful, teeming life of the bazaars are disappointed, if they happen to choose that day to disembark. On Saturday, the same peace and calm reign in the Jewish quarter, which comprises a large part of the city, since the population is one-third Jewish. In the old days, people with money to spend could be sure of finding either the *souks* of the Mohammedans or the shops in the Jewish quarter open, but nowadays the legal holidays play havoc with shopping plans. It is, moreover, necessary to find out beforehand on what day the shops close, because it is considered a religious insult to visit a shop when it is closed. Since the Christian population is as yet quite small in number, the Sunday holiday makes less difference commercially than either of the others. Of course, many who are predisposed to idleness observe with orthodox strictness all three holidays!

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The 'Wild Young People' of Modern France

An Analysis of the Generation Which Had Its Early Years Warped by the Privations and Sufferings of Wartime

By Georges Duhamel

Illustrations from the Sourire, *Paris*

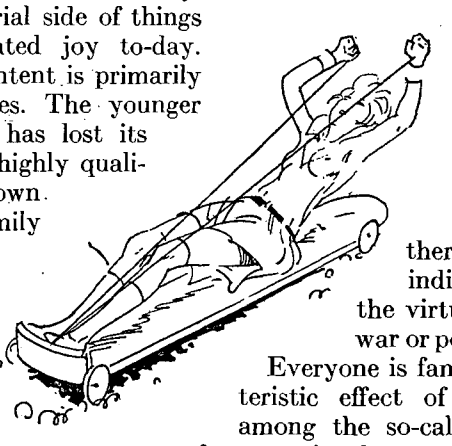
Translated from the *Deutsch-Französische Rundschau*, Berlin International Monthly

WHEN I speak of the youth of France let it be understood that I undertake neither a defense with a view to arousing the sympathies of foreigners, nor a harsh criticism, — criticism of the younger generation properly comes from the teachers, — nor a profession, for which, unfortunately, I am now too old.

Thus I must restrict myself to an objective investigation, half brotherly, half fatherly, and entirely friendly in spirit. First I shall limit the term, younger generation, which is a very serviceable one. I intend to concern myself exclusively with those young French people who did not take part in the War, with that generation which is at present between sixteen and twenty-eight years old.

In my opinion, the primary characteristic of this generation is its suffering. It is not a question of a suffering which equals that of the War; it is not a question of physical hurt nor of bodily wounds nor of fear of death. None of the young people of whom I speak have known that fearful spiritual and bodily degradation which characterized the War and from which the people of that time could free themselves only by taking refuge in either death or a despairingly heroic attitude. No. I believe that the young people have suffered as carelessly planted trees suffer, trees which are badly cared for, which grow miserably in unprotected places, in barren soil, and which develop crookedly because they lack elements that favor their growth. This suffering remains unconscious and for this reason it is, perhaps, the more to be dreaded. It restrains the joy of living of children who have not, like us who are slightly older, the memory of an existence which, if it was not more beautiful, was at least easier, more pleasant, and more harmonious.

It is quite clear that part of this suffering was and still is merely physiological. For more than thirteen years people throughout almost the entire world have eaten less, have breathed less freely, and have slept less soundly. Hours of leisure are scarcer and are no longer employed as well as formerly. Even joy in the material side of things is not an unadulterated joy to-day. But the modern discontent is primarily due to spiritual causes. The younger generation of France has lost its best leaders, its most highly qualified guides, it has grown up in the midst of family anxiety and tears. It has lost fathers, older brothers, and teachers. For many years it has attended schools that have become inferior. In spite of the earnest efforts of old men and devoted women it has not had the instruction that it would have received from the young teachers who were sacrificed on the battlefield. Bad as all this has been, the younger generation has been harmed even more by a curious opposition which becomes more noticeable from day to day. I mean the opposition that they feel between the moral values which have been taught them and the realities of the convulsively distorted world in which they have had to live. Because it is not possible for them, as it was for our generation, to console themselves with the almost idyllic memories of a time gone by, they are not quite conscious of the foundation of their maladjustment. But I do not doubt that they are full of indignation and that they have a vague contempt for the generations which preceded them.



SUCH contempt easily masters young men as long as they have not yet experienced the first surprises that real life has in store for them and have not yet faced their first personal failures; but in normal times they find compensation for all that in such qualities as enthusiasm, gratitude, or admiration, with all of which modern youth seems unacquainted. I do not think I am mistaken in asserting that young people to-day are possessed by inarticulate resentment and a peevish impatience with everything. For example, there has never been such indifference or disdain for the virtues required either by war or peace, as there is to-day.

Everyone is familiar with the characteristic effect of this state of mind among the so-called 'younger literary group,' who are, however, far from representative of the younger generation as a whole. It would be wrong to maintain that the sort of spiritual revolt which was nourished by 'Dadaism' and other artistic movements akin to it is without foundaton and without significance. For my part, I see in this appeal to confusion and disorder in the arts the expression of an injured younger generation's protest against a society with which it has nothing in common. But youth moves rapidly and the 'Dadaist' movement is already receding into history, where, I think, one must accord it a place, even if it never represented anything more than an expression of embitterment.

THE younger generation of France has, generally speaking, quickly passed beyond this phase of bitterness and in doing so has become divided within itself. Some believe that they can free themselves from their unrest by flinging themselves into that whirl of pleasure which has been set in motion in all the lands of the earth by a social order seeking means to forget its errors and the dangers which lie in wait for it. Fortunately, these represent a very small fraction of society, a fraction whose loss we doubtless should not regret.

Others, and they form the majority,

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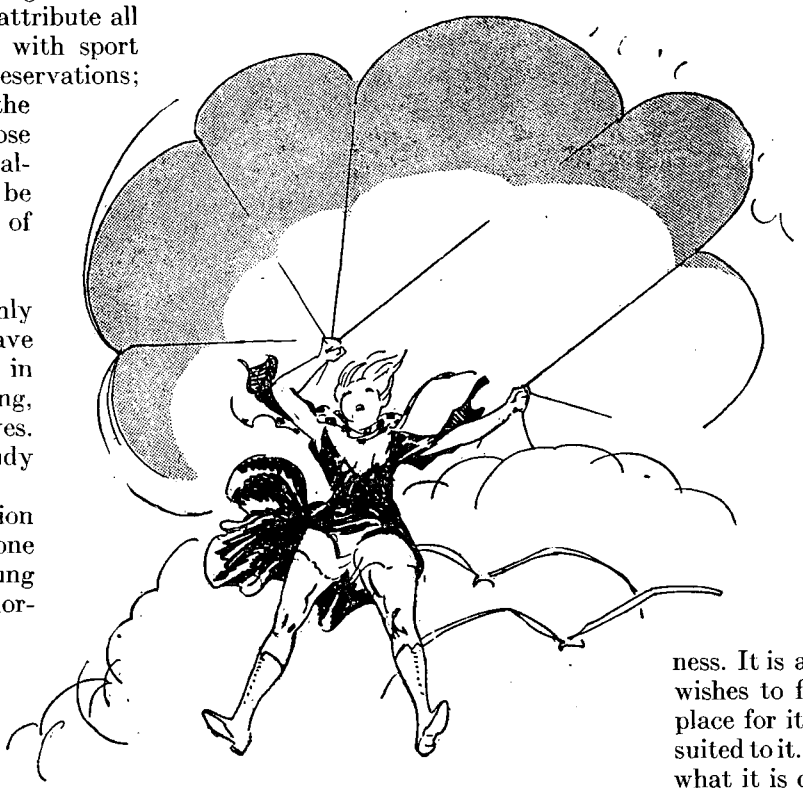
who are not temperamentally inclined to reflection or to the endurance of suffering for long periods, have wisely sought wholesome diversion and forgetfulness in athletic sports. I do not attribute all virtues to this intoxication with sport and I approve it only with reservations; but, for a large group of the younger generation for whose energies our prejudiced age allows no outlet, sport, it must be admitted, is a good school of endurance.

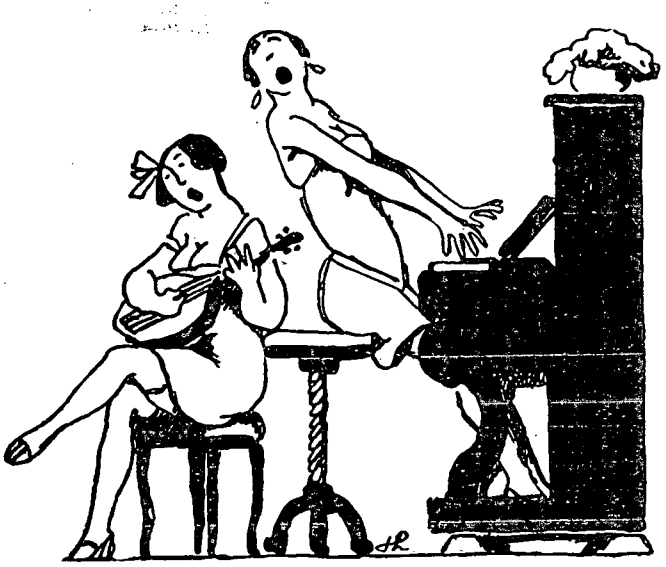
MANY brilliant and highly gifted young people have also sought their salvation in restless work. They are waiting, they are preparing themselves. Their enthusiasm for study gives them hope and solace.

One ought also to mention those young people whom one might describe as the young business men. They are thorough realists — *réalistes à la page*, as the Paris slang phrase goes — who on entering a university at the same time take a business position in an insurance agency or an industrial calling. These young people feel themselves qualified to pass judgment on the modern world, and, although they do not repudiate entirely the advantages of study, they explain that they do not wish to be deluded by 'outworn spiritual illusions.' The future will take care of them.

I MUST say a few words about another group who have not succeeded in disentangling themselves from the problems of the age. In the minds of most of these young people, moral and social concerns seem more important than metaphysics. They are the restless ones, the impassioned ones, the sentimentalists, the pseudo-skeptics, the ideologists. A greater number than one would believe react strongly to the appeal of the political parties. They do not want to stand idly awaiting the decadence of the older generation whom they hold responsible for their misfortune; and, because their youth makes them incapable of moderation, they join, at the first opportunity, the most extreme party factions, which recklessly exploit their youthful zeal, their fresh and eager spirit, without giving any very careful consideration to the ultimate goals to be sought.



Though this group of young people is divided within itself, it cannot on the whole be regarded as weak or insignificant. Before very long it will certainly be making itself felt. It does not feel the weariness of the older generation — indeed it scarcely understands that weariness. It is alert. It wishes to be busy. It wishes to find, as quickly as possible, a place for itself and a sphere of activity suited to it. Without quite understanding what it is doing, it hopes to find success where so many other generations have shattered themselves and bruised their spirits. We must give ear to its whisperings, which often have a tone of ill-will about them. We must take the younger generation seriously when it cries out, in a voice that is as yet scarcely mature: 'Open the door at once, you older people, or we shall beat it down.'



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Winston Churchill

A Study of England's Political Bad Boy Who May, in Spite of His Frequent Change of Party, Head the Next Conservative Government

By David John Marshall

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

A BRIGHT young journalist once essayed a character sketch of Mr. Winston Churchill in the manner of an auctioneer about to knock down an article for sale. As he went on to enumerate the virtues of his man, one could not fail to be impressed, for here was a youngster whose place was already secure among the military heroes of the land; the least of whose achievements in political life were monumental; whose powerful intelligence had won the admiration of Morley, Haldane, and Bryce. It was not long, however, before one became aware of something this auctioneer was wishing to conceal—something darkly suggested in flippant retorts to his imaginary hecklers and in his praise of the man upon the block, now become suddenly too shrill, too insistent. Without knowing what it was, one came to fear that hidden something—that something disreputable, something eternally damning. And then, at long last, the auctioneer accepted for the Right Honorable Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill a bid of thirty shillings. 'Sold!' he cried in cynical triumph. 'Sold for thirty pieces of silver!'

It was a frightfully clever piece of writing. It took its point, of course, from the fact that Mr. Churchill had but recently resigned from the Conservative Party and accepted office of the Liberal Party. More recently, Mr. Churchill has quit the Liberal Party, has been elected to Parliament as an independent, and overnight has assumed the place of second in command of the Conservative forces, and the coming June may witness his accession to undisputed sway. No ordinary man could change his coat so frequently as Winston Churchill has changed his party. And yet that charge of treachery, so easily made against him, is absurd, for of him this is the truest thing that can be said: that he has never been disloyal to that one party to which he owes his first allegiance and which is known to the world as Winston Churchill. For treachery the world is much too small a place; one may practise it once or twice, or even three times, but after that one is avoided; one has the town 'sewed up.' As to Mr. Churchill, the astonishing truth seems to be that he moves above the rules of party politics. There was something amazing in the readiness with which the Conservative Party made friends with him again in 1924; something which is at once a tribute to his ability and a proof that for all that has been said of his 'instability,' he was never a common traitor. 'With consistency,' said Emerson, 'a great soul has simply nothing to do,' and Mr. Churchill is the exemplar of that comforting observation.

Keystone

WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE DEVOTED SPORTSMAN

THE BRITISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER hunts boars with the Duke of Westminster's hounds.

IT IS interesting because it is symbolical that, although he has been for four years now the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has never joined again the Tory organization. England to-day is governed by a coalition — an alliance of the Parliamentary Conservative Party and Mr. Winston Churchill. Turn, if you will, to Whitaker's Almanack for 1928 or to the official Hansard. After the names of the majority members of the House you will see in brackets the letter, 'C,' which signifies Conservative; but after the name of Winston Churchill appears the bracketed abbreviation, 'Constit.,' which stands for Constitutionalist. It is the name he chose with which to describe his policy when, having cut loose from the Liberal Party, he stood for election in the autumn of 1924 on his promise to engage the Socialist menace in mortal combat and, if possible, to destroy it utterly.

By his alliance with the Tories, he has done much to keep this pledge. He wrought great harm to the cause of Socialism during the general strike of 1926 and he has been a source of strength without which the Baldwin Administration might several times have fallen in the past four years. Few observers would have denied in the spring of 1925 that the position of the Cabinet was weak. But as if by magic and almost overnight the Government became immensely popular. Mr. Churchill had introduced his famous first budget. Of this, much has already been written; suffice it here to say that at the one time

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it reduced the income tax and not only increased the old age and the widows' and orphans' pensions but made their acceptance compulsory on all alike instead of first compelling the recipient to take the pauper's oath. Mr. Churchill scored a brilliant victory in forcing the Bill through the House, but his real achievement has been, of course, in making the scheme work while maintaining at the same time the enormous war-debt payments to the United States. As to the latter, he has recently expressed himself rather violently — but, apart from his being half an American himself, who, after all, has a better right to explode on occasion?

THE author of eleven books, the veteran of Khartum and of twelve battles of the South African War, Mr. Churchill is now in his fifty-fourth year — a short man, rather plump, with hair that once was fiery red; with a somewhat freckled face, keen blue eyes, and a self-satisfied smile that trembles between a grin and a pout. He is Napoleonic no less in manner than achievement, and he has the knack of inspiring in one the last degree of devotion or dislike. But between the millions of his worshipers and the other millions who distrust and cordially detest him, he stands almost without a friend — the loneliest and, in this respect, most pitiful figure of modern politics. As nearly as it is in him to like anyone, he likes Lord Birkenhead — and he rather liked Michael Collins. But he seems incapable of treating the general run of men with aught but arrogance. So he treated Bonar Law — and paid a bitter penalty.

In which event, it seems but fair to add that if he believes himself the superior of even those men who have soared very high, the belief is not based entirely on delusion. He is essentially a man of action, yet he is able to 'eat the books' without end. His fund of accurate information is immensity itself; his memory, amazing. The saying was current at Oxford a few years ago that he knows more about the obscure phases of ancient history than most professional historians know about all history. And he has an uncanny way of perceiving the lessons of history and bringing them to practical account. He founded the Gallipoli campaign partly upon the experiences of Xerxes, Darius, and Alexander, and partly upon the struggle for Constantinople during the Middle Ages — and Gallipoli, 'the most brilliant stroke of the World War,' might also have been the most brilliant victory if conspiring politicians at home had not succeeded in supplanting him as First Lord of the Admiralty. It was here that for a season Mr. Bonar Law had his revenge, though he probably had not sought it.

The Churchill mind has that rare, deceptive quality of being so lucid, so crystal-clear, as to appear shallow — and believing it shallow indeed, many an adversary, hopeful of chastising this *enfant terrible* of British politics, has ended only by finding himself suddenly beyond his depth and begging, panic-stricken and appalled, for mercy.

ABOUT him, too, Mr. Churchill has a fine combativeness, and his adventurous, flamboyant spirit is all of a piece with Raleigh's, Hawkins's, and Drake's. He sees life as a struggle and rejoices that it is so. He suffers from the foul, corrupting influence of quietude and peace — when quietude and peace are inescapable — and he knows and loves the fierce joy of a fight. His energy is fiendish and for industrious application few living men outshine him; possibly no one, save that incredible creature, Col. Lawrence of Arabia, of whom his biographer has said with apparent seriousness that during his life at Oxford he read from cover to cover an average of twenty-two books a day seven days a week for six years.

In debate, Mr. Churchill brings the whole wide range of his abilities into play — preparation so thorough as to include a sure grasp of all that has been or may be said of the subject; a fighting instinct that is satisfied with nothing short of a decisive victory; extravagant resources of physical and mental energy that leave him in full fight when all the rest are laid low by sheer exhaustion; a splendid power of imagery, a good command of words, a subtle knowledge of the hearts of men that makes them powerless to resist him. He is magnificent in battle — and only a secret intrigue encompassed his defenses in 1915. 'Churchill was ignorant as to what was going on,' says Lord Beaverbrook in his recent *Politicians and the War*. 'He had been kept in the dark by his own colleagues He was not told of the negotiations with the Conservatives. In fact, he was treated shabbily. So he might be forgiven for misunderstanding the course events actually took, seeing that he knew nothing about the crisis at all until he came down to the House of Commons on the Monday afternoon' — the day, that is, on which the first Coalition Government was announced. Beaverbrook was himself a prime mover in the negotiations, acting, of course, in behalf of the Conservative Party of which he was a member, and it is significant that he testifies that the 'root cause' of Churchill's trouble was 'a failure to keep himself in touch with existing political opinion, owing to the immense energy he devoted to his immediate official duties.' His immediate official duties involved personal responsibility for the conduct of the War at sea and at Gallipoli.

'If his wisdom had been equal to his force, he would have been the towering figure of the War,' that gentle critic, A. G. Gardiner, has written of Mr. Churchill. But still Mr. Gardiner confesses that although his 'ardor . . . exercises a maniacal and perilous spell,' Mr. Churchill's 'inspirations . . . sometimes have a touch of genius.' What he proposes in effect is that Mr. Churchill should be carefully listened to and then bound and gagged while wiser men decide upon his suggestions. In view of which it may be pertinent to recall that while they are all agreed as to his lack of 'wisdom,' Mr. Churchill's less friendly critics are in the peculiar position of being unable to point with any degree of unanimity to particular instances of

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THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

'A SHORT MAN, rather plump, with hair that once was fiery red; with a somewhat freckled face, keen blue eyes, and a self-satisfied smile that trembles between a grin and a pout.'

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failure. Failures indeed there have been, and each on a scale to compare with his achievements — but when forty indictments are supported by forty different (and mutually destructive) sets of allegations, one may be excused for feeling that, after all, the critics may be prejudiced.

IT SEEMS hardly possible that Winston Churchill will in the near future become the Prime Minister of England. Yet even within the Conservative Party there are forces at work whose aim is to bring about precisely that result. Nor are these forces limited to the followers of Lord Beaverbrook, whose dissatisfaction with Mr. Baldwin's administration is well known. The influence of Lord Beaverbrook and of his two principal newspapers, the *Daily Express* and the *Evening Standard*, is very slight, though it is not unlikely that his Lordship's *Politicians and the War* will have some effect in revealing Mr. Churchill as the most competent English Minister of State in office during the fateful summer of 1914. But Mr. Churchill's main source of strength in his fight for the premiership will be found, rather, in very different quarters. It lies in the reputation he is now earning as one of the great Chancellors of English history. It lies in Mr. Baldwin's earnest desire to be free of the responsibility of high office, to which he has never taken kindly. It lies again in the absence of any serious competitor for the succession, Leopold Amery and Sir William Joynson-Hicks having effectively resigned their claims to widespread popular support when lately they raised again the spectre of Protectionism.

A Ballade of Inextinguishable Hope

Or, Not This Year, but Next Year, Sometime, or Never

By Edward Shanks

From the *Spectator*, London

This is the glory of our blood and state
  That something's always going to be done:
Australia will be bowled out by Tate
  Or Alfred beat the Danes at Ethandun.
  We only need await to-morrow's sun
And all will be most comfortingly clear.
  But there's one word that always takes the bun:
  A trade revival will occur next year.

Here is our surest armor against fate,
  Adown our history like a triumph-gun
It booms at intervals and, while we wait,
  Anon another booming is begun.
  As it will in due time rejoice my son,
So from my father once it drew a cheer.
  For what *did* Gladstone say in 'eighty-one?
  '*A trade revival will occur next year.*'

How far back in our annals shall we date
  The prospect that was dear to Palmerston,
That gave the policy of Canning weight,
  And heartened Pitt against Napoleon?
  Far as I search, beginning find I none,
For Cromwell whispered in King Harry's ear
  'Snatch the monks' boodle, and the trick is won,
  A trade revival will occur next year.'

ENVOY

King Arthur, say, did thus the rumor run
  About the Table Round, from peer to peer,
When Merlin told the Knights, 'Well, boys, here's fun,
  A trade revival will occur next year'?

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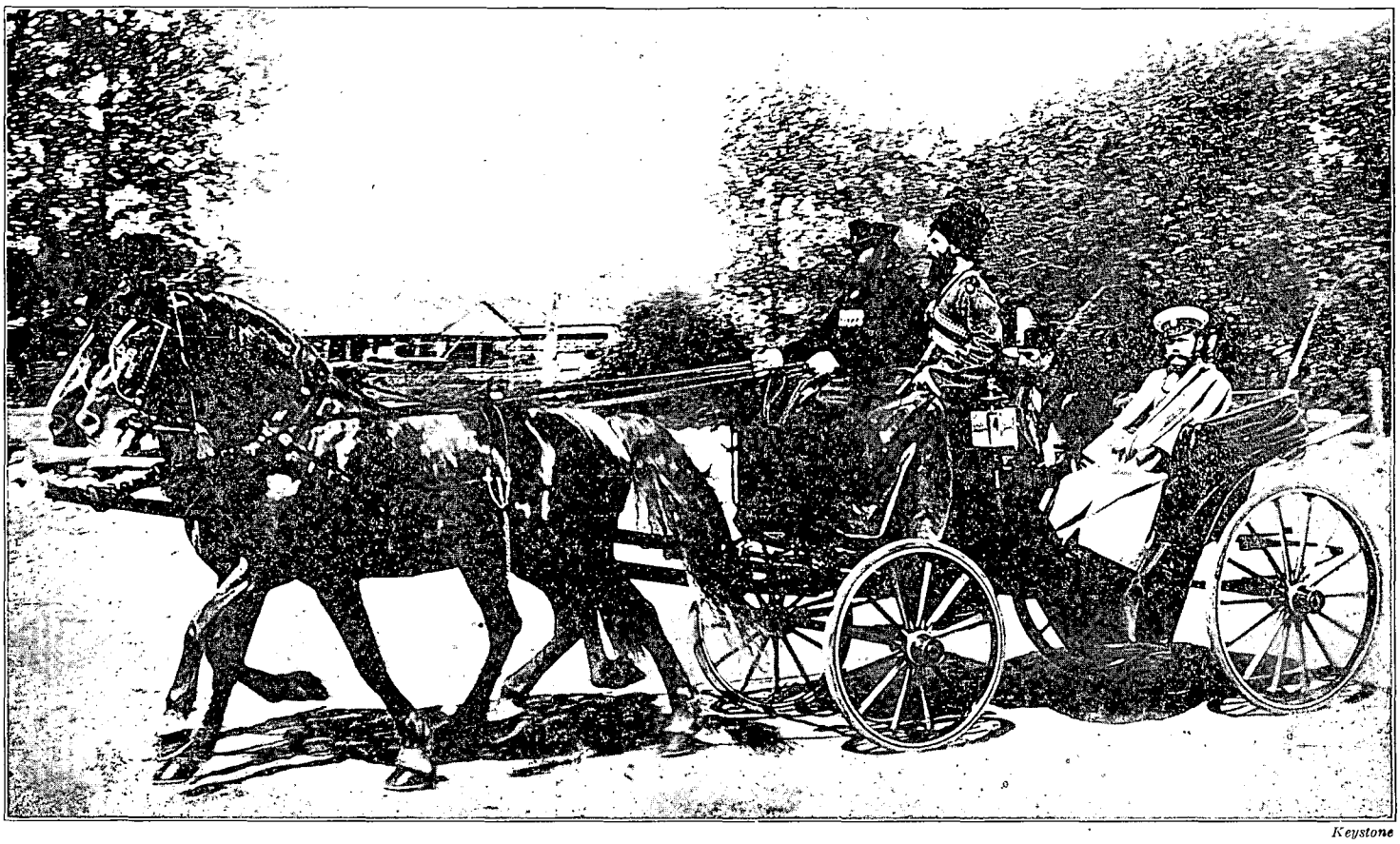

Keystone

THE TSAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS

THIS PHOTOGRAPH, taken before the War, shows Nikolas II riding behind two dashing horses, with a member of his household and a Cossack guard beside the be-medaled coachman.

How the Tsar Abdicated

An Eyewitness Tells What Happened Aboard Nikolas II's Private Train during the Eventful Hours It Lay in the Station of Pskov

By General Goury Danilov

Former Russian Chief of Staff of the Armies of the North

Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris Critical Fortnightly

THE Emperor's private train came into Pskov at about eight o'clock on the evening of the 14th of March, 1917. The station was surrounded by guards, and no one had been admitted within the barriers. The platforms were empty. Since the Tsar's coming was completely unexpected, it had been impossible to bring back from the front lines the troops necessary to provide a formal military display.

As the Imperial train entered the yards, General Rousski, the Commander-in-Chief on the North Front, and I, who had been waiting at the station in the former's private car, jumped out on to the platform. It was so dark that we could hardly see the richly appointed coaches as they approached. Slowly and silently the train slipped the length of the platform. The blinds were down over the windows, and only a few rays of light escaped. Everything was silent. There was a cruel absence of life, which was accentuated by the presence of a few railway officials, who had come noiselessly out of the station to meet the train and were standing stock still in their places. Nothing was to be heard except our own footfalls on the platform.

Just as the train was about to stop, someone leaped suddenly from one of the cars. Two or three dark figures followed. It was the Emperor's aid-de-camp and the Cossacks of the Emperor's suite. Two of them moved away from the group and as usual stood sentinel before the door of the Emperor's car. A vestibule door opened, and the little set of carpet-covered stairs that was used to get into the car was let down to the platform. The aid-de-camp, who had leaped out first, questioned the station master, who had come up to meet him, and then came rapidly toward us.

'Your Excellency,' he said to General Rousski, saluting, 'will you be kind enough to come first to the Court Chamberlain?'

We moved toward the car next to the Emperor's and went inside. Disturbed expressions, restrained hand shakes, low-voiced conversation . . .

'The Emperor awaits you in his salon,' said Count Fréederickz, the Court Chamberlain. 'I shall tell His Majesty that you are here.'

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A FEW moments later we were asked to come into the green salon, in one of the Emperor's own cars. This room occupied the rear half of a dining car which was always placed in the middle of the Imperial train. I knew it well, since the Tsar had honored me by inviting me to dine with him at various times during the course of the War.

It was with great emotion that I entered the antechamber attached to the salon. The Emperor, dressed in a dark gray *tcherkesse*, came to meet us. He seemed very calm. He told us how his proposed trip to Tsarskoie Sélo had been interrupted at Malaia Vichera by the news that a detachment of rioters with cannon and machine guns had seized the Liouban station, and how he had then decided to come back to Pskov, with the idea of ultimately reaching Tsarskoie Sélo by that route. After listening to a brief report of the situation at the front, the Emperor announced that he expected Rodzianko, the President of the Duma, at Pskov shortly, bringing first-hand detailed news of what was happening in the capital. General Rousski said that he also had news from Petrograd, sent him from headquarters. The Tsar replied that he would be ready to hear it that same evening, after nine o'clock.

Before we left the Imperial train, General Rousski and I were as usual invited to dinner. As it was almost time to dine, we went back to Rousski's car for only a moment, to read over the reports which General Boldirev had sent us from our Pskov headquarters during our absence, and then returned.

The dinner was most painful. The Tsar, though calm, was taciturn; and we all were ill at ease. Each of us felt the need of solitude to put his thoughts in order. Conversation languished. Naturally no one tried to speak of the thing that made our hearts heavy, but even the simplest phrases stuck in our throats. When the meal was at last over and we could each return to our occupations, we all felt greatly relieved.

I WAITED with General Rousski at the station until nine o'clock, when he was to see the Tsar. Then I went back to headquarters in the town, where there was plenty for me to do. While I was running through the reports which had accumulated while I was gone, and talking to my colleagues, a telegram for the Emperor from General Headquarters arrived. In it General Alexeiev, the Chief of Staff, implored the Tsar to set up a responsible ministry, headed by Rodzianko, to govern the country. General Alexeiev's move was explained by the fact that the only way to push forward the War was to avoid anarchy at home. Accompanying the telegram was a draft manifesto.

This telegram arrived at about ten o'clock, while General Rousski was still with the Emperor. I ordered an automobile in great haste, to go to the station to give it to Rousski, for I considered it especially urgent. I asked one of the members of the Tsar's suite to call Rousski. People came up and overwhelmed me with questions. I explained the situation to them as well as I was able; and, when they asked me, 'What is going to happen?' I answered, thinking of the telegram from General Alexeiev which had just arrived: 'Alas, matters have gone too far. We shall probably have to make concessions in order to calm the passions of the people.'

When I had given Rousski the telegram for the Emperor, he asked me to arrange for a direct telegraphic conversation later that night with Rodzianko, President of the Duma. Then I returned to headquarters.

Underwood & Underwood

NIKOLAS II AND GEORGE V

THE TSAR is on the left of the photograph, which makes clear the striking resemblance between these two first cousins who were also allied monarchs until the Tsar abdicated in 1917.

WHEN General Rousski finally came out from his interview with the Emperor, he was very tired and very discouraged. He told me briefly what had occurred.

'At first,' he said, 'the Emperor intended to limit himself to asking Rodzianko to form a ministry which should be responsible to the Crown. After having examined the situation carefully, however, taking account especially of Alexeiev's telegram, he finally decided to offer the country that same Rodzianko Ministry, but responsible to the Duma rather than to the Emperor. I trust that that will satisfy the revolutionists and will permit us to push the War to the finish. The Emperor himself will telegraph Alexeiev, but he has asked me to negotiate with Rodzianko.'

AT THREE-THIRTY in the morning on the 15th of March, the telegraphic conversation between the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the North Front and the President of the Duma began. It was to last four hours.

Rousski felt so badly that he slumped in a deep armchair near the telegraph apparatus and gave me only the broad outlines of the conversation that I was to carry on in his name. As we telegraphed back and forth, the tape recording the messages unrolled before me, and was taken by my secretary to General Boldirev at our local headquarters, in order that the gist of the conversation might be communicated immediately to General Alexeiev at General Headquarters.

IT WAS first of all necessary to find out for certain why Rodzianko had given up his plan to come personally to Pskov.

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He gave two reasons. First, he said, was the fact that the Louga garrison had fallen into the hands of the revolutionists, who were determined to let no one reach Pskov.

'The second reason,' Rodzianko telegraphed, 'is the fact that the news which I have received indicates that such a trip might have regrettable consequences. My presence close to the people, whose passions are loosed, is indispensable; for up to the present they will listen only to me and carry out only my orders.'

To-day, we know that Rodzianko was considerably exaggerating his influence on the course of events; and, as a matter of fact, this became clear as the conversation progressed. But we wanted to believe him, in the hope that the Emperor's offer to the effect that Rodzianko form a ministry responsible to the Duma would be accepted and would calm the uprising.

'The Emperor,' telegraphed General Rousski, 'has asked me to acquaint you with his offer. Are you ready to concur with His Majesty's desires?'

'It is clear,' Rodzianko telegraphed in reply, 'that His Majesty does not realize what is happening in Petrograd. It is a real and terrible revolution. Anarchy has already progressed so far that the Duma and I had to try to take the movement in hand ourselves in order to prevent the complete ruin of the State. Unfortunately, we did not succeed. Popular feeling is so high that it is impossible to restrain it. The troops are completely demoralized. They are going so far as to kill their officers. Hatred of the Empress has reached extreme proportions. To avoid bloodshed, it has been necessary to arrest all the ministers and to shut them up in the Peter and Paul Fortress. I greatly fear that the same thing will happen to me, since the agitation is directed against all those of moderate views. Hence, your propositions are inadequate, and the whole question of the Emperor's abdication is involved. I doubt whether the catastrophe can be longer prevented.'

'It is nevertheless indispensable,' telegraphed General Rousski, 'that we find a way of calming the country and pushing the War to a conclusion worthy of the Fatherland. Will you not tell me your idea of how the dynastic question should be settled?'

'It is with a heavy heart that I answer,' telegraphed Rodzianko. 'Hatred of the dynasty is at its height; but the whole people, including the Army, is firmly resolved to carry on the War until victory. The Petrograd and Tsarskoie Sélo garrisons have already come to the support of the Duma. The same thing is happening everywhere. There are no two opinions. Everywhere the troops are shifting to the side of the Duma and the people, and they demand more and more loudly the abdication of the Tsar in favor of the Tsarevich under the regency of the Grand Duke Michel Alexandrovitch.'

'But it is absolutely necessary, Michel Vladimirovitch,' telegraphed General Rousski, 'to hit upon a solution which will immediately pacify the country. What is happening behind the lines is taking the heart out of the troops at the front. Their leaders have nothing to tell them. The Emperor, however, has foreseen the people's desires; and the Fatherland, while it is engaged in such a grueling war, will profit if the Emperor's offer finds an echo in the hearts of those in whose power it lies to prevent the catastrophe.'

'Nikolas Vladimirovitch,' telegraphed Rodzianko, 'you wring my heart, but I repeat that my life hangs by a thread and that control is slipping from my hands. Anarchy has gone so far that to-night I was forced to appoint a provisional government. The step you propose comes too late. The hour is past and we cannot go back. The people have whipped themselves into a fever of hatred and discontent. I should like to believe that we are strong enough to keep things where they now are, but I am afraid that they will rapidly grow worse.'

With these words, which made the voluntary abdication of the Tsar seem inevitable, the conversation closed. Responsibility for the immediate future fell into the hands of General Rousski, who throughout the discussion had never ceased his efforts to find a solution which would permit the War to be carried forward. When it was all over, General Rousski went back to his own car to get some sleep. I was so overwhelmed by the sudden turn that events had taken, however, that I remained awake. I was very much afraid that the Emperor Nikolas, with his well-known unwillingness to reach a decision, might decide to abdicate too late, and find that the situation was beyond help.

INDEED, as I had foreseen, the question of abdication was not to be settled without considerable hesitation. When we arrived at the station at ten in the morning and were taken to the Emperor's car, General Rousski begged His Majesty to read the telegraph tape which recorded the interview of the preceding night with Rodzianko. The Emperor took the sheets of paper on which the tape had been pasted, and read carefully. Then he rose, moved over to the window of the car, and stared out. General Rousski rose also. After a few moments of painful silence, the Emperor turned toward the Commander-in-Chief and, in a relatively calm voice, began to discuss the situation and the difficulties which abdication presented.

Just at this moment, General Rousski was handed an envelope containing a circular telegram which General Alexeiev was sending to the commanders-in-chief on all the fronts, and which had left General Headquarters at ten-fifteen in the morning. In it was described the general situation pictured by Rodzianko in his conversation with General Rousski: that peace within the country, and hence the possibility of continuing the War, would be possible only at the price of the abdication of the Emperor Nikolas II in favor of his son, under the regency of Grand Duke Michel Alexandrovitch.

'There is no other solution possible,' added General Alexeiev. 'We must prevent the break-up of the Army, push the struggle with our enemies, safeguard the independence of Russia and the welfare of the dynasty. This is what we must seek, even at great sacrifice. If you share this opinion,' wired the Chief of Staff to the commanders-in-chief on the various fronts, 'telegraph immediately your respectful entreaties to His Majesty and inform me of what you say.'

General Alexeiev thus submitted the question of the necessity of the Emperor's abdication to the judgment of the commanders-in-chief on the different fronts. The Tsar, at General Rousski's suggestion, consented to await their replies before making a definite decision.

DURING the course of the morning a series of very grave communications arrived at our headquarters. Finally there came a telegram from General Alexeiev, addressed to the Emperor personally, which was to have a decisive influence. It contained the text of the entreaties addressed to the Emperor by Grand Duke Nikolas Nikolaievitch, Commander-in-Chief on the Caucasian Front, by General Broussilov, Commander-in-Chief on the Southwest Front, and by General Evert, Commander-in-Chief on the West Front. All three, in differing terms, begged the Emperor to make the decision advised by the President of the Duma. They saw it as the only possible way of saving Russia, the dynasty, and the Army, all of which was necessary to carry the War to a victorious conclusion. In forwarding the text of these telegrams to the Emperor, General Alexeiev added his own fervent prayer for abdication, saying that it was an act 'such as would bring to a peaceful and propitious end a situation which is more than strained.' Later came the text of the telegrams from General Sakharov,

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Commander-in-Chief on the Rumanian Front, and from Vice-Admiral Népenine, Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic Fleet, both of whom upheld the same thesis. Thus all the persons whose opinion had been asked declared that the Emperor Nikolas II's abdication was absolutely necessary, justifying their opinion by their desire to permit Russia to fight until victory.

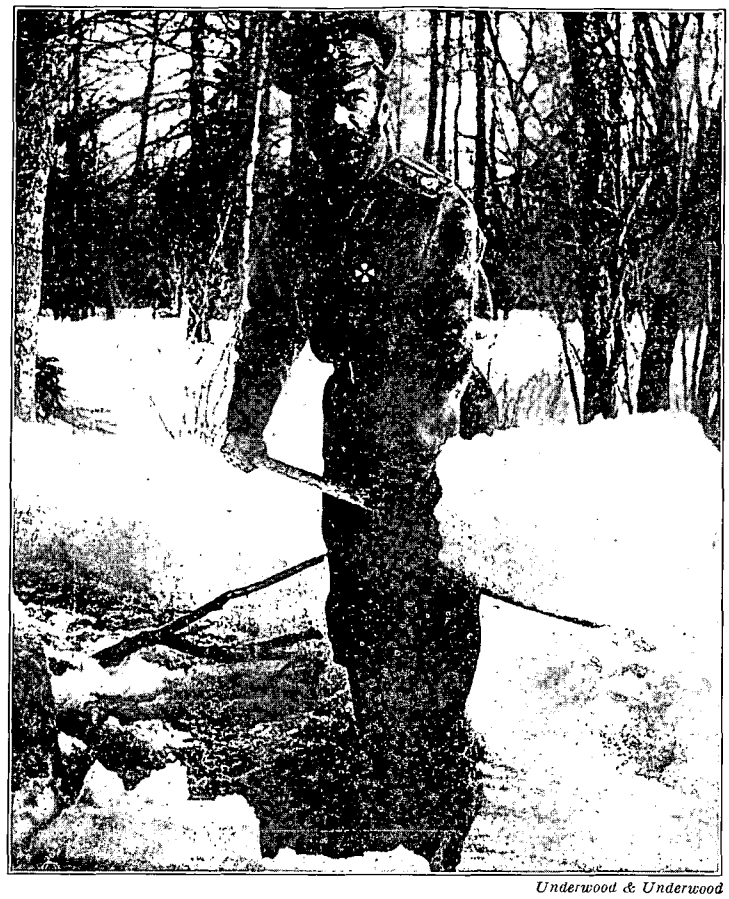
THE Emperor awaited us at two-thirty in the afternoon in the green salon that we had come to know so well. He was calm, but paler than usual. Two deep wrinkles between the eyes showed the effect of a sleepless night and a troubled day. He still wore his dark gray Caucasian *bechmet*, drawn tight at the waist by a black belt with a silver buckle. At his side hung a long dagger in a silver-encrusted sheath. He welcomed us with his customary affability and invited us all to sit down and smoke. He and General Rousski sat down together on opposite sides of the table; General Savitch and I were so overwhelmed by the great importance of the interview which was about to take place that we remained standing.

General Rousski began by recounting slowly and in great detail all the news that had been received during the previous few hours. When he came to the telegram from General Alexeiev, which included the telegrams from the commanders-in-chief on the various fronts, who were unanimously in favor of abdication, he put the telegram blanks on the table in front of the Tsar and requested that the latter read them for himself.

The Emperor did so. Then, in a clear, firm voice, General Rousski gave his own opinion, saying that he saw no other way out of the situation than that which the commanders-in-chief of the Army had counseled.

'But what will the people of the South think?' objected the Emperor, recalling the trip he had made with the Empress through the cities of South Russia, which had received the Imperial couple so enthusiastically. 'How will the Cossacks themselves react to such a step?'

Here his voice shook a little, for no doubt he was recalling the fact that the Cossacks of his own bodyguard had just gone over to the revolutionists.



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THE TSAR SHOVELING SNOW

AT TSARSKOIE SÉLO, the Tsar was kept under arrest and performed, willingly and with joy, even the hardest work suggested by his guards.

'Your Majesty,' said General Rousski, rising, 'it will be worthwhile for you to hear the opinion of my colleagues.' Here, he turned toward us. 'They are independent, upright men, who love Russia deeply. Besides, because of the nature of their work, they come in contact with more people than I do. I am certain that their views of the situation will be helpful.'

'Good,' said the Emperor. 'I ask only that they speak with complete frankness.'

We were deeply moved. The Emperor addressed me first.

'Your Imperial Majesty,' I said, 'I know how you love the Fatherland. I am sure that for Russia, to save the dynasty, to permit the War to be pushed until victory is ours, you will make the sacrifice that the War demands of you. I see no way out of the situation except that suggested by the President of the Duma and advised by my superiors in the Army.'

'And you, what do you think?' asked the Emperor, turning toward my neighbor, General Savitch, who obviously was having difficulty in keeping his emotion from showing.

'I — I — I am a blunt man. I am in full agreement with what General Danilov has just told Your Majesty.'

Overcome, we fell silent. The Emperor walked back toward the table. Several times, probably without realizing it, he looked out of the window of the car. His face, ordinarily impassive, twitched in spite of himself. He pressed his lips together in a way which I had never seen him do before. One felt that there was taking final form within him the decision which it was so frightfully painful for him to make.

Nothing broke the silence. It seemed as if the doors and windows were hermetically sealed. Ah! quick, quick, let this awful silence end!

Suddenly, with a rapid movement, the Emperor turned toward us and said steadily: 'My mind is made up. I have decided to abdicate in favor of my son Alexis.' He crossed himself solemnly, and we did likewise. 'Let me thank you all,' he continued. 'Let me thank you for your gallant and loyal service. I trust that it will continue under my son's reign.'

It was a solemn moment. The Tsar embraced General Rousski, shook our hands cordially, and then, with slow steps, went back to his own car.

As often happens after a long period of tension, we suddenly felt completely exhausted. I remember, as if in a dream, that after the Emperor had gone, someone came in and began to talk. No doubt it was a member of the Tsar's personal staff. Everyone was more than ready to talk about anything except the one essential thing. I think that old Count Fréederickz made an effort to express his personal ideas. Someone else began to talk, and then a third. But no one listened.

Suddenly the Emperor came in again. He held in his hand two telegrams which he gave to General Rousski and requested him to have sent. The Commander-in-Chief gave them to me so that I might carry out the Tsar's order. The first one read: —

There is no sacrifice that I would not make for Russia and for Russia's welfare. Therefore, I am prepared to abdicate in favor of my son, on condition that he remain with me until he reaches his majority and that meanwhile my brother, Michel Alexandrovitch, be Regent.

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It was by these words, addressed to the President of the Duma, that the Emperor Nikolas II gave notice of his decision. To General Headquarters he addressed the following telegram: —

Thinking only of the prosperity and the welfare of my beloved Russia, I am prepared to abdicate in favor of my son. I ask that all serve him faithfully.

What a wonderful love of country, I thought, burns in the heart of this man whose only misfortune lies in the fact that he has been badly advised by those who surround him!

IT WAS nearly four o'clock when we left the car. On the platform, General Rousski was handed a telegram which had just been received at our headquarters. From it we learned to our great surprise that two prominent members of the Legislature were coming to Pskov that very evening: Goutchkov, a member of the Imperial Council, and Schoulguine, a member of the Duma. What was bringing them? After some reflection, we decided that the situation was growing more complicated, and that it would be more prudent to postpone any action until the arrival of the deputies. General Rousski returned to the Tsar's car. The Tsar approved our idea and ordered Rousski to postpone sending the two telegrams.

I returned to headquarters to await the arrival of the deputies from Petrograd. General Rousski decided to wait in his private car in the yards of the station. At my office I had a thousand things to do. I was continually called to the telegraph by General Headquarters, which was obviously very much disturbed at not having received a definite answer on the question of abdication. General Alexeiev sent me from Mohilev a draft manifesto to be used in case the Tsar should decide to abdicate in favor of the Tsarevich Alexis. I knew that this draft had been written according to General Alexeiev's specifications by N. A. Basili, Director of the Diplomatic Chancellory attached to the Commander-in-Chief. I sent it immediately to General Rousski in his car.

TOWARD ten o'clock in the evening, I learned that the train which was bringing the deputies from Petrograd to Pskov would shortly arrive. I therefore went down to the station, where I found General Rousski in his own car. He listened while I told him that the Commandant of Pskov had just heard that armored automobiles were moving along the road from Louga in the direction of Pskov. This report was later proved to be false. At that time, all kinds of alarming rumors were abroad, and news was to be accepted only with reservations. Nevertheless, since the Louga garrison had gone over to the revolutionists, and since the Emperor's train was in Pskov, the report greatly disturbed Rousski, who was ordinarily so calm. He gave orders that the armored cars be prevented from reaching Pskov at all costs.

Rousski then told me that in order that we might find out in advance what the deputies were after, he had left instructions that they be requested to come to his car before presenting themselves to the Emperor. Finally, he told me what had happened during my absence.

'After having examined the situation in all its phases,' Rousski said, 'and after having taken account of the fact that Schoulguine has always passed as a loyal, convinced monarchist, I wondered if things in the capital had not changed so greatly that the Emperor's abdication would be unnecessary, and that the country might be satisfied with the setting up of a responsible ministry.'

'Certainly that shows that you were right in advising the Tsar to postpone sending the telegrams concerning his abdication until the deputies arrived,' I replied.

'Yes,' admitted Rousski, 'but it seems that there is a certain feeling of distrust among those on the Imperial train. The proof is that the Emperor sent Narichkine, one of his aids-de-camp, to take back the telegrams which had been intrusted to me.'

'And what did you do, Nikolas Vladimirovitch?'

'I told Narichkine that I would go to see the Emperor himself about it, and immediately went to His Majesty's car. The Emperor explained to me that he did not wish the telegrams sent until further instructions. I set his mind at ease on this point, and he left the telegrams with me. But this incident convinces me that for some reason the Emperor's suite is distrustful.'

It was not until later that I discovered the true explanation of this move. The Emperor had had a long consultation with his doctor, Professor Feodorov, concerning the Tsarevich Alexis's health. When the doctor confirmed the fact that the Tsarevich's illness was incurable, the Tsar had undoubtedly decided then and there to modify the terms of his abdication, and to abdicate not only in his own name, but also in the name of his son. He did not, however, breathe a word of his new decision to General Rousski.

THE train which brought the deputies from Petrograd arrived in the Pskov station at about ten o'clock that night — the 15th of March. It was made up of a locomotive and a single car. Half of this car, the station master later told me, comprised a salon; the other half was divided into compartments, each of which had a long berth running across it.

General Rousski and I, thinking that the deputies, in accordance with our request, would come to see us first, waited for them in Rousski's car. Several minutes went by and no one came. I went out on the platform to see what was happening, and in the distance I saw the shadowy silhouette of the limping Goutchkov, dressed in a fur hat and a heavy overcoat with an Astrakhan collar. Beside him was Schoulguine. They were surrounded by railway officials who had come to greet them. The whole group was moving off toward the Imperial train, led by one of the Emperor's aids-de-camp. I watched them pass, and then returned to General Rousski's car.

A FEW moments later, we were asked to appear before the Emperor. In the vestibule of the car in which the meeting was to take place were hanging two overcoats which looked strangely familiar to me. For some reason they gave me an unpleasant impression, and suddenly I thought to myself, 'The delegates are already with the Emperor.'

As I had suspected, at a little rectangular table close to the partition in the familiar green salon sat Goutchkov and Schoulguine, facing the door, while the Emperor sat opposite them, with his back to us. In the shadows to one side, like a ghost, stood the figure of an old, old man — Count Fréederickz.

The Emperor still wore the same dark gray *bechmet*. At his side hung his long dagger. The deputies were in their street clothes, which were very much mussed. They clearly showed the evidences of sleepless nights, of their long trip, and of the emotions which had shaken them. Schoulguine seemed particularly tired, and he also seemed to be less master of himself than his companion. His eyes were heavy, his face unshaven, his necktie awry beneath a ragged collar. General Rousski and I stood silently on the threshold and bowed. Then the Commander-in-Chief sat down at the table also, while I sat a little to one side on a corner divan.

Goutchkov was just finishing what he had to say. In his soft, monotonous voice he pronounced slowly, but firmly, the fatal words which made it clear that the Tsar must abdicate in favor of the Tsarevich Alexis, under the regency of Grand Duke Michel.

'What earthly good does it do to say it over and over again?' I asked myself,

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forgetting that the deputies did not know of the decision that the Tsar had reached earlier in the day, before they had arrived.

Just then the Emperor's voice broke in upon what Goutchkov was saying.

'This afternoon at three o'clock I decided to abdicate. I have not changed that decision. At first I meant to transmit the throne to my son Alexis, but since then I have had time to reflect and I have changed my mind. Now I abdicate for my son as well as for myself, in favor of my brother Michel. I shall wish to keep my son with me. No doubt' — and here his voice trembled — 'you understand my reasons.'

The Tsar's words came as a complete surprise to General Rousski and myself. We looked at each other, but obviously it was not possible for Rousski, and certainly not for me, to break into a conversation between the Emperor and members of the Legislature, at which we were present as witnesses only. To my great astonishment, neither Goutchkov nor Schoulguine had any protest to make against the Emperor's new decision. There was a moment of silence, and then the Tsar arose and moved off toward his own car. We got to our feet also, and, silent and respectful, followed him with our eyes.

GOUTCHKOV and Schoulguine fell to talking in low voices in a corner of the salon. I waited for a moment, and then came up to Goutchkov, whom I knew quite well, since I had worked with him on the Duma Defense Commission.

'Tell me, Alexander Ivanovitch, is the Emperor Nikolas II's decision to abdicate not only for himself but for his son in conformity with Russian law? Will not such a decision open the way for a dangerous struggle?'

'I do not think so,' Goutchkov answered. 'But, if the problem interests you, ask Schoulguine. He has a reputation as something of a specialist in constitutional law.'

Goutchkov then introduced me to Schoulguine, whom I had not theretofore known.

'No doubt,' said Schoulguine, 'this step may involve a certain juridical irregularity. But from the practical viewpoint, which is the one that should be taken now, I am in favor of the Emperor's decision. Should the Tsarevitch Alexis come to the throne, it would be very difficult to keep him free from the influence of his parents, and especially of his mother, who is so greatly detested throughout the country. The old influences would, therefore, continue to be felt, and the parents' renunciation of power would be unreal. The country would not be satisfied with any such solution. On the other hand, if the child should be completely separated from his father and mother, his already precarious health would be undermined and all three would suffer.'

The problem that I raised naturally has no practical importance to-day, after the tragic death of the characters involved; but at that time I felt that it was essential and that its consequences might be extremely serious. I was therefore glad to have had the opportunity to bring it before those who had been given full power by the Provisional Committee of the Duma to settle the question of the Tsar's renunciation of the throne, and, in case he should agree, to bring back to the capital his act of abdication.

For some unknown reason, our conversation ended there. Count Fréederickz tried to get from the deputies detailed information concerning the burning of his house in Petrograd, but it was clear that, even in the case of this venerable old man, personal worries took a secondary place, and that he could think only of the events which were taking place before his eyes.

MINUTES seemed like hours. Finally, the Emperor came back, bringing with him the text of the manifesto announcing his abdication, typewritten on a few sheets of white paper. If my memory does not fail me, it was the same as the draft manifesto which I had earlier received from General Headquarters, slightly modified to fit the Tsar's final decision.

The deputies read it carefully and insisted upon the insertion of one or two words which seemed to them essential. The Emperor, without the least objection, made the suggested changes. Then, seated at the table, he drafted two ukases to the Senate. One named Grand Duke Nikolas Nikolaievitch Commander-in-Chief; the other appointed Prince Lvov Prime Minister. The transfer of supreme power to the Grand Duke was wholeheartedly approved by us all. The appointment of Prince Lvov was made at the specific request of the two deputies.

The Emperor spoke with us for a few minutes longer, then bade us farewell, shaking hands with us pleasantly before he moved off to his own car. I was never to see him again.

I WAS the last to leave the car. Before doing so, I gave one final glance over my shoulder at the deserted salon which had been silent witness to so portentous an event. The clock on the wall pointed to a quarter before midnight. Crumpled papers lay upon the red carpet. The emptiness of the room was accentuated by the fact that the chairs had been pushed back from the table and stood in disorder against the walls. It looked almost as if someone had just come and taken a coffin away.

General Rousski invited the deputies to come to his own car. They had to wait until fair copies of the manifestoes and the ukases could be made, and until the Emperor had signed them. And before leaving for Petrograd again, they badly needed rest from the strain of all that they had been through.

When we stepped down from the Tsar's car to the dimly lighted platform, we saw to our astonishment that a great crowd had collected, standing, silent and respectful, at a little distance from the Imperial train. How had these people gotten past the guards who surrounded the station? No matter. It was impossible at this crucial time to keep good Russians from pushing their way to the very centre of events.

Goutchkov stepped forward toward the crowd and began speaking to them in a troubled voice. Men took off their hats and crossed themselves, perhaps to salute the past, perhaps to welcome the unknown future. I was overwhelmed by the calmness, I might almost say the solemnity, with which the people of Pskov accepted the fact that Russia had started down a new road.

AN HOUR later, two copies of the manifesto of abdication, signed by the Tsar, and the ukases to the Senate concerning the appointment of Grand Duke Nikolas Nikolaievitch as Commander-in-Chief and of Prince Lvov as Prime Minister were brought to General Rousski's car. The Emperor Nikolas II had reigned for nearly twenty-three years over a sixth of the earth's area, and over one hundred and seventy million subjects. Now that was over, and a new chapter in Russia's history was opening, a chapter full of mystery and doubt.

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Persons and Personages

Vincent Massey of Canada — Sir Aurel Stein of Serindia — Hugh Simons Gibson of the United States — Einar Lundborg of Sweden

Vincent Massey

In the first Canadian minister to the United States, Washington has come to know another envoy who, like M. Paul Claudel, has in him something of the poet and scholar, as well as the statesman. Long before his appointment to his present post, Mr. Massey was regarded as a pioneer in the development of native Canadian drama, in much the same light as Eugene O'Neill is considered in the United States, although Mr. Massey's contributions have been in directing plays and acting in them instead of writing them.

It would be difficult, indeed, to find a Canadian better fitted to represent Ottawa at Washington, for on both sides of his family he shares a common ancestry with us. Anna Vincent Massey, his mother, was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, the daughter of Bishop Vincent, who founded the Chautauqua movement. Daniel Massey, his great-grandfather, hailed from Vermont, although he later moved to Newcastle, Ontario.

Vincent Massey was born in Toronto in 1887 and received his degree from the university there in 1910. The two years following he spent at Balliol College, Oxford, winning honors in modern history, and returning to Toronto to lecture on this subject until the beginning of the War. He also became Dean of Residence at Victoria, one of the colleges of Toronto University.

The summer of 1916 found him at Camp Borden, in charge of the School of Musketry of the second military district, holding the rank of lieutenant colonel. In 1918 he was named associate secretary of the War Committee of the Canadian Cabinet, and later, general secretary. His excellent work in wartime won him the position of director of the Government Repatriation Committee.

After the War, he went into business in the firm of Massey-Harris, one of the oldest Canadian industrial concerns and the largest manufacturer of agricultural implements in the British Empire, which his family had helped to found. In 1921, while still in his early thirties, he became president of this influential company, which has manufacturing centres in France and Germany and branch houses in Great Britain, on the Continent, in South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia. Massey-Harris is famous for the self-binder, which played an important part in opening up the Canadian and American West. Its latest development is the reaper-thresher, which can harvest field crops at the rate of forty acres a day.

Thus a brilliant business career was given up in 1925 when Vincent Massey entered the Cabinet of the Liberal leader, Mackenzie King. He was defeated by some 900 votes in the general election that year when he ran for Parliament in the rural Ontario constituency of Durham. The opposition Press, ridiculing his interest in the nonprofessional theatre, referred to him as 'Minister of Fine Arts.' The year following, however, saw the Liberals triumphant at election time and shortly afterward came word of Mr. Massey's appointment to Washington.

Hart House at the University of Toronto, made possible through the Massey Foundation established by Vincent Massey's father, was begun in 1911 but not completed until the close of the War. It was dedicated in 1919. As a centre of undergraduate activities, Hart House is admittedly without an equal anywhere. It is of interest to note that among the many productions in the Hart House Theatre with which Mr. Massey was prominently identified was *L'Hommage*, written by the present French Ambassador to the United States, in which Mr. Massey played a leading rôle. He is also the editor of a series of Canadian plays, which are being published in both the United States and Canada. Critics who have written in praise of Mr. Massey's histrionic talents have pointed out that the ability to act probably runs in the family, for Raymond, a younger brother, is one of London's leading actor-managers.

An understanding of the breadth of vision of this man, who combines the talents of a diplomat, an executive, an actor, and a lover of the arts, is afforded by the inscription which he had carved on the walls of Hart House: —

'. . . that the members of Hart House may discover within its walls the true education that is to be found in good fellowship, in friendly disputation and debate, in the conversation of wise and earnest men, in music, pictures, and the play, in the casual book, in sports and games and the mastery of the body; and, lastly, that just as in the days of war this house was devoted to the training in

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The Honorable Vincent Massey

The first Canadian Minister to the United States, whose hobby is amateur theatricals and whose business has been making farm machines.

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arms of the young soldier, so in the time of peace its halls may be dedicated to the task of arming youth with strength and suppleness of limb, with clarity of mind and depth of understanding, and with a spirit of true religion and high endeavor.'

On the occasion of the dinner given in his honor last December by the Pilgrims of the United States at the Waldorf Astoria in New York, he made this interesting suggestion for the betterment of good will generally: —

'I hope it is not too frivolous to suggest that, if one month a year by universal consent was declared a closed season for cabinets, councils, and legislatures, and that for this period the responsible statesmen were induced to foregather and together take up the fishing rod and golf club with not a whisper of "shop," the harmony of the world might be enhanced. It most certainly would not be hampered.' This expression he reiterated a few weeks later at the annual dinner of the Anglers Club of New York, to which he was appropriately invited as the guest of honor.

Even a casual meeting with the young Canadian Minister is enough to impress one with his forcefulness and vitality. His dark eyes, set in deep hollows in a lean and ascetic face, fairly flash with conviction as he discourses upon any subject that is close to him, whether it be politics or the play. The outstanding impression one carries away is that he 'rings true.' He is both the dreamer and doer in one.

In commending him to the attention of the English people, J. St. Loe Strachey, former editor of the *Spectator*, described him 'as a patriotic Canadian, as an Imperialist of the best type, as a believer in a permanent understanding between all who speak the English tongue, as an advocate of the university spirit, as a potent element in social and political life, and, finally, as one who deserves the poignant if old-fashioned description of "a scholar and a gentleman."'

Sir Aurel Stein

SIR AUREL STEIN, K. C. I. E., F.B.A., C.I.F., Ph.D., D.Sc., D.O.L., has received most of the honors which it is within the power of governments and societies to bestow in recognition of distinguished work in archæology. Besides his knighthood and honorary degrees from Cambridge, Oxford, and the Punjab, he has received gold medals from the Royal, the French, and the Swedish Geographical Societies, and only last year was made the recipient of the Petrie Medal, established in honor of the great Egyptologist. He is a Fellow of the British Academy and a *Correspondant de l'Institut de France.*

What is the work which has won him these tributes? It is necessary to ask this question, for, despite the extent of his contributions to the sum of human knowledge, and despite the thrilling record of personal bravery and endurance which his exploits provide, Sir Aurel Stein remains a comparatively unknown figure. The successful archæological explorer can expect no such sudden fame as awaits the fortunate discoverer of new lands.

Sir Aurel's chief claim to glory lies in the fact that he has opened up a wholly new field of research. Prior to the present century, archæology confined itself almost entirely to those Mediterranean lands in which may be traced the roots of our Western civilization. But, from his earliest days, young Aurel Stein's eyes were drawn to a far different land — Central Asia. Exploration in this remote and almost unknown territory became his chief object in life; toward this goal, from student days on, he shaped his destiny. So that the success that he finally won in this field may be counted, not as chance good fortune, but as the reward of a lifetime of persistent and well planned endeavor.

The reasons for Sir Aurel's preference are not readily apparent. Central Asia, or — to use the term which Stein introduced into English, and which describes the territory more exactly — Serindia, is an elevated, drainageless belt extending across the centre of Asia, north of Kashmir and Tibet, from the Pamir highland in the west to the Pacific watershed in the east. Bounded on all sides by mountains, and without atmospheric moisture, it is all a vast desert, with the exception of strings of small oases watered by mountain streams which soon disappear in the sands. This area, comprising Eastern Turkestan and the western part of the province of Kansu, is Chinese territory and the small population which its oases can support boasts only a low degree of civilization.

Were it only for the culture indigenous to these regions, they might well remain in the oblivion which their forbidding wastes invite. But what claimed Aurel Stein's interest was not the dreary present of this land, but the fact that long ago, in the days before extended sea travel was safe, this was the chief means of communication between China, India, and the classical West. Along this route Buddhism, India's greatest contribution to civilization, found its way to China, and thence to the rest of the Orient. Here lay the caravan route which brought Imperial Rome her silks and jewels and Oriental splendor. Here, too, trod those mediæval pilgrims and traders who brought back tales of the magnificence of China. This marvelous commingling of all the great civilizations of the earth would have attracted the attention of scholars long since, had it not been that the Mohammedan invasion of the tenth and eleventh centuries had swept away all outward traces of this past. Not until the last decade of the past century was it suspected that remains of the previous period still existed.

Even prior to that, however, Stein was fascinated by this region. While attending universities in Austria, Germany, and England, he prepared himself for what he hoped would be his life work by the study of Oriental languages and antiquities. Then he went to India to engage in educational work, rising to be Principal of the Oriental College, Lahore, then Registrar of the Punjab University. His summer vacations he spent in archæological research in Kashmir, the northernmost province of India, where he could gaze long at the white-capped mountains across which lay the land of his heart's desire. Unswerving in his ambition, he yet saw no means of fulfilling it, for he was without those private resources necessary for protracted exploration. He thought with envy of Dr. Schliemann, who had had ample time and money for the researches which had resulted in the discovery of Troy.

IN 1897 an event occurred which gave his hopes more definite direction. Fragments of birch bark were found near Khotan, in Eastern Turkestan, which were covered with Kharosthi writing and proved to be the earliest Indian document extant. The Indian Government became interested and started a collection of Central-Asian antiquities. These were bought from native treasure-seekers, who would naturally destroy much valuable and irreplaceable evidence in the course of their unskilled excavations. Dr. Stein saw his chance. He applied to the Government to be placed on special duty for purposes of archæological exploration in the vicinity of Khotan. Lord Curzon was at that time Viceroy of India and it was largely due to his interest in antiquities that the request was granted. Various delays ensued, but finally, in the spring of 1900, preparations were completed and Chinese passports secured. One fine May morning Dr. Stein at last set forth, with a caravan of sixteen camels and ponies, for a year's work in the land of which he had long dreamed.

That journey decided the further course of his life. Not only were the archæological results highly satisfactory, but Stein, with a deep sense of his

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obligation to the Government, confined himself strictly to the limits of time and money imposed. This thoughtfulness was appreciated, and he was kept on archæological duty. Since then his life has consisted of prolonged periods of exploration, and even longer periods devoted to the task of writing up the results of his researches. This steady desk labor is disagreeable to him, but he has never shirked it. By preference he accomplishes the task in his Kashmir camp, living in a tent, which is where he feels most at home, working from morning to dusk, and spending his evenings in long walks at the foot of the great mountains.

EXPLORATION in the desert is possible only in the winter, due to the heat and wind storms at other times, so the summers of his periods of research were devoted to geographical work in the mountains. This entailed as difficult mountain climbing as is to be found anywhere. Stein would often ascend until his men were overcome by mountain sickness, and could go no farther. On one occasion he lost the toes of his right foot through frostbite. But it was the work in the desert which was the most trying. The exacting and often delicate process of excavation had to be carried on in a temperature which varied from freezing point in the day to ten below zero at night. Several days' march into the desert was usually necessary, and this meant limited rations, as all their food and water — the latter in the form of blocks of ice — had to be carried with them. Often they could not find enough wood for a fire at night, and Stein, with fingers too numb to write or to read the little volume of Horace he always carried with him, would have to go to bed as soon as the day's work was done, in order to keep warm. For such earthly ills as toothache there was no help to be found, save that provided by a medicine kit.

But, in Stein's eyes, the results more than made up for the constant physical discomfort of such a life. It was found that in the course of the centuries the desert had encroached more and more on the cultivated areas, so that wastes of sand covered what were once prosperous oases. It was in such regions that finds were made, for whatever the sand covered, it preserved. Furniture, household utensils, works of art, written documents, dating from the third century B.C. to the eighth century A.D., were found, often wholly intact, and from them it was possible to reconstruct much of the history and art and social organization of the people who had once lived there. It was determined from the abundance of Indian relics, for instance, that a hitherto unknown invasion from the Punjab must have taken place in the second century B.C.; and Hellenistic influences were clearly shown by the discovery of documents with clay seals bearing the imprint of Pallas Athene.

Underwood & Underwood

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO BELGIUM

HUGH SIMONS GIBSON, who, more than any other representative of the United States, has been the link between the League of Nations and Washington. A sketch of his career appears on the next page.

No less important were the discoveries made, not in former oases, but in the desert strips between them where the ancient caravan route had once led. A great variety of coins and other articles were unearthed, but the most thrilling find was that of a bale of yellow silk, tightly rolled and unused, just as it had fallen from some caravan on its way to Imperial Rome.

One of the most interesting features of these journeys to Dr. Stein was that he was following in the footsteps of so many famous travelers. The desert he was exploring was the same Marco Polo had trod, and he found the latter's description to be accurate in all its topographical details. Here, too, had come the great Buddhist pilgrim, Hsüan Tsang, and he used this fact to good advantage in winning from the Chinese mandarins the coöperation necessary for the success of his undertaking.

MANY thrilling moments came to him in the course of his discoveries. One was the finding of an ancient frontier wall of China, built in the second century B.C. and long since forgotten, and of fragments of letters written by the soldiers impressed for service on this desolate and dangerous outpost. Another was the finding, in the "Caves of the Thousand Buddhas," of a chapel which had been crammed full of manuscripts and paintings and then walled up, many centuries ago, probably on threat of a barbarian raid. Of these, he managed to send back thirty cases full to the British Museum. Another tense occasion, of a disagreeable nature, was when he and his men crossed the desert at its widest, and failed to find the river they were counting on. Just as Columbus' men once rebelled for lack of land, so Stein's men threatened mutiny for lack of water; and it was only when their supplies were gone and hope was nearly abandoned that the life-giving stream was found.

In recent years, since political conditions make travel in Chinese territory almost impossible, Sir Aurel has turned to new fields. Upper Swat and Baluchistan have been the scene of his most recent researches. The former of these two is of particular interest. Owing to the wild Pathan tribes who live there, it has never been accessible to Europeans, but in the last few years it has come under the sway of a strong ruler (a grandson of that Akhund of Swat made famous to Americans by Lanigan's familiar humorous poem) and his protection enabled Sir Aurel to penetrate this unvisited territory.

Here he traced the path of one of the most famous figures of history — Alexander the Great. Alexander passed through here on his way to the invasion of India, and the historian, Arrian, has left detailed accounts of his campaigns in this region. Sir Aurel was able to identify rivers, towns, and other sites mentioned

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by him. Of most interest is the Rock of Aornos, which, legend has it, Hercules himself was unable to take, and which Alexander captured only after a strenuous campaign. Sir Aurel identified it as a rocky promontory which rises to 19,000 feet of elevation and corresponds closely with Arrian's account.

Sir Aurel Stein is now in his later sixties; whether he will yet be able to undertake new explorations remains to be seen. Certainly the last thirty years of his life form a remarkable record of physical hardihood and endurance combined with the highest order of intellectual achievement.

Hugh Simons Gibson

IF Hugh Simons Gibson had not been knocked unconscious in a Havana café seventeen years ago, he would probably not be Ambassador to Belgium and American representative on the Preparatory Commission for Disarmament to-day.

While attached to the American Embassy in Havana, in 1912, Gibson had been pressing the claim of an American company against the Cuban Government. The case brought him considerable criticism in the Cuban Press. One evening while he was at dinner, he was knocked unconscious by a Cuban newspaper editor who attacked him from behind. The incident might have had still more serious consequences, had Gibson not regained consciousness in time to save his assailant from a severe beating at the hands of the man with whom Gibson had been dining. As it was, the Cuban Government apologized, and Washington, which had planned to transfer Gibson to another Latin American post, decided that he could not retreat under fire and kept him in Havana a year longer.

As a result of this postponed transfer, it was decided that Gibson had served long enough in the semitropics and he was sent to Belgium in February, 1914, just before the European war clouds began to darken. In Belgium, there was opportunity for a neutral diplomat, and Gibson made full use of it.

Thirteen years later, Ambassador Gibson, dressed as youthfully as a university graduate at his first reception, was seated at the blue horse-shoe table in the Crystal Room of the League of Nations. Gray-haired diplomats and veteran admirals sat around him. W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the British Admiralty, aged 63, rose and nominated the immaculately dressed young man to preside over their deliberations. Admiral Viscount Saito, aged 69, seconded the motion. Whereupon Hugh Simons Gibson, aged 44 and youngest delegate, became chairman of the Three-Power Conference on the Limitation of Naval Armament.

Thirteen years is a short time in which to have jumped from the rank of attaché in Brussels to that of ambassador in the same capital. But during those years Hugh Gibson had participated in some of the most important events of the last decade. During the night before Edith Cavell's execution he sat from sunset to sunrise with the German Commandant. Finally, just before dawn, Gibson persuaded him that the execution should be delayed. But it was then too late to receive a reply to any message sent Berlin, and only the Kaiser had power to countermand the order. Miss Cavell died while Gibson was still entreating the Commandant to disregard orders.

Hugh Gibson was the liaison officer between Hoover and the Belgian Government while all Belgium was being rationed by the United States. The task was a delicate one but was performed in a manner that endeared him permanently to the Belgian people. He became, next to Herbert Hoover and Brand Whitlock, the best known American in Belgium.

WHEN Gibson later returned to present his credentials as Ambassador of the United States, it was said that no foreign diplomat had ever before been similarly greeted. In being received by the King, the foreign emissary follows a set ritual. He bows upon entry into the throne room, advances three steps, bows again, advances another three steps and bows the third time. But upon stepping through the door and making his first bow, Ambassador Gibson's head nearly inflicted serious injury to King Albert's stomach. The King had done something without precedent. He had left his throne, and advanced to the door. 'No formalities, please, where you are concerned,' he said, as he grasped Gibson's hand.

When the United States entered the War, someone was needed in Washington who had intimate first-hand knowledge of conditions in Germany and the Allied countries, and Gibson was recalled to the State Department. Here he found time, besides advising Secretary Lansing on political conditions in Europe, to complete a lecture tour of the Middle West. After his return, it suddenly occurred to Secretary Lansing that Gibson had been continuously and strenuously in the harness since 1914, and he suggested that he take two weeks' vacation. But, as Gibson was about to leave his office, Lansing added: 'And, by the way, while you're gone, write us a book on your experiences in Europe. I'll arrange with Page to have it published right away.'

So the entire 'vacation' was spent at the Doubleday Page publishing house in Garden City, dictating. Gibson and his stenographer were closeted in a little room inclosed almost entirely in glass, and he likes to tell the story of how the publishers, showing sight-seers through their plant, would stop outside his glass cage and proudly explain: 'And here you have an author at work.'

Gibson finished his book in two weeks, due chiefly to the fact that since boyhood he had never given up the practice of writing his mother at the end of each day. His book was reconstructed from accounts he had given her of the food-relief days in Belgium, the German occupation, and his intervention in behalf of Edith Cavell.

EARLY in 1918 Gibson was sent to Paris. By that time the political offensive had become practically as important as the military offensive. Pershing needed a man who had his fingers on the political pulse of Europe and could advise him how to win over the Poles, the Czechs, the Yugoslavs, and all the other minorities whose disaffection later broke the back of the German militarists and brought about the Armistice. Gibson was selected, and, during the remaining months of the War, he traveled between Paris and Bern and between Rome and London as Pershing's political adviser.

In April, 1919, when the United States recognized the new republic of Poland, Hugh Gibson was selected as minister. There were no government buildings in Warsaw, no legations, nor, for that matter, any great machinery of government. Paderewski's official quarters consisted of a bedroom and an office in the Bristol Hotel. The new British Legation was established over a Turkish bath, but Gibson, after some persuasion, succeeded in securing three rooms in the Hotel Bristol to serve as the American Legation.

In 1924, Gibson was made Minister to Switzerland. At that time, the League of Nations was just beginning to come into its own. The United States had no official representative at Geneva to observe the League's activities, and it therefore fell to Hugh Gibson to journey back and forth between his Legation in Bern and the Secretariat in Geneva. Toward the latter part of his stay in Switzerland he was spending more time in Geneva than he was in Bern.

It was Hugh Gibson more than any other one man who built up American

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American-Swedish News Exchange

CAPTAIN EINAR LUNDBORG

THE AVIATOR WHO is arriving in the United States this month to make an extended lecture tour.

confidence, and American unofficial participation, in the League. Whether or not he believes the United States should enter, he realized some time ago that it was to the interest of the United States as well as of world peace for his Government to coöperate in certain important League activities. He sold his idea to Secretary Kellogg and to President Coolidge. In particular he sold them the idea of participation in the Traffic in Arms Conference and the Preparatory Commission for Disarmament. It was at these two conferences, especially the latter, that he made a name for himself as one of America's most brilliant young diplomats.

EINAR LUNDBORG

'A REMARKABLE feat,' said Commander Richard E. Byrd, when the Swedish aviator, Captain Einar Lundborg, flew into the Arctic and rescued General Umberto Nobile last summer. 'A triumph over difficulties of which we can have but a slight notion,' said Clarence Chamberlain.

But the flight was more than that. It was a milepost in the progress of aviation, showing that the airplane has powers which the public at large had scarcely suspected. The rescue of Nobile was something entirely new. Nothing quite like it had ever been done before.

The aviator who thus made his name known to the whole world as the first man to effect an Arctic rescue by airplane is of pure Swedish stock. But he was born on the sun-baked plains of India. His father was a missionary, the Reverend Nils Erik Lundborg, who later brought his family back to the country parish of Ekeby, in central Sweden, where he served as curate. Captain Lundborg's mother was the daughter of a Swedish sea captain from the Aland Islands in the Baltic. There were ten children, but of these three died as infants owing to the climatic conditions in India. Thanks to their having been sent back to Sweden in time, the remaining seven are still living. It was a typical Swedish family, hard working, frugal, and contented in spite of small means.

At the age of nineteen, Captain Lundborg, whose full name is Einar Paul Albert Muni Lundborg, was graduated from a Swedish gymnasium and, instead of going to a university for higher degrees, entered a Swedish military school as a cadet. In 1915 he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of the Royal Fifth Regiment of Engineers. In his school and early army days he was noted as an athlete, ski runner, high jumper, and pole vaulter. He was also full of pranks and early gave proofs of his courage and adventurous spirit.

WHILE the World War lasted, it was always possible that Sweden might be involved, and the greater part of the army was kept mobilized as a 'neutrality guard.' When the War was over, Captain Lundborg sought active service in the 'White Army' in Finland, taking part in the civil war caused by the Bolshevist revolution. Later, he also took part in the Esthonian war for independence. Altogether, he has fought in four different wars. Among his fellow officers there are current many stories, almost legendary, of his various exploits across the Baltic.

His career as an aviator did not begin until the end of these campaigns, in which he learned the importance of the air service in actual fighting. He began to fly in 1922, after his return to Sweden, and in 1927 he was chosen, in competition with many others, for a special course at the Central Flying School in England. Thanks to his childhood in India he already knew some English and during his training he gained greater command of the language, so that when he landed outside the tent of the Nobile group on the Spitzbergen ice and met the Italian lieutenant, Viglieri, they found English the only language in which they could converse easily. In 1926 he had been promoted to First Lieutenant in the Swedish Air Service, which is equally independent of both the Army and Navy, and in 1928, after the rescue of Nobile, he was promoted to Captain.

In his book about the event, Captain Lundborg refers briefly to the fact that twice he had been in serious accidents. 'Incidents,' he calls them. One was a fall in a Phoenix pursuit plane after a tail spin — a drop of over a thousand yards. The machine was smashed to splinters and no one expected to see the pilot alive, but, when the spectators reached him, he had already extricated himself and was examining the wreckage. He refers to these events, because both happened on the same day of the month, the 24th, and curiously enough that was also the date of his arrival at the Nobile camp, as well as that of the subsequent accident which marooned him in the Arctic along with the others for several days.

BEFORE starting for Spitzbergen, Lundborg had become known in Sweden for daring long distance flights into the northern provinces, during which he made new records for Swedish military aviation. On February 22nd of last year he started from his home base at Malmslaett in southern Sweden for the sub-Arctic fortress of Boden, a distance of a little over 559 miles which he covered, without an intermediary landing, in five hours and ten minutes. The next day he started on the return trip, which he made in four hours and twenty-five minutes. His actual flying distance each way was calculated at roughly 590 miles. A few weeks later, on March 9th, he set out at night for Östersund, leaving Malmslaett at 10 o'clock in the evening and arriving at 2.25 the next morning. It was his purpose to fly directly back without landing, but on his return trip a leaking oil tank forced him down at half past three the same morning. It took him till noon to get this repaired, but at 1.45 he was back at Malmslaett.

ON THESE flights he used the same Fokker machine which he took north in June, and it was on the strength of such feats that he was given the chance to volunteer for the Nobile rescue expedition, sent out by the Swedish Government. The sea planes were soon found useless, except for locating the Nobile camp and for throwing down supplies. Lundborg and his observer, Lieutenant Shyberg, were then sent out with the

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Fokker, equipped with skis instead of wheels or pontoons.

They landed outside the little red tent which sheltered Nobile and his men; and since the machine could carry only three men back, Captain Lundborg decided to take General Nobile first, partly because he was the lighter of the two men injured, and partly because he would be most useful in directing the rescue of the others. Next Lundborg had intended to take off the corpulent Ceccioni, but when he came back the snow had grown so soft that the skis sank down too far and the machine overturned. There was nothing to do but stay there with the others until his faithful observer, Lieutenant Shyberg, came and took him off.

Captain Lundborg is now on his way to the United States for a two months' study tour, during which he intends to inform himself on the progress of aviation in this country. While he is here he will also lecture to the American Sons and Daughters of Sweden about his exploits in war and peace, including his rescue of Nobile.

The Last Abbot

Hanged on Glastonbury Tor, 1538

From the *London Mercury*

He watched the sowing of the wind
That to a whirlwind grew,
And saw the infatuate reaper bind
Old faith with ordinance new.

The shadow of a monstrous hand,
Outstretched for loot and prey,
Moved, a black storm cloud, o'er the land
To where the great abbey lay.

He heard denouncing thunders sound,
And met the lightning's eye,
And soon, dishonored, mocked, and bound,
They led him forth to die.

He leaves in baser keeping now
St. Joseph's holy thorn,
But feels its impress on his brow,
As when it once was worn;

And high above his wasted shrine,
Where all he ruled might see,
He tasted of the bitter wine
They brewed on Calvary.

Where Peace sat crowned for many an age,
Wild havoc rules again;
They measure best the tyrant's rage
Who brood o'er Glaston's fane.

Though all he loved lies shattered round,
His thorn bears blossom still,
And still they count it holy ground
Who mount the martyr's hill.

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Germany under the Great Blockade

The Lesson of the Allies' Campaign of Starvation from 1914 to 1918 to a World in Danger of Another War

By Louis Guichard

Member of the French Chamber of Deputies, Conseiller Général du Département du Vaucluse

Translated from the *Correspondant*, Paris Clerical Fortnightly

NO PHASE of the World War was so broadly significant, and none has been so inadequately discussed, as the blockade which the Allies applied to Germany in an effort to starve out a nation which stubbornly resisted defeat on the field of battle. The actual application of the blockade brought up a hundred embarrassing problems of maritime rights which are not yet definitely settled. The submarine warfare which grew out of it tore great holes in what remained of the laboriously built up structure of the laws of war and left the world in the condition of international anarchy which still prevails, in spite of the arbitration arrangements and peace pacts of which so much has lately been heard. Equally important is the fact that the Great Blockade, which was the first large-scale attempt to utilize economic force in international conflict since the time of Napoleon, offers the only modern example of an important method by which the League of Nations hopes to enforce peace in the world to-day.

In this article, an eminent Frenchman presents an admirably clear picture of what happened to Germany as a result of the Great Blockade, and allows the reader to draw his own conclusions concerning the significance of this lesson of 1914–1918 to the nations of the world to-day. The author also graphically describes the ingenuity of the German chemists and scientists in the manufacture of synthetic substitutes for raw materials, and the patriotism of the German people under extreme privation.

ACCORDING to some, the World War was won by force of arms alone; according to others, victory came as a result of economic forces. Without supporting either of these hypotheses, one may suggest that both of them state the problem badly. The triumph of economic forces, in the last analysis, was merely the result of the mastery of the seas which the Allies held, with certain limitations, from the moment the War began. Thus the victory was a strictly military one, in the sense that it was due to the combined efforts of the Armies and the Navies of the Entente. It would be useless to attempt to say how much credit should go to the land forces and how much to the sea forces, since both were indispensable to ultimate success. But it is worth while to try to find out whether, among all the measures which were taken by the Allies to bring about the break-up of Germany, those which were economic in nature played an effective rôle; and whether, when Germany surrendered in November of 1918, she was really at her last gasp as far as food products and the raw materials of industry were concerned.

Such a study also has a bearing upon the question of the moral responsibility of Germany in undertaking unrestricted submarine warfare in 1917, for the Central Powers did so on the plea of legitimate defense, and claimed that only such a step could save them from famine. This was not true. Germany wanted this submarine warfare, this war of reprisals. She did not undertake it as a means of defense, but with the clear hope of defeating the enemy by its means. And, however one may wish to judge this barbarous method of fighting, the Central Powers, as we shall see, must take full responsibility for it.

It is not easy to draw up an economic balance sheet for a group of warring nations, when much information is still lacking entirely, and much of what we have is contradictory. To simplify the problem, I shall limit my study to Germany alone and shall examine, first, several of the problems which German industry had to solve; secondly, the state of the food supply during the War; and, thirdly, the situation at the time of the Armistice.

GERMANY before the War consumed 430,000 tons of cotton, almost all of which came from the United States. During the War she needed more than 300,000 tons annually for use in making explosives alone. It would, therefore, have been highly effective if the Allies had stopped all direct importation of cotton into Germany from the moment of the outbreak of hostilities on August 2nd, 1914. But cotton was protected legally by statute, actually by its source: legally, since it had been placed on the list of thirteen articles which the Declaration of London asserted should not be considered as contraband of war; actually, because its sale enriched the United States, and it was important that the good will of the Americans be retained.

From September, 1914, forward, the French Government pointed out the necessity of stopping all shipments of cotton to Germany, but in vain. The British argued against it both on the ground of the Declaration of London and on the ground that they had given assurances to the United States in order that the American market should remain open to the Allies.

Meanwhile, Germany invaded Belgium and Northern France and seized more than 200,000 tons of cotton stock; Turkey came in on the side of the Central Powers and aided them with the Asia Minor cotton harvest of 30,000 tons; and importations of American cotton continued, either directly or through neutral countries.

THE Order in Council of March 11th, 1915, at least had the advantage of bringing to a full stop direct importations of cotton to Germany, which between the declaration of war and that date had reached 200,000 tons. Immediately a violent campaign, directed by the great scientist, Sir William Ramsay, began in England, aiming to have cotton placed by the Allies upon the list of contraband goods. Its first effect was seen in April. The export of cotton, which since December 21st, 1914, had been forbidden in France, was forbidden in England also on April 26th, 1915. This was a direct answer to those who insinuated that the United Kingdom

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Wide World

WAR-TIME COFFEE SUBSTITUTE RATION CARD

THE ECONOMIC BLOCKADE of Germany by the Entente Powers cut off the greater part of Germany's normal coffee supply and made it necessary to limit rigidly the use even of coffee substitute.

sought to favor the development of its own cotton industry and of its Egyptian plantation. Against this same insinuation, Lord Crewe raised his voice in the House of Lords several months later. He stated that the only reason the British Government had not yet declared cotton contraband was to avoid the possibility of anyone saying that England's aim was not only to keep cotton from reaching Germany but also to favor her own cotton trade to the detriment of neutral nations. This somewhat exaggerated modesty was not overcome until the figures for importation of cotton into neutral countries became known to the Allied governments. In 1913, Holland and the Scandinavian countries had imported 22,000 tons of cotton. From August 1st, 1914, to July 31st, 1915 — just one year — their importations reached 330,000 tons, fifteen times what they had been before the War!

After several weeks of difficult negotiations with the United States, cotton was placed on the contraband list on August 22nd, 1915. At approximately the same time, contingent agreements were made with Norway and Denmark; and, during the second half of 1915, importations of cotton into Germany from neutral countries dropped to 40,000 tons.

GERMANY, which had had all the cotton she wanted until that time, began to grow uneasy. Her first move was to limit activity in the textile industry in order to conserve all available cotton for use in making explosives. By December, 1915, textile manufacture had dropped to 30% of normal production. But at the same time it became clear that the stock of cotton accumulated in 1915 would not last much longer, and German chemists set to work to solve the problem. The first necessity was to assure the munition works of the raw material indispensable to them. After many fruitless efforts, the chemists, in 1915, obtained nitrated cellulose which was made, not from cotton, but from wood pulp which came largely from Swedish pine.

After 1916, therefore, the problem of explosives was solved. Germany consumed in her munition factories from 120,000 to 160,000 tons of wood pulp each year, and the nitrated cellulose obtained from it contained 13.34% of nitrogen, whereas that obtained from cotton contained 13.46%. But these measures did not prevent the cotton reserves from diminishing day by day until, at the beginning of 1917, only 30,000 tons were left. The textile industry was running on a basis of only 10% of pre-War production, and a new problem arose — that of clothing.

One important method of solving it was the production of shoddy from a sort of floss made from used clothing and then spun again. But it was also necessary to seek substitutes for cotton. The first measure was an increase in the acreage devoted to flax — 20,000 hectares in 1915, 35,000 in 1917; and of the area devoted to hemp — 1,500 hectares in 1916, and 8,000 in 1917.

BUT this solution proved only illusory, as did that which consisted in the systematic planting of nettles, which in 1917 produced 10,000 tons of fibre that could be used for clothing. The real substitute which began to be used as the War entered its third year was paper. Cloth made from woven

Wide World

A WAR-TIME BREAD LINE IN GERMANY

THE BLOCKADE made food-stuffs so scarce that every variety was strictly rationed and people had to stand in line for hours in order to procure their regular rations.

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paper was so successful that more than 250,000 tons of it were produced in 1917. *De luxe* paper cloth was made from Swedish sulphited wood pulp; ordinary goods, from sulphited pulp brought from the forests of Alsace-Lorraine and the invaded regions, which were bled white of their lumber. This paper cloth proved a highly acceptable substitute when used for sand bags, aprons, awnings, tarpaulins, shoe tops, and machine belting; but the Germans never succeeded in producing from paper a material that could be used for clothing.

Wool, of which Germany in 1913 produced only 22,000 tons, while she consumed 200,000, was from 1916 onward reserved for the use of the army.

Silk, smuggled from Switzerland, replaced cotton for use as sewing thread. In the same way, Germany imported from the canton of Saint Gallen an abnormal quantity of embroidered goods, until one day in May of 1918 the Swiss customs officers discovered that, under the name of embroidery, shirts were being brought across the border which had only a few inches of lace on them and were over thirty-six feet long! Thanks to such fraudulent methods, it was possible to buy men's suits made of real wool in Berlin in October, 1918; but they cost 1,200 marks, and the average German, who had not yet reached the terrible days of the inflation period, quoted this figure with horror as he shivered in the worn garments which remained to him after the government had requisitioned all the rest.

Wide World

A BERLIN BREAD RATION CARD

IN 1915 GERMANS were strictly limited to about six pounds of bread a week, or a pound a day, per person. This bread was made largely of rye and potato flour.

LIKE cotton, copper also is a raw material whose study throws light upon the effect of the blockade in Germany, because before the War Germany produced only 40,000 tons annually herself and imported 200,000 tons from the United States. But, in contradistinction to what occurred in the case of cotton, importations of copper into Germany were regulated by the Allies from the opening days of the War. In October, 1914, copper was placed upon the contraband list; in December, its exportation from the Allied nations was forbidden; in January, 1915, England came to an agreement with American copper producers to the effect that no shipments of copper were to be made without England's consent.

But Germany was not taken off her guard. Before war was declared, she had built up a reserve of 150,000 tons, which made any uneasiness unnecessary for the moment. Then she proceeded to develop her own production of copper until it grew from 40,000 tons in 1914 to 70,000 tons in 1918. Finally, she did everything she could to favor the contraband trade in copper, so that, in 1915, the neutral nations which were her neighbors sent her about 25,000 tons. It was not until the War had been in progress for more than a year that she began to feel cramped, and the copper reserves of industry were requisitioned. In the spring of 1916, she began to requisition all the copper, brass, and bronze articles which were owned by the people. Thus, from 1917 forward, Germany was reduced to her own production of copper and to whatever copper objects were in the possession of individual Germans.

To get out of this difficulty, prodigies of ingenuity were required. All available copper was reserved, naturally, for the needs of the Army. In the home, zinc, which Germany possessed in great quantities, replaced copper and brass.

Wide World

WAR-TIME HUNGER IN GERMANY

THE CHILDREN were so eager for food that they would even seek what scraps they could find in the garbage wagons.

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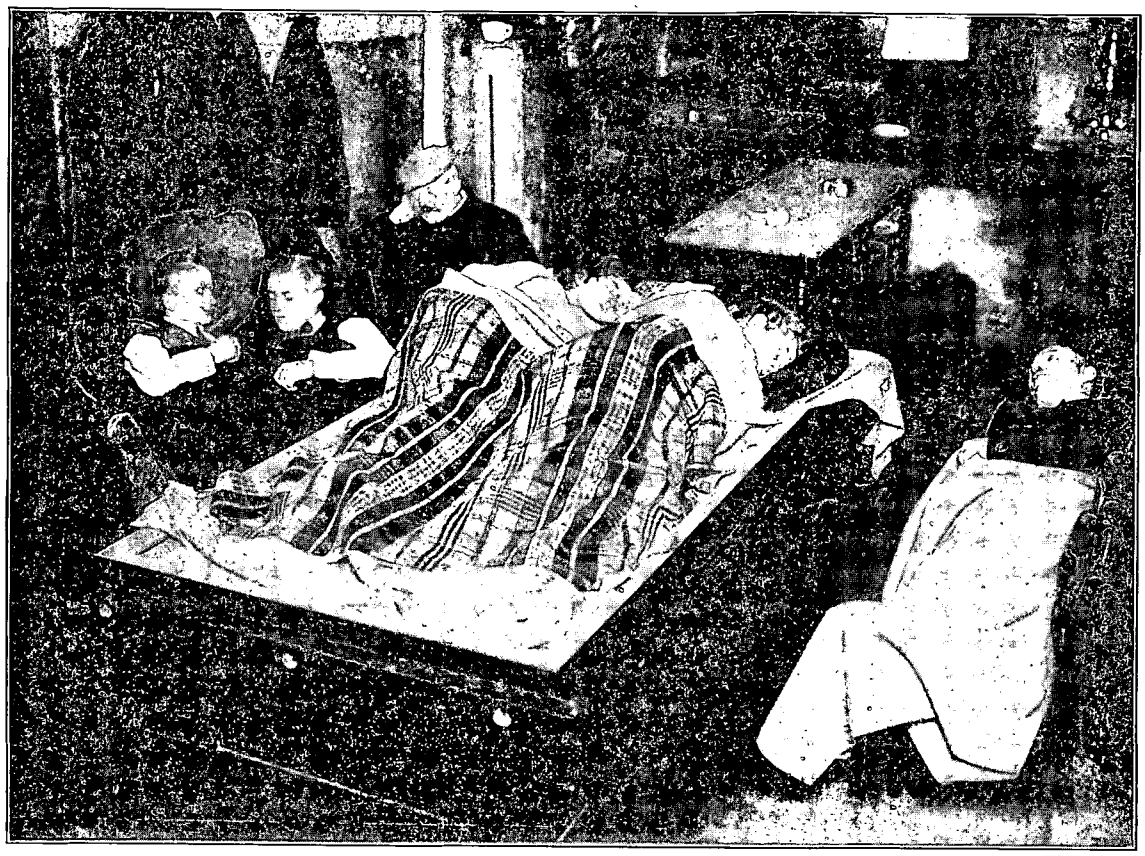

Wide World

THE HOUSING SHORTAGE IN BERLIN

THE HOMELESS were forced to sleep on billiard tables, on chairs, and even on floors, as there was not enough labor to provide new living quarters.

In the electrical industry, iron and aluminium were used as substitutes, coming mostly from the Hungarian deposits of bauxite, which was transformed into aluminium in the hydro-electric plants of Switzerland.

GERMANY'S agricultural production depends to a great extent upon fertilizers, perhaps more than that of any other country. Even the peace-time harvests were only obtained because of a lavish use of fertilizing material. Of the three kinds of fertilizers indispensable to agriculture — potash, nitrogenous compounds, and phosphates — potash is the only one of which Germany possesses a considerable supply. The Stassfurt deposits, which kept 42,000 workmen busy before the War, not only furnished sufficient potash for German farmers, but actually provided a third of the exported goods carried by German shipping lines.

Such was not the case as far as nitrogenous fertilizers were concerned. Half of those that Germany used before the War came from the nitrate beds of Chile, and the other half from ammonium sulphate produced in German factories. The Allies put a stop to importation of nitrates from Chile; and all the nitrogenous products from the factories would have been used by the munition works, had not the German Government, with a perseverance which demands praise, pushed with all its power the manufacture of synthetic ammonia and created at the height of the War the famous factories of Oppau. Thanks to her chemists, during the whole period of the War Germany was able to fill the nitrogen requirements of her munition works completely, and could partially satisfy the need of the farms for nitrogenous fertilizers. In 1913, the German fields received 210,000 tons of nitrogenous fertilizer. This dropped to 73,000 tons in 1915, but rose again to 80,000 in 1916, and to 100,000 in 1917. It is probable that the increase would have been even greater during the 1918–1919 season. In 1919, therefore, nitrogenous products would have been even more plentiful. This forms the basis of one of the arguments which make many people feel that the effect of the blockade on Germany would have become less serious as the War continued, and that, after the third year, time was working, not for the Allies, but for Germany.

It is true that this argument is weakened by the lack of phosphates for use as fertilizer. Germany, before 1914, imported from the United States and from Algeria two-fifths of the phosphoric acid that her farms needed; the other three-fifths came from slag from the dephosphorization processes in the factories. From the beginning of 1915, no attempt was made to produce superphosphates, because this would have meant an insufficiency of sulphuric acid for military needs. German farms, which had received 630,000 tons of phosphoric acid in 1913, received only 425,000 in 1915, 368,000 in 1916, and 325,000 in 1917; and it is probable that the decrease would have continued.

To replace the fertilizers which were failing them, the Germans used those which they possessed. Germany drowned her fields in potash, and, instead of using 536,000 tons as in 1913, gave them in 1918 830,000 tons.

This procedure gave very unsatisfactory results. Sufficient figures are now at hand so that we may examine the question of German harvests during the War, limiting ourselves to the principal cereal grains — wheat, rye, barley — and to potatoes. In 1913, the German Empire produced practically enough grains to satisfy her own needs, but the production of rye had been developed at the expense of wheat, because rye was more suited to German soil. Germany, before the War, exported a little rye and imported a little wheat. As for barley, she produced only about half the amount that her breweries demanded. Finally, she had a potato production which satisfied even her great demand.

Her production of these food products is shown in the accompanying table.

	WHEAT	RYE	BARLEY	POTATOES
1913	4,400,000 TONS	12,000,000 TONS	3,500,000 TONS	52,000,000 TONS
1915	3,700,000	9,000,000	2,415,000	52,000,000
1916	2,999,000	8,900,000	2,000,000	24,691,000
1917	2,226,000	5,900,000	1,957,000	34,410,000
1918	2,458,000	8,000,000	2,258,000	29,469,000

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These figures explain why Germany solved the bread problem as she did — by a severe rationing system begun in the first year of the War, and by the introduction of more and more rye and potato flour into bread. This brought her people in 1917 to a ration of 67 ounces of the famous KK bread per week per person. Even this would not have been possible had it not been for the importation of Rumanian cereals as fast as required in 1915, and as rapidly as possible in 1916; but, according to the German figures, not much was actually received from this source. One can imagine, therefore, what a tremendous wave of hope swept over the nation — which was not exactly starving, but, at least, severely rationed — when, after the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk on February 9th, 1918, by which Russia capitulated, the great granary of the Ukraine was apparently placed at Germany's disposal, and the Chancellor announced from the tribune of the Reichstag: 'Gentlemen, peace on the bread line has been signed.'

ON APRIL 9th, 1918, in all haste, an economic agreement was signed with the Ukraine and a commercial agency was set up at Kiev to buy all available wheat reserves, which the most pessimistic placed at certainly 1,600,000 tons. There was a rush to put railroads in condition; and for fear that they would not prove sufficient a 'Black Sea Transport Office' was set up at Brăila, in order that grain might be brought over the Danube route.

Unfortunately, the railroad was in such shape that there was no hope of reconditioning it before summer; the train from St. Petersburg to Kiev, which before the War made the trip in thirty-seven hours, now took more than six days, when it could be persuaded to move at all. Theoretically, 400,000 tons of Black Sea shipping should have been available; as a matter of fact, there were only 76,000 remaining, for all the rest had rotted in the harbors.

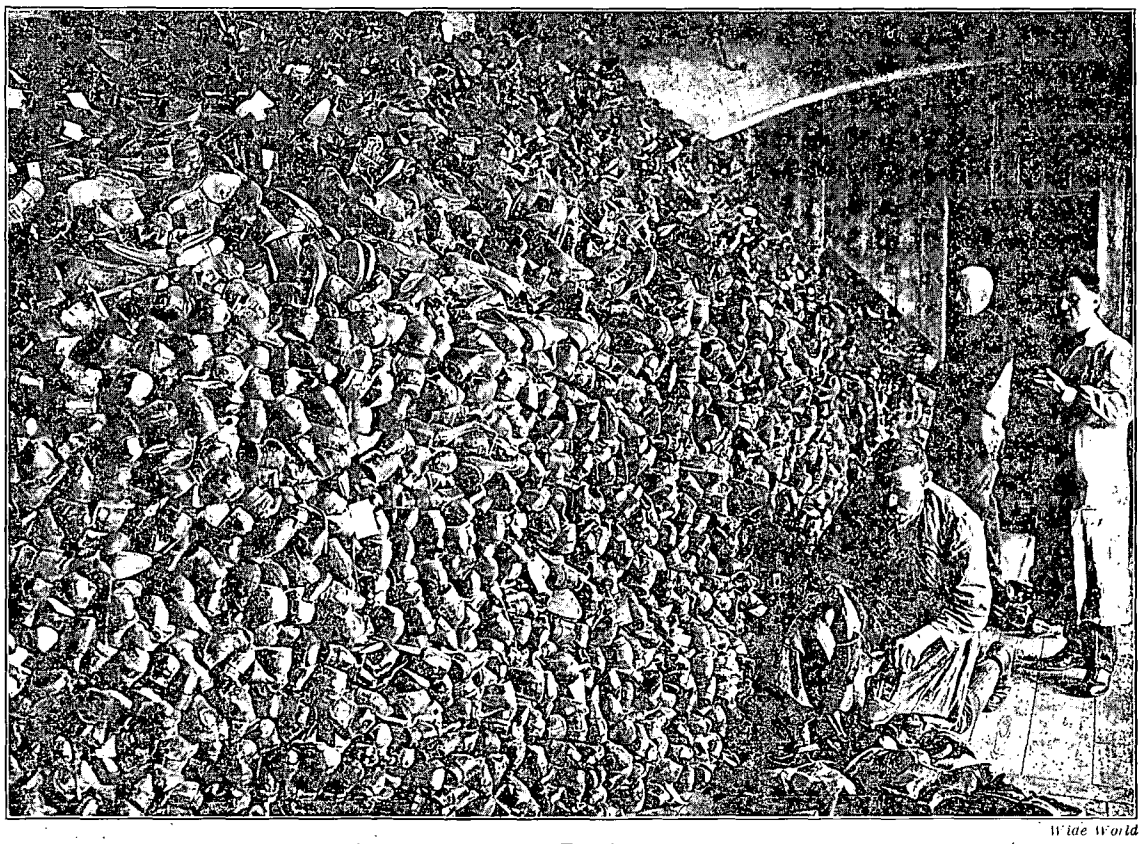
For that matter, the available tonnage made very little difference, for the grain reserves of the Ukraine simply did not exist. A great part had already been sent to other Russian provinces, and the peasants, in a state of anarchy, had wasted the rest or drunk it in the form of brandy. This maddened the Germans, who put the country under military rule and set up a Cossack general of their own making in the place of the Ukrainian *Rada*. It was no use, for no grain came out of the Ukraine that year, and very little from Rumania, which had been reduced to economic servitude by the Treaty of Bucharest of May 7th, 1918. The bread ration was reduced to 61.4 ounces a week, and only an unusually plentiful German harvest that summer allowed it to be increased to 65 ounces the following October.

If the War had continued, would the Germans have been able to get the grain they needed from the Ukraine and from Rumania? It is possible. Perhaps they could also have gotten from Russia the barley which was so greatly lacking that their breweries were running at only 20% of pre-War production and the civil population, from 1917 on, had to drink as beer a liquid which had nothing but its name in common with the beverage dear to the German throat.

We have already noticed the mediocre yield of potatoes in 1916. Consumption naturally was regulated with Draconian severity, and no product — save possibly meat — gave occasion for more fierce struggles between the producers, who wished to keep their harvest on hand, and the consumers, who were reduced to a rationed diet.

IN THE same way that the grain problem depended upon the question of fertilizers, the meat problem was directly dependent upon forage. The Empire was far from able to supply its own needs. The hay harvest during the War varied from 28,000,000 to 21,000,000 tons; and, before 1914, nearly 7,000,000 more tons had to be imported, largely from Russia. Besides, Germany imported, either directly or in the form of oily grains, almost all of the 1,740,000 tons of oil cake that her cattle ate.

In spite of the considerable quantity of meat supplied by neutral countries — enough to satisfy the German demand completely during two months of 1915 and during one month of 1917 — the German Government from 1915 onward decided to husband the live stock by introducing a meat card and meatless days, and by setting strict limits upon the activity of the slaughter houses. Meat consumption was regulated in various ways. Sometimes a diminution in the bread ration would be compensated for by the authorization of increased meat consumption; at other periods, the lack of forage itself forced the government to allow the slaughter



Wide World

SHOES READY TO BE RECONDITIONED

ALL DISCARDED SHOES, no matter how much worn, were collected during the War and carefully made to serve some purpose to which new leather would ordinarily be put.

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houses to increase their activity. All in all, however, cattle were husbanded. There were about 21,000,000 head in 1914, a little more than 17,000,000 in 1918. Swine did not fare so well; they dropped in the same period from 26,000,000 to 14,000,000. But those cattle which were spared naturally became exceedingly thin, and this state of affairs had its effect upon the dairies. Berlin, which received 864,000 litres of milk a day in 1914, received only 302,000 in 1918.

Finally, the blockade had a disastrous effect upon the final problem that we will examine — the question of fatty products. This was the only food which Germany lacked almost completely, to the point where the health of the people was prejudiced. The average fat consumption was 6.7 ounces per week per person before the War. By 1917 it had dropped to 2.1 ounces.

Wide World

A RUBBERLESS TIRE

IT IS TO AVOID America's facing this possibility in any future war that Thomas Edison has been trying to find a substitute for the rubber tree. Rubber in war-time Germany became practically unprocurable.

Germany's production of animal fats before the War was 1,600,000 tons and she imported 268,000 tons more. In 1917, production was reduced by more than a third, and importation, which had reached as high as 175,000 tons in 1916, was only 80,000 tons, and dropped to 27,000 tons in 1918.

The situation as far as vegetable fats were concerned was still more serious, even though these were reserved for industrial uses. To say that Germany was under weight in 1918 is not a figure of speech. Unprejudiced evidence is furnished by the investigation carried out by the Allies in November of that year according to one of the clauses of the Armistice, which specified that the Allied and Associated Powers, while they would maintain the blockade, would take steps to feed Germany 'in accordance with her needs.' It became necessary to agree upon the extent of this need. The Allies proceeded to do so by methods which were a trifle theoretical, being based upon the number of calories indispensable to the maintenance of life.

Their researches indicated that the grain harvest would allow Germany to hold out until the end of January, 1919, and that the potato harvest would last until the beginning of the same month. Sugar, which was never lacking, could be counted upon to supply a goodly number of calories. The meat ration seemed to be just about sufficient, and it was proposed to increase it to a little over a pound a week by importing 16,000 tons a week. But it was discovered that the problem was urgent in the case of fat products, of which Germany lacked 1,700 tons a week, not to live normally, but to live at all.

SUCH, in its broad outlines, was the food situation in Germany at the time of the Armistice. But it would be unwise to base one's opinion of that situation solely upon the figures cited, for these figures really apply only to the average German, that is to say, to an abstraction. In reality, there was no such thing as an average man in Germany. First of all, there was the actual combatant, to satisfy whose appetite everything was sacrificed. Never did he suffer from hunger. He may have had to put up with a few privations, such as the lack of coffee, tobacco, and alcohol. His bread may have been dark gray in color, his meat may have been rationed out to him in small quantities. But nevertheless the blockade affected him only indirectly.

Besides him, there was the producer, the farmer, who, in the face of all sorts of inspections and requisitions, succeeded in retaining a good part of his harvest for himself and for his family circle.

Finally, there was the lower middle class in the towns and the workmen in the industrial cities; upon them fell the full weight of the restrictive measures. For a number of reasons too complicated to be analyzed here, but among which the blockade certainly played a very large part, the mortality of workmen in the Krupp factories rose from 4.1 per thousand in 1914 to 6.5 per thousand in 1916, and to 8.7 per thousand in 1917. Tuberculosis, induced perhaps by malnutrition, seems to have been the principal cause of this increase in the death rate.

This striking difference in the condition of various classes of Germans is not to be explained solely by the fact that some people lived in the cities, some in the open country, and some at the front. It was clearly increased by the seasonal transportation crisis, which was especially severe in the autumn after harvest time, and which, while it did not spare the other belligerent nations, in Germany grew worse and worse each year. The most curious effect of this crisis was the coal famine, which set in in a country which before the War exported 30,000,000 tons of coal a year. After March, 1917, restrictive measures — particularly severe in Bavaria — had to be taken for fuel as well as for food; and, at the same time, production at the mines had to be cut down because coal accumulated at the shaft heads and could not be taken away.

In view of these facts, it is evident that, according to whether one studies the blockade in its effect upon the cities or in its effect upon the open country, very different conclusions will be reached. Nevertheless, it is difficult to leave such a study without giving well earned praise to the magnificent endurance of the German people as a whole.

No doubt Germany had her '*Schieber*,' just as France had her profiteers. No doubt the Imperial government left no stone unturned to create the illusion of swiftly approaching victory in the minds of a people unusually easy to deceive. While the Allied governments told their own peoples again and again, during periods when the outcome of military operations was uncertain, that time was working for them, since the blockade was doing its deadly work, successive German chancellors affirmed from the tribune of the Reichstag that the success of submarine warfare made victory for the Central Powers a mathematical certainty.

This submarine warfare was under-

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taken for a purely military purpose, but beyond the shadow of a doubt it was a striking evidence of the feverish, mad reaction of a besieged people in danger of starvation. It is equally certain, however, that few nations would have undergone without a murmur the privations which the blockade imposed — especially during the last two years of the War — upon the German people; and they still have a just and patriotic pride in the memory of the long economic siege in which they defended themselves against the whole world.

THE Germans learned another lesson from the blockade which it is important for us to remember: namely, that the nations which form with Germany an economic whole capable of withstanding the longest kind of siege are not her western neighbors, but her neighbors to the east. 'It is a mistaken idea,' say the outstanding German economists, 'to develop our trade with occidental countries and with the United States. We must turn toward the Orient. Russia is destined to supply us with the grain that we lack, the forage that our cattle need, the fat that is indispensable both as food and in industry. The Ural offers us her mineral resources, the Caucasus her mineral oils, and Asia Minor her cotton. The old dream of the *Drang nach Osten*, the thrust toward the East and on toward the road to India, has been markedly encouraged by the events which took place between 1914 and 1918.'

The Allies, on the other hand, find it difficult to learn anything very definite from the blockade — either concerning its results or its methods — in the form in which they carried it out. After studying its results, it may be said definitely that the blockade alone would not have been sufficient to defeat Germany. Its effects were felt only because the Germans gave the best that they had to their armies, at the expense of the civil population. Germany's greatest loss came really from the Allied Armies on all the fronts. On the other hand, it is clear that Germany's strength was slowly sapped by the blockade, and that she was weakened, but, at the moment when she was completely encircled in 1917, such a rent was made in the net by Russia's defection that one must hesitate to say that if hostilities had been prolonged this economic warfare would have given any more significant results than it did.

Wide World

WAR-TIME FUEL IN GERMANY

TO SAVE COAL, every combustible substance was made use of, wood, peat, and even plain dried sod, which the workmen in this photograph are unloading from barges.

Then, if one examine the methods by which the blockade was carried out, one must conclude that they bear the stamp of Great Britain. This economic blockade developed slowly as circumstances changed. For two years the Allies felt their way carefully, so as not to lose the good will of the neutral nations. Then, when the Allies, by methods for which they have since been reproached, and the Germans, by their clumsiness, drew the United States into the struggle, the blockade stiffened at the instance of the new belligerent herself, until it finally ended in 1918, when the Armies of the Central Powers were beaten, with the complete demoralization of an undernourished nation which, after having set a remarkable example of patience under difficulties for four long years, finally let itself go wildly until its masters seized the reins again.

The blockade was an empirical procedure, not only in fact, but in law. The German submarines, first by their own activity, and then by the Allied reprisals which this brought about, torpedoed the whole structure of international law which had been built at such great pains in London in 1909. It is now the task of all the former belligerent powers to decide which parts of the broken structure they mean to keep and which they mean to reject, bearing in mind the eventualities that may arise in the future. This is a difficult problem, especially since the World War is a very special case which may never occur again. Bossuet said that the worst form of madness is to believe that events will occur in accordance with one's wishes. It is perhaps a still greater error to think that they will parallel the events of the past.

A Fashionable Epitaph

On a Fashionable Man

By Colin Ellis

From the *London Mercury*

Here lies a man who, living, was content
To go wherever idle people went,
And dying — let us be content to know
He went wherever idle people go.

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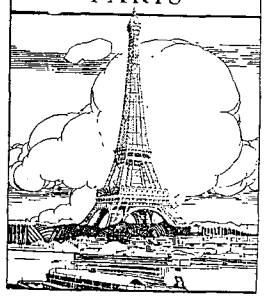
Metropolitana

Yvette Guilbert Comes Back to Paris — The Little Inns of Budapest — Home Life in Brussels — London Looks for the Whimsy Cake — Advertising the Cape in Madrid — The Preaching Burglar of Tokio

PARIS



THE *Eldorado*, in spite of its name, has always been a sort of poor relation among Paris music halls. A little bare, a little left out in the cold, it stares wistfully across the Boulevard de Sébastopol at the brilliant *Scala*, busy and gay. Those who arrive early at the *Eldorado* — mostly good bourgeois and workmen dressed in the same clothes they have been wearing all day — amuse themselves before entering by munching chestnuts and watching the top hats and evening wraps that sweep through the *Scala's* brightly lighted doors. But lately it seemed as if, after long years, the tables had turned at last; for the top hats and evening wraps suddenly began to pass by the *Scala* and go into the old *Eldorado* instead.

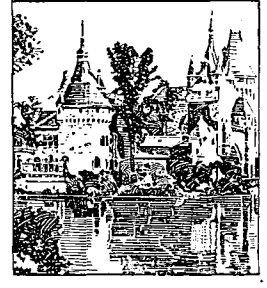
As one entered, it did not seem greatly changed. There was the same pushing crowd of simple people, though now with a few distinguished, unproletarian figures among them. There was the same familiar ticket taker, seated high on a great dais, as if he lived in terror of a flood. In the auditorium itself the same old homely scene: not a collar to be detected back of the first six rows; young workmen with their caps glued to their heads, apparently quite oblivious of the fact that removing one's head-covering indoors is in some quarters considered a subtle gesture of politeness; couples with their arms wrapped trustingly about each other's necks, in an effort to attain truly mutual enjoyment of the spectacle; and, ensconced in one of the forward boxes, an old gentlemen in a dirty shirt, pulling stubbornly on a pipe big enough to fill the whole auditorium with smoke.

When the entertainment began, however, a change was obvious; though it was not the sort of change that would be likely to lure top hats to a place where only caps had been seen before. For, instead of the old, lilting airs of the *café concert*, the orchestra was scraping away at the wildest of modern jazz; and the tertainment itself proved to be only an ultramodern operetta called *L'Hostellerie de la Vertu*, with elaborate scenery and a dozen 'English girls,' recruited from the quarter — fat ones with thin legs and thin ones with fat legs, as usual, so as to keep the balance even.

It was only gradually that one came to realize why the top hats and the evening wraps were there. Playing a minor part in the operetta, with only a few lines to speak, was a hauntingly familiar figure, a tall, angular lady with red hair, pale face, and consciously awkward gestures. But for some time she remained very much in the background, in her rôle of an eccentric chaperone named Irma Galopin. At about half past ten, however, the exigencies of the plot took all the other characters off the stage and left Irma Galopin, whose specialty, it had previously been announced, was to give imitations of Yvette Guilbert, alone. There was an expectant hush as she stood there a moment, looking quizzically at the audience. Then a storm of hand clapping and stamping of feet broke out as she dropped her mantle at her feet to appear in her familiar green dress and long black gloves, and one realized that here was Yvette Guilbert herself, older, her voice a trifle more tired, but the same incomparable Yvette of the *cafés concerts — la dame aux gants noirs* of old.

With almost all her old verve, her amazing ability to create a whole scene with a crook of her thumb, with a phrase half sung, half spoken from the corner of her mouth, the famous *diseuse* went through her famous repertory. *Les Qual' Z'étudiants*, *L'Hôtel Numéro Trois* each brought forth cheers. Single handed, and without the slightest help from scenery, she made alive and real the whole beautiful, poignant scene of her *Bethléem*, in which Mary and Joseph come to seek lodging from the townspeople and are refused. Then a sudden shift, and she had the whole audience laughing over a Christmas carol procession, led by a pompous priest with a baritone voice and closed by a tiny choir boy who sings in a tinkling soprano. Up her voice went and down, creating out of thin air scenes gay and sad, illusion upon illusion, laughter after tears. It was the same Yvette, the same expressive eyes in the frighteningly white face; the same red hair, black gloves, green dress, carmine lips; the same irresistible way of giving the final fillip to a humorous bit by jerking the culminating word forcibly from the corner of that carmine mouth, her own expression remaining ridiculously serious as her listeners nearly split their sides with laughter. They called her back again and again. In the front row an old gentleman in evening clothes, overcome with memories of the past, wiped the tears from his eyes with his handkerchief. No one could quite decide whether to laugh or cry. The rest of the operetta was forgotten. It was Yvette Guilbert's evening, and the mixed crowd — top hats and workmen's caps together — would not let her go until nearly midnight, when the Paris subways cease to run.

BUDAPEST



ONE still eats well and drinks well in Budapest, but the little inns are going fast. The Five Larks, The Blue Flask, The Seven Electors, The Great Ass, The Inn to the Bourg Gendarme were some of the more famous names, and in these places, before the War, the famous eating societies of the city used to gather. Now, however, inns are beginning to fail at such a rapid rate that, when the newspapers announced the foundation of an asylum for indigent innkeepers at the beginning of the year, no less than fifty applied to be taken in, though there were funds for only nine.

Each of the old inns had its little group of patrons, who formed themselves into a social organization which gathered regularly at its chosen board to eat good food and to drink the famous Tokay wine of Hungary. These societies took a variety of names, one of the most curious of which was 'The King Bela IV Society.' Its members were mostly bachelors disappointed in love. When asked why they chose a thirteenth-century monarch as their namesake, they replied sadly that anyone could read for himself, on page so-and-so of a certain history of Hungary, that 'if King Bela IV had not lost the Battle of Diosgyör events would have taken a different trend!'

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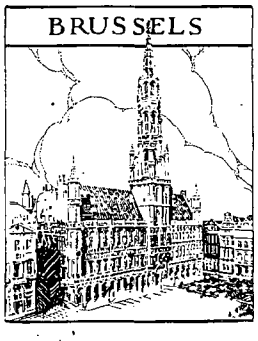
Another hostelry, The Inn to the Bourg Gendarme, made itself famous by serving a genuine court banquet for the ridiculous price of a single Austrian florin. The secret was at once simple and illuminating. The Emperor Francis Joseph usually ate very quickly, and the result was that, when he dined in state in Budapest, the sixteen or seventeen courses of the banquet went whizzing past so fast that his guests could scarcely snatch a mouthful, while dozens of bottles of the finest wine were taken away from the table unopened. Afterward all this untouched food and wine was auctioned off at very low prices by the palace servants, whose property it became. A large share always found its way to The Inn to the Bourg Gendarme, whose proprietor had been a member of the Emperor's bodyguard. A short time after the state banquet was over, therefore, the fortunate inn was crowded with all the gourmets of the city, drinking the Emperor's health in his own Tokay and dining on salmon and pheasant, caviare and artichokes, *pâté de foie gras* and lobster, all for the price of an ordinary meal.



BRUSSELS is a rainy city, though this never discourages any informed person from going there. For the fine, silver rain of North France and the Low Countries, falling quiet upon the outstretched plain, has a faintly melancholy beauty of its own that neither the poets nor the Flemish painters have neglected. The persistent nature of the North European shower, however, means that in Brussels practically every shop that is not a tobacco shop — the Belgian loves his pipe, and makes excellent ones — may be counted upon to sell umbrellas. And it further means that something more than a joke is intended when one says that during periods of drought, gloom settles upon the homes of myriad Belgians whose livelihood comes from the multifarious branches of the umbrella industry.

Hence there is a certain importance in the fact that within the last few months a surprising number of people have been run over in Brussels merely because, while crossing the street, they failed to look out from under their big umbrellas. Indeed, this sort of accident has become so alarmingly frequent that a Brussels columnist has written around it a little burlesque of a domestic quarrel, 1929 style.

'Go on out of the house if you don't like it!' shrieks the wife. 'I will! I'll die rather than stay here any longer!' storms the husband, stamping into the hall. With a gesture which indicates supreme, irrevocable decision, he seizes his umbrella from the stand, holds it a moment above his head while he gazes at it with a look of terror in his eyes, and then stamps out noisily through the front door and into the busy street, crowded with vehicles bent upon crushing the life from men with umbrellas. But the wife has seen the fatal instrument, realizes what he is going to do. 'Willem! Willem!' she screams, suddenly contrite. 'Willem, my love, don't! I swear it won't happen again!' Running, she catches him just in time, forestalls his suicide, and brings him back to restored domestic bliss.

One would drop the theme there, were it not for the fact that the subject of the domestic wrangle burlesqued above has an implication of its own. For Willem's quarrel with his wife had to do, not with a simple matter such as incompatibility, but with the fact that Willem's wife could not find a satisfactory maid — a situation which is becoming more and more serious in the Belgian capital. Belgian women are entering the trades and the professions. Belgian women are becoming doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, financiers, factory workers. But Belgian women are no longer interested in domestic service, and for the first time one is startled to discover, in the help-wanted columns of the newspapers, advertisements such as: —

> Man, 34, dependable, wants general housework with small family. Noon meal only. Write . . . etc., etc.

'*Ma foi*,' sighs a hopeless Brussels commentator. 'We might as well face it. The old-fashioned household is gone, and the women are forcing the men into the work the women have scorned. Give us another five years, and we will be bringing up our sons to take dictation from the lady president of a bank!'

WHEN London theatrical producers set out to revive an old London favorite, they spare no pains. Two curious searches have been made in connection with the recent revival of Sir James Barrie's comedy, *Quality Street*, at the old Haymarket Theatre; and, though both have been unsuccessful, they have entertained all London very nearly as much as the Barrie play itself.

The first had to do with scenery. The producer, Mr. Charles la Trobe, got the idea in his head that the play should be presented with the original scenery used in 1902, and set out to scour London to find it. No one seemed to have the least recollection of what had been done with it, and not the slightest clue could be turned up. A little disappointed, Mr. la Trobe decided to compromise on the scenery used in the first revival of *Quality Street* in 1921; but there was a strange lack of information concerning where even these big canvases had got to. Mr. la Trobe, however, was not to be denied. He kept looking for two months, and finally came upon a clue that took him down under the Thames bridges, through narrow lanes into passages of pitch blackness with river rats scurrying away under his feet. At last, pushing through to the end of a tunnel by the light of an oil lantern, he found what he was after — completely waterlogged, the lumber rotted, the canvas eaten away by rats.

Beaten at last, Mr. la Trobe resigned himself to remaking the scenery — only to find that the original drawings had disappeared, and photographs of the set had been lost in a fire! Sir Edwin Lutyens, who had designed the set both for the original production and for the first revival, was finally called in; he managed to unearth a few sketches from which a replica of the old set was at last constructed. The saving grace, in Mr. la Trobe's eyes, was the fact that he has been allowed to use once more the beautiful 1780 spinnet which Sir John Gatti supplied for the original production at the Vaudeville in 1902, and has again loaned for this second revival.

The second search in a sense cannot be called unsuccessful, since it is not yet at an end. Mr. Horace Watson, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, at which the revival is taking place, is exceedingly proud of the traditions of his house. His particular joy is its famous green room, in which he invariably entertains the cast of his plays at tea every afternoon after the matinée is over. Now it so happens that in the foreword to the play at present being revived, Sir James Barrie mentions that on Quality Street there is only one shop, and that that one makes a business of selling whimsy cake. 'Aha,' said Mr. Horace Watson to himself, 'what more subtly appropriate than that I should serve whimsy cake, and whimsy cake only, at tea in the green-room while this play is on!' He expressed this idea to his colleagues. They were

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very enthusiastic, but were moved to ask what whimsy cake was. Mr. Watson found himself suddenly embarrassed. No one knew, not even Sir James himself, who was called upon for succor. When the problem became public, many suggestions were made, but none of them so far has satisfied the producer. A few literal-minded people, anxious to be helpful, have assured him that whimsy cakes bear a close relation to old English tea cakes, which are cut up and buttered. But the general impression among informed Londoners is that they are something quite different; something that Mr. Watson, the producer, will never be able to produce; something very closely resembling what Wendy might have given Peter Pan for tea.

MADRID

IT WAS early in the morning — one of those still, gray, sleepy winter mornings of Madrid. There were few pedestrians on the *Calle d'Alcalá*, ordinarily so full of life, and no vehicles at all. As one walked along toward the *Plaza de Castelar*, shivering a little in the cold, there was nothing that demanded unusual notice: a few shopkeepers pulling back the iron curtains that protect their shop windows at night; here and there an early riser hurrying to work, his muffler wrapped double around his throat. But suddenly, as one entered the big open square of the *Plaza de Castelar*, with the gigantic statue of Cybele, Mother of the Gods, in its centre, one halted and caught one's breath. There was the familiar stone goddess, seated massive and stiff in her chariot, a lion couchant at her feet and great stone thunder bolts in her hand — but over the austere shoulders that Madrileños had known for more than a hundred years was flung a modern Spanish cape.

Whoever had been seized by the idea of getting up at four o'clock on a cold winter morning to costume the Greek goddess in the habiliments of a true gentleman of Madrid had done a splendid job. The cape was a *capa castiza*, a true Spanish blue cape with black velvet trimmings, cut from the only cloth in the world that makes a really good cape, cloth of Bejar in Spain, four and a half yards of it, full and fair — the kind of cape that may cost anywhere from a hundred to two thousand pesetas, and will serve a man a quarter of a century. In spite of the fact that it had been cut for human proportions and was far too small for the statue, the way it was placed showed a master hand at work; for it was set at just the proper jaunty angle to give the nonchalant, stylish effect desired. The costumers had taken considerable risk in carrying out their task, for the sides of the statue were so slippery with ice that when the cape was finally removed by the Fire Department, the firemen had to use a dozen men and their longest extension ladder to get safely within reach of their objective!

Long before the firemen arrived, however, news of the event began to spread through the city, and crowds came running to see the strange sight for themselves. Some thought it a joke in bad taste; others laughed as the police tried to clear the crowds away while the firemen worked to remove the offending cape. When they saw reporters and newspaper photographers arriving, however, they suddenly realized that it was all part of a campaign to persuade Spaniards to discard their new-fangled overcoats and go back to the Spanish cape of other days — the light, comfortable, elegant cape of the Goya cavaliers, the only proper over-garment in the 'land of the cape and the sword.' Whether such a method of propagandizing for the dress of the past will actually embolden the hesitant modern remains to be seen; optimistic observers report far more capes than heretofore on the streets of Madrid since the statue of Cybele was found wearing one at dawn.

TOKIO

HE MAKES a practice of choosing a house from which he knows all the men are absent. He knocks at the door at about two in the morning. When the door is opened he begins to talk. So ingratiating is his language that before the startled women folk realize it he is inside. Then he begins to preach a sort of sermon, haranguing his hesitant hostesses with such honeyed words that they are kept charmed and speechless until dawn, when he knows that the night police cordon is relaxed. Out comes his revolver, into his hands goes all the loose cash in the house, and in the flash of an eye he has disappeared. This is the famous Preaching Burglar of Tokio, who remains uncaught after sixty successful robberies, and whose exploits have proved the *clou*, so to speak, of the winter's criminal season.

Tokio has always been notorious for petty burglaries, but never has there been such activity among housebreakers as this year. Four or five thefts are reported every day in the newspapers, and there is a front-page robbery at least once a week. The probability of one's house being robbed has become so widely accepted, in fact, that householders in surprising numbers have actually returned to the curious old Japanese custom of purposely leaving out a few valuables in a conspicuous place for the burglar to take, the idea being that, thus placated, he will not disturb the owner's sleep to ask for more. Hitherto, two-thirds of the Tokio police force have been on duty in the day time, one-third at night. Now the proportions are reversed. Ordinarily the Tokio policeman does not carry a revolver; now a supply of them is kept in every district station; for robbers, who in the past have been content with the traditional Japanese dagger, have lately taken to firearms, long looked down upon by the 'profession' in Japan. These precautions have had little effect. Though more robbers are caught, an increasing number of robberies are committed; and the Preaching Burglar still runs free.

He has become a sort of symbol in Tokio; one feels that mothers must surely scare their children into obedience by whispering his fearsome name. So great is his prestige that the police think they surely have him every time that they catch a thief; but it always turns out to be someone else, and thereby hangs many an amusing tale.

Once, for instance, the police had a tip that he was to be found in a certain house in the suburb of Shimonerima. They surrounded the house with a cordon of a hundred detectives, rushed in, seized a sleepy suspect and dragged him off to the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police Board, announcing in the newspapers that the Preaching Burglar had at last been caught. After five hours' grilling, it was discovered that the seized man was not the Preaching Burglar at all, but merely a gentleman named Tatsuo Yasuo. It chanced that he possessed a flashlight and two daggers, but this was held to prove nothing at all. The epilogue of this adventure forms an interesting commentary on the Japanese temperament. The unjustly apprehended gentleman was not only turned loose, but was given five yen to indemnify him for the trouble to which he had been put; and Inspector Yasuji Deguchi, one of the officials by whom the abortive arrest was planned, was reported to have committed a sort of political hara-kiri by handing in his resignation on the spot!

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Another man who was mistakenly arrested as the Preaching Burglar drew suspicion to himself by walking about the streets with an iron pot on his head. It seems that, after not having eaten for three days, he stole a pot of appetizingly flavored boiled rice from someone's kitchen. Taking it into a nearby field, he gorged himself on enough rice to make a meal for seven men; whereupon, as he sat blinking in a perplexed manner with his stomach far too full, he felt cold, pulled the iron pot over his head for a cap, and started off on a jaunt that ended in arrest. A third man, also mistakenly arrested as the elusive Preaching Burglar, provided an especially telling commentary on the situation. To prove that he was not the man he had been taken for, he stated tranquilly that several nights previously, at an hour when the Preaching Burglar was definitely known to have committed a certain robbery, he himself had been engaged in stealing a chicken in quite another section of the city!

In the most recent case of mistaken identity, perhaps the most amusing of all, the hold that the Preaching Burglar has on the minds of the people almost led to international complications. The Swiss Minister to Tokio, M. Emile Traversini, was awakened very early one Tuesday morning by a man who knocked at his door. The visitor said something in Japanese — which M. Traversini does not understand — and presented the Minister with a slip of paper. M. Traversini, his mind full of stories of the famous burglar, disregarded the paper completely, and covered his visitor with a revolver. The latter began to explain volubly in Japanese, to no avail; then he quietly moved to the telephone and put through a call, M. Traversini keeping the revolver trained steadily upon him. Finally the unwelcome guest left. When matters were cleared up next day, it turned out that the supposed burglar was only an inoffensive telegraph messenger. Realizing the situation, with true Japanese calmness he had, while covered with a revolver, put in a telephone call to his superior requesting permission to return to the office without the officially required receipt for the telegram that the Minister would not read.

What is the explanation of this unchecked wave of thievery? Partly unemployment, partly the rapidity with which Japan has been forced to transform herself into an industrial country, say some. Others suggest, however, that if the police spent less energy protecting the person of the Emperor and carrying out their so-called 'thought-control' campaign, in which those suspected of thinking anti-monarchistic thoughts are forthwith arrested, they might have more time to deal with ordinary criminals, and might even catch the Preaching Burglar himself.

Verse

By O. G.

From the *Irish Statesman*, Dublin

What should we know,
For better or worse,
Of the Long Ago,
Were it not for verse:
What ships went down,
What walls were razed,
Who won the crown,
What lads were praised?
A fallen stone,
Or a waste of sands:
And all is known
Of the Art-less lands.
But you need not delve
By the sea-side hills
Where the Muse herself
All Time fulfills,
Who cuts with his scythe
All things but hers,
All, but the blithe
Hexameters!

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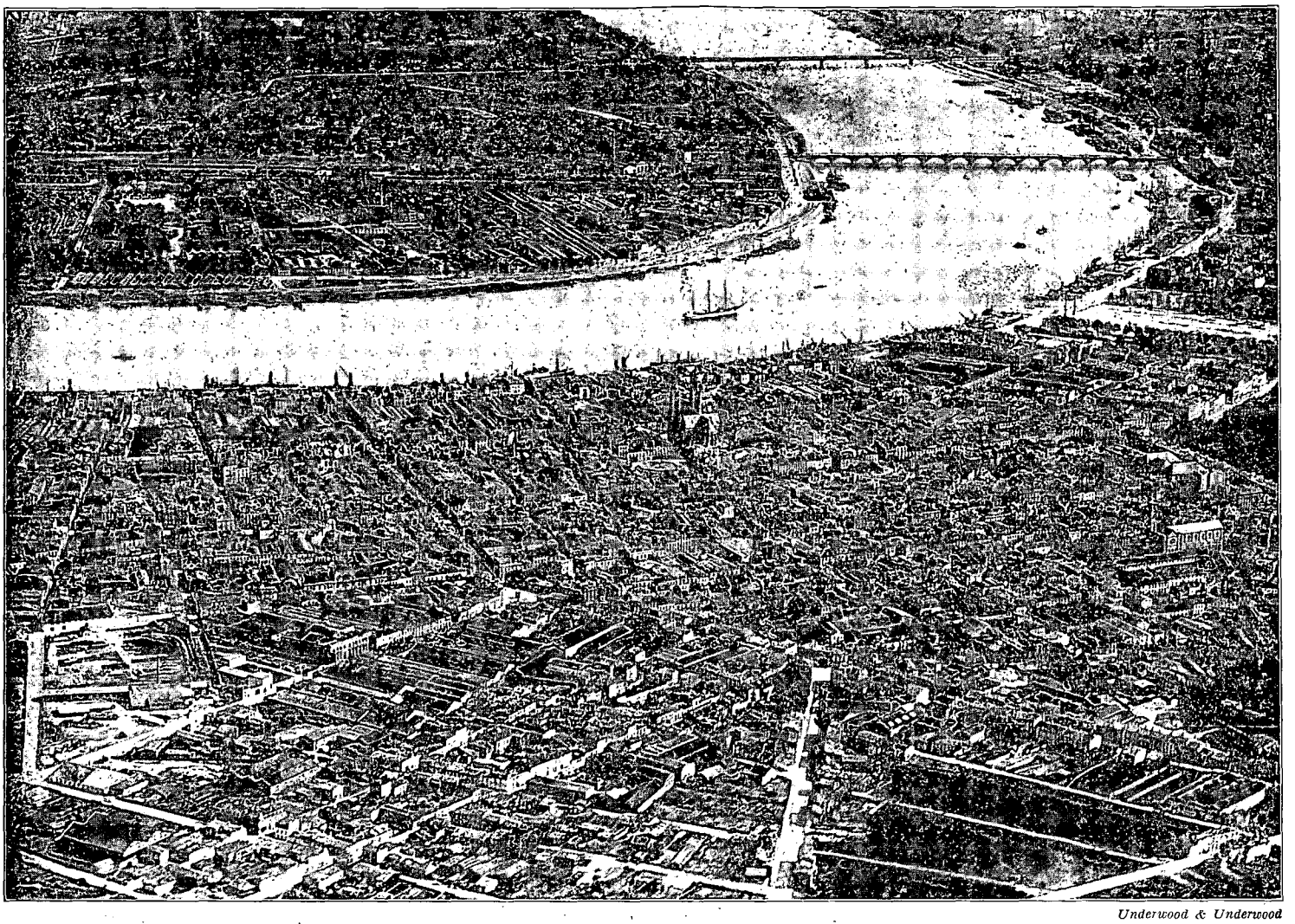

Underwood & Underwood

BORDEAUX FROM THE AIR

IN THE FOREGROUND is the city, lying around a great curve in the River Garonne. This is the first place of any importance over which Sir Philip Sassoon flew on his way from England to India.

An Aërial Passage to India

A Flight from England to the Ganges Which Makes Clear the Tremendous Possibilities Latent in Travel by Air

By Sir Philip Sassoon

British Under-Secretary for Air

From the *Times*, London Independent Daily

CERTAIN practical advantages were, of course, looked for as a result of the round of visits to our air stations abroad, carried out in one of our latest flying-boats, from which I have just returned; and its concrete results will engage the attention of those responsible for the control of our air forces at home and overseas. It has been suggested to me, however, that a non-technical account of my journey and experiences may be of more general interest. It may help, perhaps, to bring home to others one of the lessons which the flight has fully confirmed in me; namely, that the time is very near at hand when air travel will take rank not merely as the quickest means of getting from one place to another for official or business purposes, but as a safe, comfortable, and thoroughly enjoyable holiday method of seeing the world for one's self.

My 16,700-mile journey was a series of flying visits both actually and metaphorically. In the space of six weeks I was enabled to inspect more than a score of our oversea air stations, in addition to visiting or viewing many more scenes and places which are part of the story of mankind. It would be out of place here to express any opinion upon the other results of my journey, but there can be no two opinions regarding the endless possibilities which are opened up in the light of it for those who desire to see with their own eyes the classic splendors of Italy and Greece, the tombs and temples of Egypt, the sacred places of Christianity, the buried cities of Mesopotamia, or the wonders of our Indian Empire, but have hitherto been frustrated solely by the fact that they could not spare the time which such distant journeys required.

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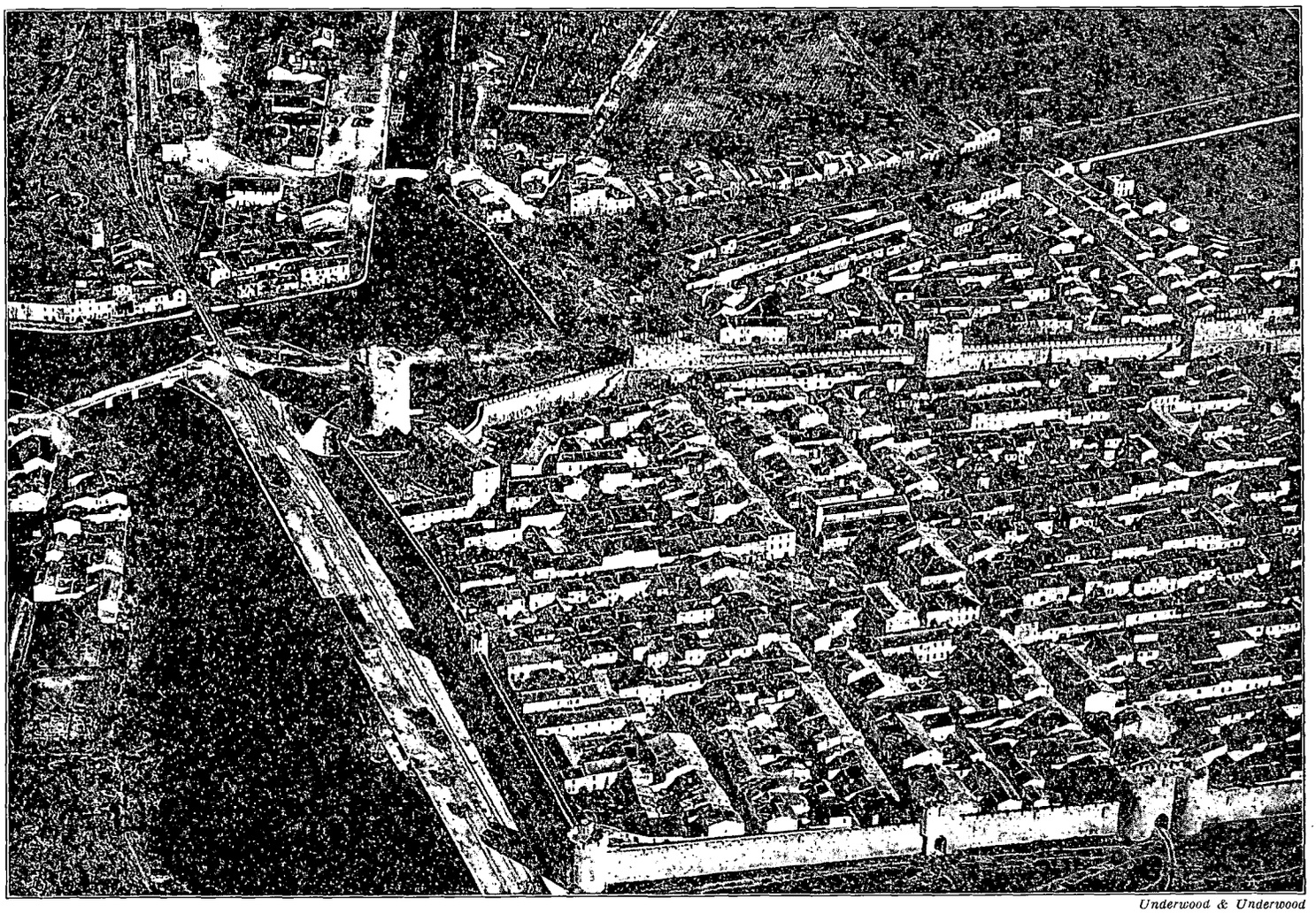
Once let it be understood that a trip by air to Eastern Europe, Northern Africa, the Middle East, or India, to go no farther afield, can be undertaken in reasonable safety and under conditions which for comfort and restfulness compare very favorably with traveling by land or sea, and flying visits will enable many busy men and women to gratify long cherished ambitions. It is to such people in particular that these articles are addressed.

THE Blackburn *Iris II* metal-hulled flying-boat, with its three Rolls Royce Condor engines developing 2,100 h.p., is a Service machine designed and built for Service purposes. I found it a thoroughly comfortable means of conveyance, and came back, after carrying through a very crowded programme of official visits, definitely better in health than when I started. On more than one occasion, as we looked down upon surface vessels plunging laboriously through heavy seas, I congratulated myself heartily that I was speeding at my ease high above the water, instead of tossing miserably upon it. On at least one occasion, when sitting behind the over enthusiastic driver of a highly powered car, I wished myself safely back in the security of the flying-boat.

We got off from Cattewater, the Royal Air Force Seaplane Base in Plymouth Sound, a few minutes before 7 A.M. on September 29th and headed south past the Eddystone. A little low fog and cloud soon cleared as the sun gained strength, and at 8.10 A.M. the French coast came in sight. Far to our left we caught a glimpse through distant mist of the Channel Islands lying in a vignette of sunshine. The weather became very good, and we roared on at a great rate past Ushant and then southeast along the gloriously broken and indented coast of Brittany, the sea alive with small sailboats. The propellers and three Condor engines and the wind of our passage undoubtedly set up among them a good deal of noise; but it seemed a small price to pay for the splendid panorama which was unrolling itself before me. I was to find, too, that I grew accustomed to the noise more quickly and more completely than I had thought possible.

We were heading for the Étang d'Hourtin, the seaplane base for Bordeaux; so our natural course was along the coast past Belle-Ile, sacred to the memory of Sarah Bernhardt and the tomb of M. Porthos du Vallon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds; and by La Rochelle, which we reached shortly before 11 A.M. We were now encountering strong head winds, and it was not until about 12.45 P.M. that we skimmed over the tops of the pine woods which frame the lake, no doubt startling the wild boar, and landed, if that is the right word, upon its sheltered waters. The Étang d'Hourtin is the most northerly of the chain of lakes which lie bedded in pine forests along the seacoast between Biarritz and the estuary of the Gironde. As we approached, the long lines of green tree tops, white sand, and blue sea afforded a curious and arresting picture.

THE difference between land and sea flying was emphasized on the next stage of our journey, when we crossed



Underwood & Underwood

AIGUESMORTES, AN OLD ROMAN TOWN

THIS ANCIENT LITTLE CITY, surrounded by fortifications and machicolated ramparts, is far less known to travelers than it should be.

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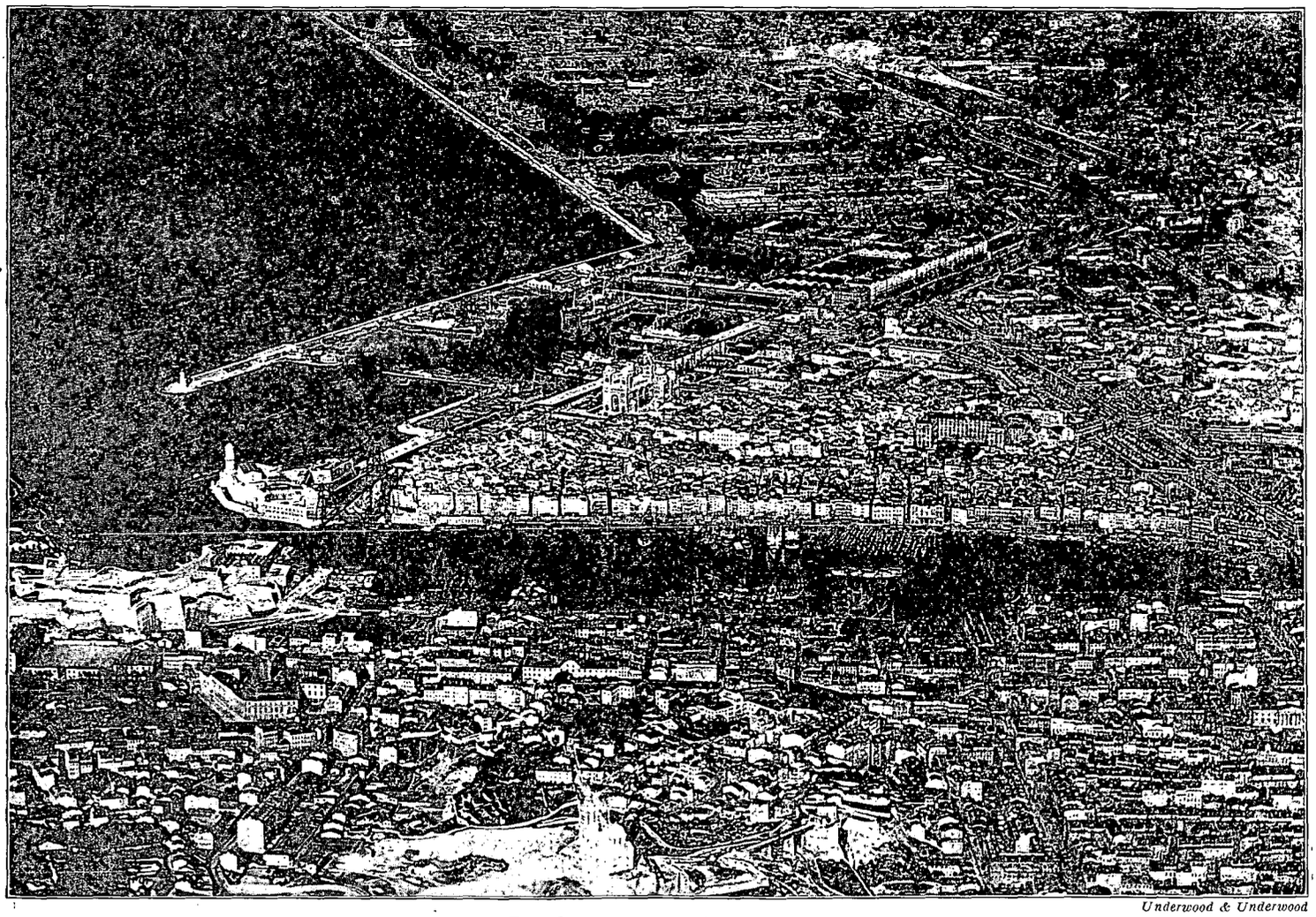
the 250 miles of land north of the Pyrenees to reach the Mediterranean. It was a very bumpy flight, but its discomforts were balanced by a splendid view of the mountains stretching like a wall from coast to coast; of Toulouse, with the rosy shape of the Cathedral of Saint Sernin, mother of the French Romanesque school of architecture, clearly discernible; and of the battlements of Carcassonne. Thence, flying low, we followed the flat line of the coast, past Aiguesmortes, with Philip the Bold's thirteenth-century ramparts, past Saintes-Maries, the traditional refuge of the Virgin Mary and Mary the mother of James and John, to the Étang de Berre, the seaplane base of Marseille. It had been an 820-mile journey from England, and the light was almost gone when at length we touched the salt waters of the lagoon.

We were seen off from the Étang de Berre at 10.45 the following morning by a number of French officers, and started in rather cloudy but fine weather on a straight flight for Naples, leaving the French coast at Hyères and passing over the mountains of Corsica. As we progressed the weather improved, and, though the mountains produced their inevitable bumps, the movement was not enough to interfere with our luncheon or to prevent us from enjoying to the full the wild scenery of the island. The coast of Italy, with a distant view of Rome, came in sight soon after, and in the early afternoon we alighted in the Bay of Naples.

The next two days of my journey were, from the private sight-seer's as opposed to the official's point of view, to prove in many ways the most beautiful and absorbingly interesting of my whole tour. After a last glance at Vesuvius and its ostrich feather of white smoke, we left Naples and coasted down past Capri and the mountains of Campania and Calabria. We then turned east, across the 'toes' of Italy, to the Gulf of Squillace, flying over a great block of mountains, with the sea lapping up to it on either shore. There followed a straight flight across the Ionian Sea until nothing was to be seen except the blue of an unflecked sky above and the vivid blue of the sea beneath. We spun along as though cupped between two azure cymbals.

There came a break in the horizon in front of us, and Cephalonia and Zante lifted into sight. We passed between the islands, leaving Mount Aenos and Ithaca on our left and, stirred by the beauty of the scene and the recollections it evoked, swung through the Straits of Patras and entered the Gulf of Corinth. On our right the Mountains of Achaia; on our left Parnassus and Helicon, and Delphi set like a jewel in the crescent of the hills — all the history and mythology of ancient Greece opening like a book before us. From the air the Isthmus of Corinth looks like a deep ditch. The devastation caused by the earthquake is all too apparent. Then over Salamis, instinct with the genius and patriotism of Themistocles and the foiled ambitions of Xerxes.

TO ARRIVE at Athens by air in perfect weather, land and water bathed in exquisite, all-pervading light, the sea as blue as a gentian and as clear as a diamond, the modern town spilling itself



Underwood & Underwood

THE SEAPORT OF MARSEILLE

THE OLD HARBOR in the foreground is now used chiefly for pleasure boats; the new harbor and docks may be distinguished to the right of the two lighthouses.

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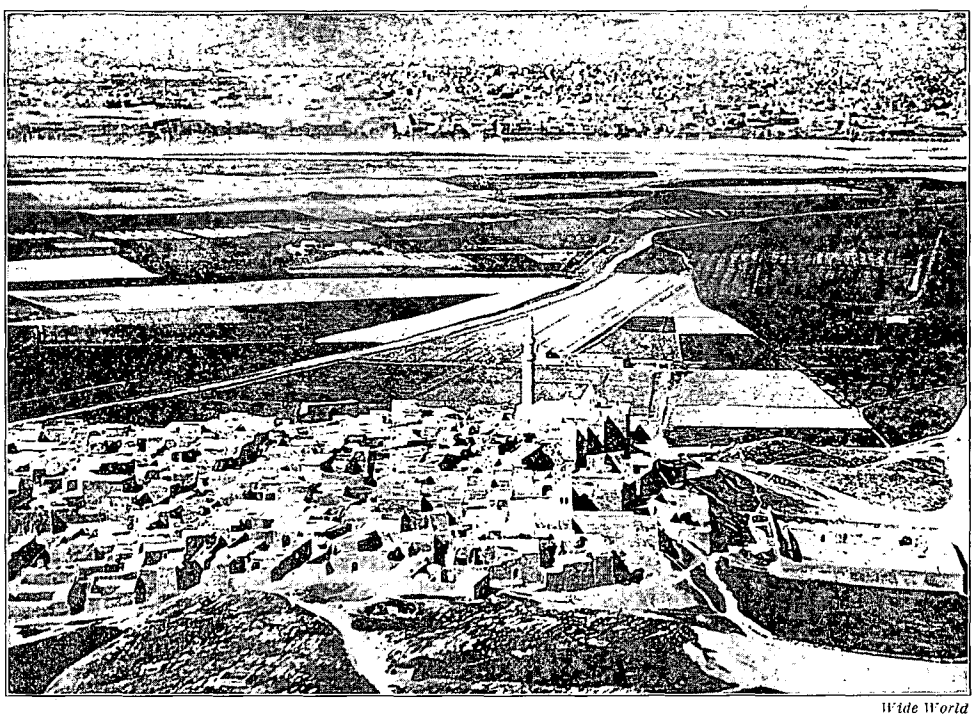
over the vast plain, dominated by the Temples of the Acropolis, with Hymettus for a background, is an experience never to be forgotten.

We landed at Piræus at 5 o'clock, local time, and were met and welcomed by officers of the Greek Navy. We were to stay here the night only, before starting on our 650-mile flight to Cairo. It appeared little enough time in which to view Milton's 'Eye of Greece, Mother of Arts and Eloquence.' Yet I found opportunity to see the Temple of Olympian Jupiter with its rows of mighty pillars, the Arch of Hadrian, and the Monument of Lysicrates, as well as to visit the Museum.

A bathe in the Aegean and a second visit to the Acropolis after dinner to see the Parthenon by moonlight completed my third day out from England. In 21 hours of flying I had passed over France, Italy, and Greece, and had seen cities and provinces which by any other means of transit would have taken me as many days to reach. On the morrow I should be in Cairo. Already my journey was emphasizing how extraordinary are the facilities for rapid sight-seeing afforded by the mobility of air transport. Nor does it suffer, like ordinary sight-seeing, from the disadvantage that a constant succession of detached, uncoordinated sights, hurriedly and often imperfectly viewed, leaves little that is permanent or useful in the mind of the observer. One of the charms of traveling by air is that one sees each place one visits as a complete picture in its proper background, so that, however brief the time available for studying its details close at hand, one carries away a memory that is perfect within its limits. So I shall always see Athens in its girdle of purple hills — one city in the world, at least, which can never disappoint one.



Wide World

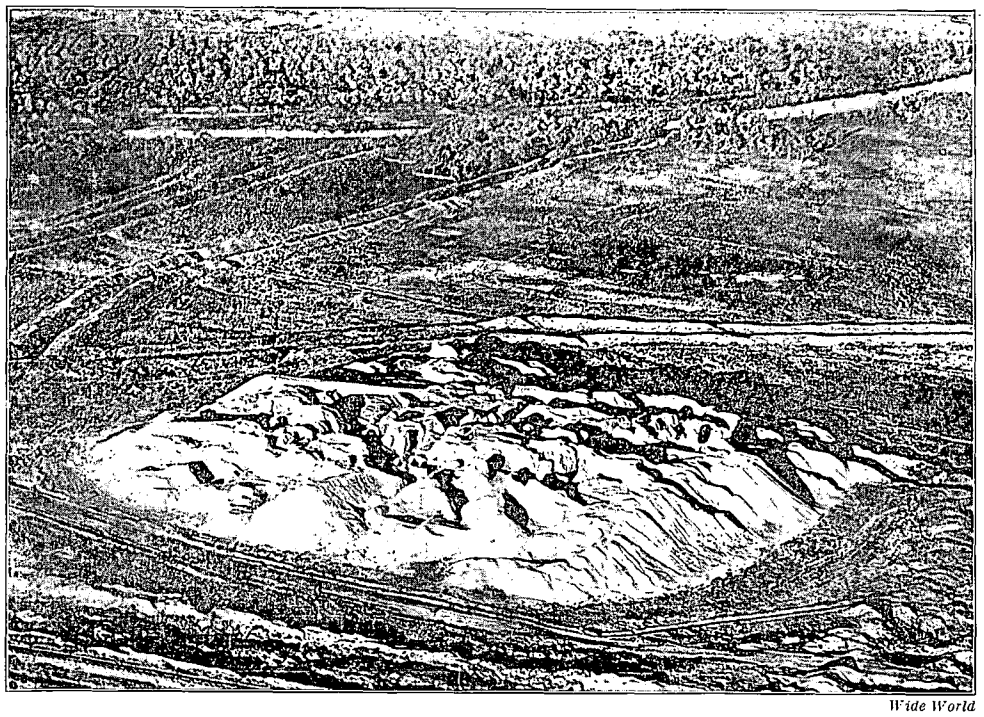
NINEVEH AND MOSUL

UPON THE ANCIENT RUINS of Nineveh this small modern town has been built across the Tigris from Mosul.

BREAKFAST beneath the Parthenon and tea under the shadow of the Pyramids is surely a day's programme to satisfy the most exacting of globe-trotters. Thrown in between was a perfect flight across one of the most beautiful archipelagos in the world, where sea and land combine to add charm the one to the other. Our course from Athens lay south-east over the Cyclades to within sight of Rhodes, one of the old outposts of Greece against Asia and of Europe against the Turk. Then, leaving behind us those lovely islands lolling in their azure seas and passing the long whale-back of Crete to the west of us, we flew for three hours over open sea, till we came to where land and water meet and mingle at the Delta of the Nile.

The seaplane base for the Royal Air Force in Egypt is at Abukir, Nelson's Salamis, near the ancient Canopic mouth of the Nile; so, except for a distant view, one missed the interest of entering Egypt by Alexander's port, guided by the modern substitute for the white limestone beacon which Sostratus erected on the island of Pharos to be the father of all lighthouses. At Abukir we said farewell for a time to the *Iris* and changed over to the *Fairey III F's*, which took us to Heliopolis. On the way we obtained an unrivaled view of the fantastically fertile Delta, all corrugated with canals and dappled with cotton crops, and I arrived at Heliopolis just as the sun was setting behind the Pyramids in a sky of rose, blue, almond-green, and lemon.

When, in due course, luxuriously appointed civilian flying-boats carry parties of eager tourists along the course



Wide World

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT BABYLON

THIS PILE of dirt and clay is all that remains of the once mighty city on the banks of the Euphrates.

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Wide World

BASRA AT THE HEAD OF THE PERSIAN GULF

THIS CITY SERVES as the main entrance and exit to modern Mesopotamia. It is on the shores of the Euphrates

we followed from England to Egypt, it will be possible to give their passengers more ample opportunity to digest the scenic and artistic repasts with which they will be regaled at every stage of their journey. The purpose of my own tour left no room for such considerations.

Egypt's appeal is not wholly of the past. At this time of year the fresh green of the cultivated belt, the invigorating combination of warm sun and cool breezes, and the wealth of flowering trees, the blue of the jacarandas in their second blooming and the scarlet panicles of the golden mohurs form a delightful contrast to the dead leaves and weeping skies of England. Hitherto, a Christmas vacation at Cairo has been possible only for those to whom the word 'vacation' has lost its real meaning. That is going to be changed, and those who now spend the inside of ten days or a fortnight about Christmas in the Engadin will be given a wider range.

MY TWO days were soon spent, though I stretched them to the uttermost by taking a night flight over Cairo. Night flying, besides being an essential part of Air Force training, has a charm of its own, and the flight over Cairo, with the desert closing up to the area of irrigation and the crowded lights of the great city, was night flying at its best.

ON OCTOBER 10th, in nine hours' flying we passed from Cairo to Bagdad, from the land of the Pharaohs to the probable sources of Egyptian civilization. The first stage of our journey to Bagdad lay over the Suez Canal and along the seacoast to Gaza, then across Philistia to Jerusalem and Jericho and past the northern end of the Dead Sea and the Mountains of Moab to Ammân, east of the Jordan. After Ammân, where we breakfasted and visited No. 14 Squadron, nothing but desert lay between us and our destination. We followed the line of the desert track, on which are strung a series of emergency landing grounds, over a great area of basalt country which is archæologically interesting. Its black surface is flecked with light-colored mud pans round which can be seen the remains of forts and walls. The most recent are believed to date from about 2000 B.C.; but no one really knows how old they are.

Bagdad, with the evening sun glinting on the gilded domes of Kasimain in proper Harun al-Rashid fashion, was a welcome sight after the long desert crossing. The greater part of the following morning was spent in going round the station and units at Hinaidi. The Museum at Bagdad is full of most interesting things from Ur and other excavation centres, which made me look forward to my return visit when I should have an opportunity to see some of the ancient cities whence they came. That evening the *Iris* arrived, having flown down the Euphrates from Alexandretta, and made a picturesque landing in the Tigris. Next day it was to start with us for India.

My programme had been arranged so that the station at Mosul could be taken in the course of my return. On the outward journey I made the acquaintance of the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Dobbs, who was my most kind and considerate host while I was in Irak, and went over the air station at Hinaidi before continuing on my way. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Edward Ellington, Air Officer Commanding British Forces, Irak, accompanied me on my flight down the Euphrates to Basra on October 12th, which took us over many objects of great interest, some of which I was to see more closely a fortnight later. We got a good view of the great arch of Ctesiphon and of the huge heap of mud which is all that is left of the city that gave its name to the Tower of Babel, where Nebuchadrezzar built the hanging gardens for his Queen Amytis, to remind her of her native mountains.

Shortly afterward we passed over Najaf, one of the most holy cities of Irak. It is satisfyingly 'Arabian Nights' in appearance, encircled by a fortified wall within which many turquoise-blue mosques cluster round the huge golden dome of the principal mosque in the centre of the town. Then followed Shaiba, where we landed to see No. 84 Squadron before flying on to Basra.

Sindbad's city is a charming place in its setting of date palms and looks, with its canals and pale-blue gondolas, like an Eastern Venice. The *Iris* took off well, in spite of a narrow river and cross winds; and the early morning of October 13th saw us speeding down the Persian Gulf, startling large flocks of pelicans into ponderous flight. We found ourselves flying along the Persian coast, a ferocious country gnashing its teeth at us in a series of sharp mountain ranges, and landed that night at Hanjam, in the Straits of Ormuz. Our starboard engine was giving signs of trouble, but repairs were effected during the night, which we spent on board H. M. Sloop *Crocus*. We set off in good order for Karachi next morning and got as far as Jask, where we were compelled to descend for further repairs. We were received with the utmost hospitality by Mr. Thompson, the superintendent of the Eastern Telegraph station there, and spent the night on the roof of his house. The engine proved amenable to reason, and on the 16th we arrived safely at Karachi, no more than a day behind our schedule.

THE plans for my eight days in India comprised a complete round of our air stations in that country, by way of Jodhpur, Delhi, Ambala, Simla, Lahore, Peshawar, and Quetta. I am not qualified to speak of the railway systems of India, but, having flown on a circuit of 2,500 miles and more over its wide spaces, and knowing that in doing so I saw but one corner of its vast territories,

(*Continued on page 152*)

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Letters and the Arts

A Letter from the Marquise — The Conquering Roman Alphabet — Novelist versus Professor — Words, Words, Words — Must Authors Starve? — A Protest against Suppression — Signatures de Gala

A Letter from the Marquise

An anonymous lady of Bordeaux, poking through the old bookshops of that southern city, has discovered what she says is a hitherto unknown letter written by the famous Marquise de Sévigné. Pierre Weber, the French critic, prints it in his weekly column in *Candide* (Paris), observing that, while its authenticity is as yet unproved, its flavor is charming enough to warrant publication. Like the larger part of the witty seventeenth-century lady's correspondence, this letter is to her daughter, Madame de Grignan. It purports to be written on July 28th, 1676, while Madame de Sévigné was taking a cure at the springs in Vichy, just as leisured ladies have for the last three hundred years. Until experts have had an opportunity to examine the original document carefully, we shall not be certain whether it is genuine. But we do know that the Marquise actually was in Vichy during the spring and summer of 1676, and that far from all of her voluminous correspondence has been located. Certainly the tone of the new letter is a close approximation to that of those already known. Even in a translation, which one hesitates to undertake, one can see at least a little of the quick intelligence, the humor, the boldness, the 'newsiness' which made Madame de Sévigné the most charming letter writer of her day.

'I have just received two of your letters — one by way of Paris, one by way of Bordeaux,' she writes to her daughter. 'I do not know how you get all that you find to say, but it is most unusually sensible and charming. Today I began taking the baths. They are a good dress rehearsal for purgatory. One sits quite naked in a little subterranean chamber equipped with a pipe, from which issues a stream of warm spring water that is played over one's body by a serving maid. To be reduced to such a state, in which one's only habiliment is less than a fig leaf, is somewhat humiliating, and I wish that my own two maids were with me so that there might be someone, at least, whom I know. For behind the curtain is a place where a visitor may stay and keep up the bather's courage.

'In my case, dear child, the visitor was a Bordeaux doctor whom Mme. de Noailles brings with her always when she comes to take the waters; a man of no prejudices, in no sense a charlatan, whom she sent me out of pure friendship. He is clever, well bred; he has studied under good people; he is a man of the world. I was especially pleased with him because, instead of having to abandon myself to two hours of that boredom which sweating cannot fail to produce, I had him read to me to amuse me. So, while I was undergoing my torture, and perspiring so freely that had I been in bed it would have gone full through to the mattress, he talked to me of the feminine scent, which, according to his researches, and in spite of the refinements of this, our *grand siècle*, is still the prime factor in love. I am certain, my child, that you would have greatly enjoyed listening to him, for he talks medicine like a gallant gentleman.

'This scent, said he, is so universally important that it is to be noted even in the flowers of this pleasant countryside; for it is in the evening, when they are fertilized by the insects of dusk and dark, that they give off their perfume. Which is a pretty subject for meditation. The scent of the secretions of the body mingles with that of the skin — that poor skin which one pities to see perspire. It is a pleasing thing to hear him talk of these subjects; but his speech leads me sometimes far afield, from example to example, until I fear that it will soon become a matter for my confessor to settle with him.

'Yesterday we had reached the point where we were discussing the influence of age and climate. Age has a great influence on this feminine scent, the skin acquiring the odor of dried leaves as one grows old. What a fall is in store for me, my dear! Climate, he thinks, has a very definite effect, for the scent of the skin is much stronger in warm countries. It is all most amazing. And, he says, in this pretty country by the Allier, where it is broiling hot, it is a pleasure to see the woods and streams, the sheep, the goats, the farmer boys and girls dancing the *bourrée* of Auvergne in the fields, and to realize that in all their frolicking, scent alone explains their little slips.

'Indeed, I cannot tell you everything my good doctor said, nor can I initiate you fully into all this foolishness. I am going to persuade him to learn philosophy, and to talk to me of that instead, while I am submitting to my torture.

'Adieu, dear child, and remember that when Monsieur le Comte grows indifferent, and you wish to charm him, a mere scent may prove your strongest weapon.'

The Conquering Roman Alphabet

Generations of Turkish schoolboys will bless the present generation of Turks for their sacrifices, not of blood and money, but of time and trouble. Everyone who uses the Turkish language is now going to school to learn how to read and write in Roman characters. The official change was made at the beginning of this year and every effort is being exerted to carry it through as quickly as possible. All posters, public signs, and advertisements are printed in the new characters. Newspapers are printed with parallel columns in the old and new letters. Evening schools are operated by the state to teach the new characters to everyone between the ages of fifteen and forty, while the regular schools have adopted all the changes necessary to teach school children as if Turkish had never been written with any alphabet but the Roman.

To Western people, unacquainted with the handicap the Turks have been under, the change may seem a misguided attempt to emulate Western ways. As a matter of fact, it is a very sensible move and one that should have been made years ago. The Turkish language has been made unnecessarily difficult, for Turks as well as for foreigners, because it has been written in the Arabic characters. The old Turkish alphabet disappeared centuries ago when the Turks were conquered by the Arabs. Arabic is a Semitic language and the characters it uses are not at all suited to such a language as Turkish. They can not even express the sounds used by the Arabs themselves, because about a third of the characters in Arabic have identical forms, and are only distinguished by dots placed above or below the letters. One letter, for instance, may mean 'b,' 't,' or 'th'; another may mean 'r' or 'z.'

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A MODERN TURKISH SCHOOL-TEACHER

BY A STRICT ORDER of the Department of Public Instruction at Angora, all female school-teachers must wear hats outdoors and must appear before their classes in European clothes without any head covering. Thus proceeds the Westernization of Turkey. If it were not for the antique stone steps, this photograph might well have been taken in the United States.

To make this difficulty even worse, the dots may be even larger than the letters. Even the official scribes are not always sure of themselves. To write Turkish correctly it has hitherto been necessary to possess a thorough knowledge of Arabic also.

The catalogue of the difficulties that are done away with by the change to the Roman alphabet does not end here. In Arabic, vowels are not represented at all. The English word, catalogue, would be spelled 'ctlg' in Arabic characters. If the reader did not know the word, he could recognize it only by the context. Although the Roman alphabet may not be ideally adapted to the Turkish language, its practicability is proved by the fact that both the Hungarians and the Finns, whose languages are closely related to Turkish, have used it for generations. Turkish written in Roman characters looks slightly like Italian. It has the advantage over English and French in that it is completely phonetic. There are no silent letters and every letter always has the same sound wherever it appears.

One can picture hard-headed Orientals wagging their heads and telling each other that the new system is obviously foolish. 'Anyone can see that it is ridiculous to begin writing on the left-hand side of the page and move to the right,' they say. 'Our fathers, with the help of Allah, have been writing from right to left from time immemorial and they must have known what they were doing. And these new little letters have no dignity about them; how can they possibly mean as much as our beautiful old curves and dashes? It's as bad as these new clothes the teachers are wearing.'

But, in spite of the grumblers, books are appearing in the new script and government publications are using it. And before many years are past there will be a generation to whom the Arabic script will be just one of the difficulties in learning the Arabic language.

The Persian language, which also uses the Arabic alphabet, would likewise be greatly benefited by a change similar to that made in Turkey. The small Republic of Azerbaijan on the Caspian Sea, one of the Union of Soviet Republics, is already using Roman letters, and it is expected that the other Tartar and Turcoman republics will follow suit.

NOVELIST VERSUS PROFESSOR

A CERTAIN German professor, Herr Walter Berendsohn, recently published an article about the Norwegian novelist, Knut Hamsun, which aroused a sputtering protest from Hamsun that must have been, to say the least, quite unexpected to the learned German. It would appear that Professor Berendsohn has gone a little beyond the facts in his description of Hamsun, ascribing to him ideas that he does not have and 'discovering' in his work the influence of authors whom he has never read.

Mr. Hamsun, in an article recently published in Norway, protests vigorously.

'Berendsohn says that I became acquainted with Thomas Mann in Munich,' writes the indignant novelist. 'To the best of my knowledge I never in my life met Thomas Mann. If by any chance I did at one time see him in Munich we certainly did not converse, because I did not at that time know any German and have not since learned it. I know no foreign languages. That later I "was unable to forget Thomas Mann" and that he helped me in matters of style are also wild inventions of this professor. I have read, in translation, one book by Thomas Mann, namely *Buddenbrooks*, which I consider a significant imaginative work. It was sent to me several years ago but it lay around uncut until a little less than a year ago before I read it. It is certainly to my disadvantage, but this one book by Thomas Mann, which I read scarcely a year ago, is the only work of his which I know. Professor Berendsohn knew this perfectly well, because to a series of increasingly importunate questions from him I replied in no uncertain terms, writing both to him and to his publisher, who is also mine, in Germany. But this scribbling "literary scholar," as he calls himself, goes right ahead to state the opposite of what I told him.

'Furthermore, in an interview, he spreads the news that I have been influenced greatly by Wedekind — of whom I have never read a syllable.

'Is my work, then, entirely unaffected by other writers? Of whom is such a thing true? There is perhaps no one who has been more influenced than I. I am not made of stone; I am suggestible, impressionable, even hysterical; more than other people, it seems to me. I have probably learned something from all the authors I have read. But the greatest impression was made, in my younger days, by Dostoievski, Nietzsche, and Strindberg. The first two and part of the third I had to read in translation. I repeat, I can't say how much I have learned from other writers but no scribbler can say that I have been "influenced" by authors whom I have never read.'

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The learned German's reply to this outburst has not yet appeared.

Words, Words, Words

IF you know of any use of the word, 'anti-clockwise,' before 1909, you will please make a note of where it was used, giving exact date and title, and send it to Mr. Onions, the editor of the Supplement to the Oxford Dictionary, at the Old Ashmolean, Oxford. Although it is only about six months since the completion of the New English Dictionary, language changes so rapidly that the monumental work is already out of date. It probably will always be in the course of revision because it is so large that as one part is brought up to date another part becomes a little obsolete. And it is quite natural that the 'A' volume should now be ready for additions, since it was published in 1884.

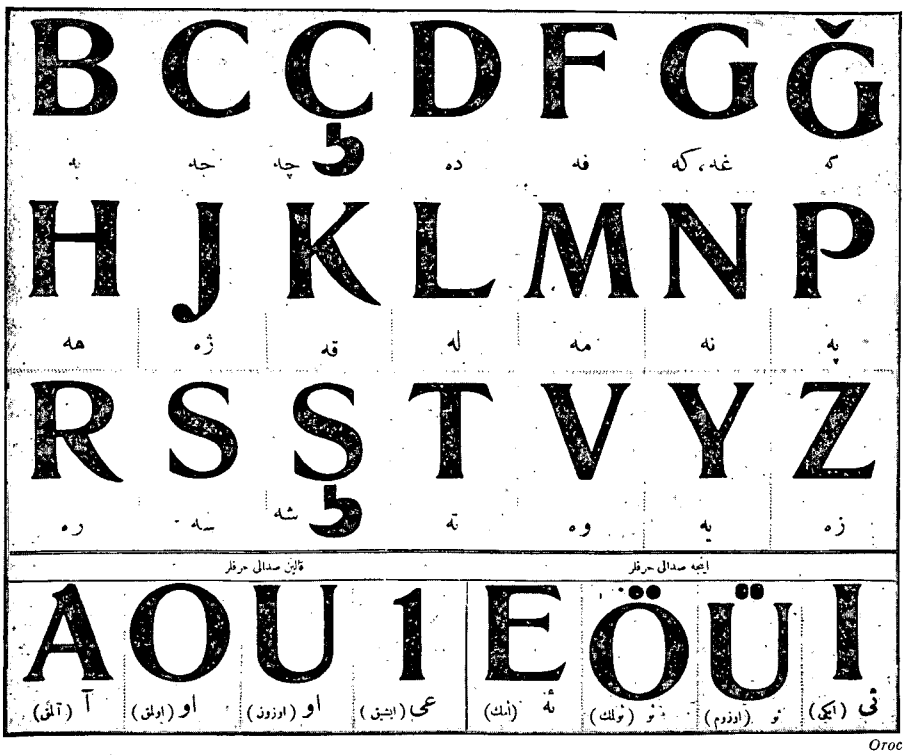
In an article in the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Onions explains that thirty pages of new words, or new uses of old words, beginning with the letter A, are now in type. The first word is 'aasvogel,' which is illustrated by quotations from Rudyard Kipling and Rider Haggard. The last word is 'azygospore.' Between these two appears a multitude of common colloquialisms, of technicalities that have become public currency, of discoveries and inventions, of the names of exotic plants and garments, of religious, political, and social movements, of terms of sport, of the new psychology, and so on. There are, for instance, such words as auto-suggestion, autopiano, auto-erotism, accent in art, apperception, agapemone, apache, adenoids, aspidistra, alpha rays, drug addict, airbath, airworthy, adurol, Anglicist, Anglophobiac. Curiously enough, even in this supplement of new words there are some that are already obsolete or have meanings that are now obsolete, such as, 'aërodrome,' which was one of the original words for a flying machine, and the original sense of 'aëroplane,' which was plane or wing. 'Animatograph,' one of the early names for the moving picture, is now as dead as Queen Anne.

Must Authors Starve?

TANCRÈDE MARTEL, who recently died, was at one time well known in France as a novelist and poet. He was one of the twelve poets who attended the funeral of Victor Hugo; his poems and historical novels were widely read and praised; he counted among his friends Barbey d'Aurevilly, François Coppée, and Frédéric Mistral. But times change and so do tastes in literature; for the public is notoriously fickle. In his old age, his readers abandoned Tancrède Martel and instead of the riches and adulation which are the lot of the successful novelist he was condemned to miserable poverty. He had a great deal of the old-fashioned romantic pride which conceals misfortune and scorns aid. His friends did not know how bad the situation was, and he finally came to a pitiful end, starved and frozen to death in a garret.

His death was a shock to literary Paris and there has been a good deal of discussion of why it happened and how such a thing can be prevented in the future. Several writers have pointed out that there are doubtless many writers and artists whom 'Fame has forgotten to enrich,' and that there ought to be some way of assuring that anyone who has contributed even a little to the cultural life of his country shall at least not starve to death. Various ways of dealing with the problem have been suggested. There is even a rumor that the Academy will devote part of the profits from the sale of the grammar which it plans to publish this year to the relief of poverty-stricken authors. So far this is only a rumor. The *Matin* proposed the creation of a fund from which pensions could be granted to artists and authors who need them. To raise this fund it was suggested that a 'day' be held, an 'old' writers and artists' day,' on which everyone would be asked to contribute. Since everyone benefits, as the writer in the *Matin* says, 'from the highest form of human activity,' everyone should be glad to give something. Truly, if this plan were carried out, all the literary and artistic people in France could live easily, if not happily, all the rest of their lives, and France would become a second Land of the Articoles. (The Land of the Articoles is a mythical island recently discovered by André Maurois where authors are higher beings than the ordinary population and are recognized as such. Life is made so easy and uneventful for them that they have to go to the greatest lengths to find things to write about.)

Other more practical schemes have been outlined. One is to build up a fund from which authors might be supported in their old age by compelling the author and the publisher each to contribute a certain small percentage of his share of the profits of each book published. A variation of this plan is to establish a system of compulsory insurance by which some of the income from each of his books would be applied automatically to an author's old-age fund. This arrangement might be resented as paternalism by the men who did not need it and would not help greatly those who did not make a great deal of money. One suggestion was that the future will see a system of poets and patrons such as has been known at various times in the past



ROMAN LETTERS FOR ARABIC

A CHART USED in teaching the adapted Roman alphabet to Turks accustomed to Arabic characters. This change is one not only of letters, but also of the 'direction' of writing, which in Arabic is from right to left in place of the Roman left to right.

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and that the part of Mæcenas will be played by the millionaire.

The most amusing and at the same time the most sane and unemotional contribution to the discussion came from Clément Vautel, writing in *Comœdia*. 'Tancrède Martel was the victim of an implacable revision of values which reduced many reputations as the depression of the franc reduced fortunes. About that nothing can be done. Society is not responsible; as a matter of fact, all writers and thinkers did everything they could to bring it about. . . . Poor Martel let no one know that he needed help. The Society of Authors cannot be expected to send inspectors around every so often to see that all authors are warm and well fed.'

Vautel goes on to say that the most serious difficulty with any scheme to help worthy authors and artists is to find the worthy ones. Everyone who had ever written a word or smeared color on a canvas would apply for a pension, while the really independent spirits would continue to starve secretly rather than ask for help.

A Protest against Suppression

THE recent suppression of Miss A. Radclyffe Hall's novel, *The Well of Loneliness*, by order of Sir William Joynson-Hicks, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Home Affairs, has aroused Mr. Hubert Phillips, to derisive versifying in the London *Nation and Athenæum*. 'Jix,' we may note in passing, is a political nickname frequently applied to Sir William. The poem follows:—

The Rhyme of Inspector X

Inspector X he sits at his desk and furrows line his brow;
He has locked his prisoners up for the night and what is he doing now?
He is seated in front of a pile of books with pencils big and blue,
And what he has read has gone to his head, as print is apt to do.

Inspector X he is reading things that make his cropped hair curl;
And Inspector Y is out in the Park in search of a naughty girl.
It's all for the sake of you and me, though we mayn't be worth our salt,
But if we go to the fires below it won't be Jix's fault.

Inspector X he sits at his desk, and the light is burning low;
He is hundreds up on the public now with only ten to go;
For see he has taken a mighty oath to keep our morals clean;
And as day recedes the books he reads grow more and more obscene.

Miss Radclyffe Hall has gone to the wall, and Mr. Huxley too;
And Mr. Moore has been dubbed impure, and Mrs. Woolf won't do;
And Wells has gone, and Bennett has gone, and likewise Bernard Shaw,
For they all of them vex Inspector X whose word is above the law.

Shakespeare has gone, and Milton's gone, and the Prayer Books old and new;
And Æschylus and Euripides and Homer and Virgil too;
And works of fiction have fallen fast a shelf-load at a time,
For Inspector X has vetoed Sex and he doesn't approve of Crime.

He has finished his task, and what, you ask, is left for you and me?
Crockford is left, and Bradshaw's left, and also the A B C;
And Euclid's left, and Einstein's left, and Mendel's work on peas;
Inspector X has cleared the decks of everything but these.

Inspector X has cleared the decks and his face is drawn and hard
As the hollow light of another day breaks over Scotland Yard.
All honor then to the worthy men who labor without stint
In a world whose tone has been overthrown — to keep it safe for print.

Inspector X is censoring books and Inspector Y's in the Park;
Inspector Z at the Picture House is peering into the dark.
It's all for the sake of you and me, though we mayn't be worth our salt;
But if we go to the fires below it won't be Jix's fault.

Signatures de Gala

THAT a woman who had been the recipient of something very close to love letters from a famous author, now dead, should attempt to push the sale of a new book containing a collection of these letters by offering to sign in public copies of the book bought in a popular bookstore, seems at the very least in doubtful taste. Yet this is what has happened in the case of the letters which Mme. Louisa de Mornand received from the introspective novelist, Marcel Proust; and last month in Paris one would have had to shut oneself firmly up in a dark chamber with cotton in one's ears to avoid learning, from advertisements, from news items, or by word of mouth, of that lady's now famous *signatures de gala*.

Proust's letters have for some time been increasing in value. At a recent sale every example sold at from fifteen hundred to two thousand francs. As the price has gone up, more and more of those who had little packets of the valuable papers hidden away in bureau draws have begun to feel the temptation to turn them into gold. The new Flammarion book contains letters written by Proust to two of his '*amitiés amoureuses*,' Madame Laure Hayman and Madame Louisa de Mornand. The publishers felt that they could not only increase sales of the book, but could also sharpen public interest in an approaching auction at the Hotel Drouot of the originals of the letters which it contained, if they could persuade one of the ladies to whom the letters were addressed to sign newly purchased copies. Madame de Mornand consented; a gala evening was arranged at the publisher's bookstores; the affair was well advertised in advance; and on the appointed evening a crowd gathered to see the fun.

Madame de Mornand, dressed in black and still exceedingly attractive, sat at a long table which contained only writing materials and a large vase of red carnations. Those who had purchased the new book of letters came forward with their copies open at the fly leaf, and wrote their names legibly on a little slip of paper. Madame de Mornand read each name carefully so as to be sure to make no error, and proceeded to dedicate the volume to the buyer, signing her own name with a flourish below. When the flow of purchasers diminished, little groups began to form, and a big box of bonbons circulated among the old habitués of the store. Finally, a photographer set up his apparatus, the guests were urged to stand together in the back of the room, and the historic event was fixed forever on a photographic negative. When the day of the auction of the originals of Madame de Mornand's letters arrived, it became evident that something had gone wrong; for most of the items sold, not at two thousand, but at seventy-five or a hundred francs apiece. Since this cold douche there has been a decided slump in market price of Proustiana; and the ladies who had begun to tell themselves that it was after all an over-refinement of scrupulousness to keep locked away in their *escritoires* letters from Proust that might just as well be in collectors' hands at several thousand francs each, will now protest hotly that for nothing in the world would they dream of giving up such extremely personal mementos.

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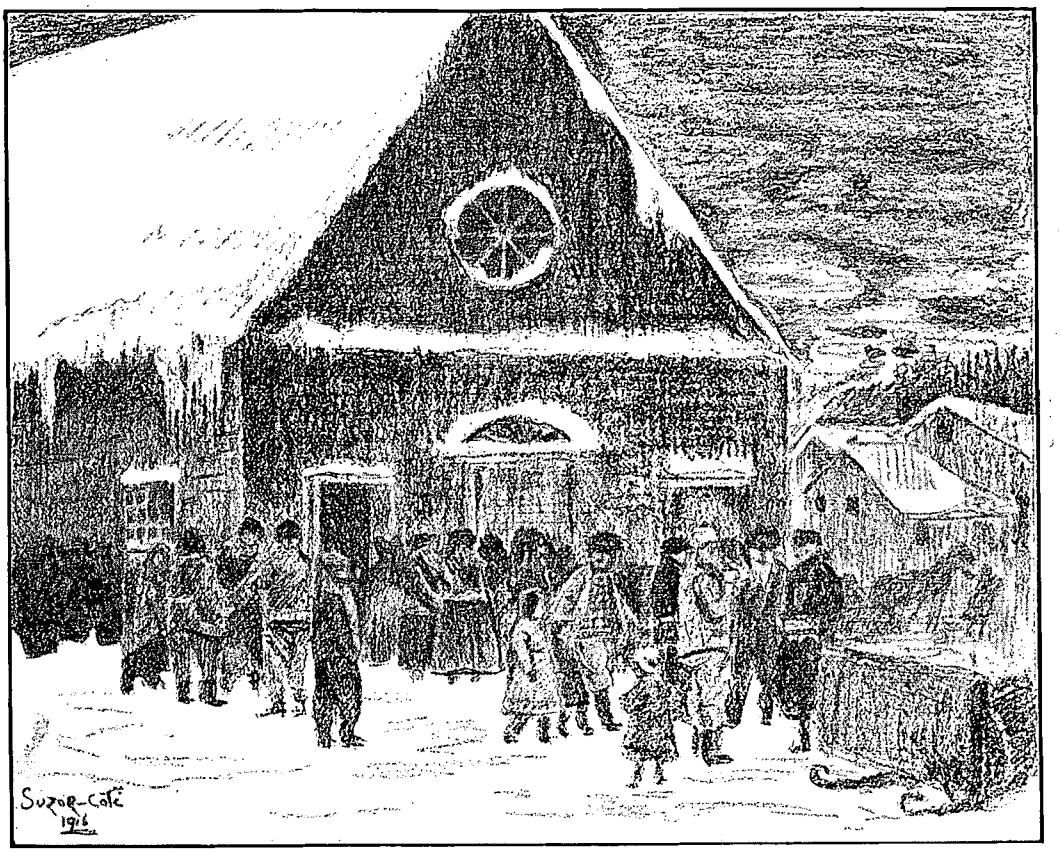

ITE, MISSA EST: THE CHURCH AT PERIBONKA

THE SCENE with which the novel, *Maria Chapdelaine*, opens, after church on Sunday. The illustrations reproduced with this article were made for the French edition of the novel by A. Suzor-Côté, a Canadian artist of great talent in interpreting the spirit of his people.

A Visit to Maria Chapdelaine

Mlle. Eva Bouchard, Model for a French Canadian Literary Heroine, Tells What She Remembers About the Author Who Made Her Famous

By Marie Le Franc

Translated from *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

IN 1913 Louis Hémon, an unknown French sports writer, who had published an unsuccessful novel in English, went to the Province of Quebec to see what the country was like. He remained there a little over a year, spending several months in the Lake Saint John region among the farmers, trappers, settlers, and lumberjacks. This region has been a frontier of civilization for a hundred and fifty years, is still a frontier, and is likely to remain so for generations to come. It offers the dramatic contrast of an old, settled farming country, coupled with modern industrial development, within walking distance of complete wilderness. Out of this environment, Louis Hémon created a novel, *Maria Chapdelaine*.

Shortly after leaving Lake Saint John, Hémon was killed in a railway accident. His novel was published during the War, but attracted little attention for several years until, about 1920, it became a 'best seller,' appeared in two English translations, and has had continued popularity ever since. The total sales in English and French are well over a million copies.'

At the end of 1928, the Historical Society of Montreal held a meeting in honor of Louis Hémon. At this meeting, the French Canadian farmer's daughter who had served as model for the heroine of the great novel read a paper recounting what she remembered of the author. The accompanying interview took place upon the occasion of this meeting in honor of the man who, more than any other, has interpreted the spirit of the Province of Quebec to the outside world.

MLLE. EVA BOUCHARD, who, the Historical Society of Montreal assures us, served as the model for the heroine of *Maria Chapdelaine*, has just returned to public attention. After a silence of sixteen years, she comes out of her forests, her snows, her River Peribonka to enter into glory and into literature.

It is obvious that Mlle. Eva Bouchard must interest us as a literary document. But there is a certain imprudence, not to say irreverence, in affirming that she alone was the model from whom Louis Hémon wrought. Such an achievement demanded more reflection and more delicacy. The true admirers of Louis Hémon — it is well known that in Canada they have been few until recently, and that the book has had more critics than friends — have not hesitated

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to say that such a statement is sacrilege. They do not blame Mlle. Eva Bouchard, who is only accepting an invitation in naïve good faith and who, at the end of her recent lecture, autographed copies of Louis Hémon's novel with a 'Maria Chapdelaine' just as if she had been born with the name.

She could hardly have realized that this was the first time in the history of literature that a creature of flesh and blood had presented herself to the public, saying, 'I am the living original of an immortal work of art.' Of course it is true that she did not literally say that. Indeed one might have pardoned her if she had said it. But others said it for her.

IT WAS scarcely necessary for Mlle. Bouchard to have made so great a claim in order to raise in us an eager and reverent curiosity. She comes from that spot of the earth to which Louis Hémon went to find inspiration and brought back, if not a completed work, at least the germ of a work; for the book was actually written at the little village of Saint Gédéon, in the neighborhood of Lake St. John, whither he went after quitting Peribonka. It is enough that Mlle. Bouchard should have, upon occasion, broken bread with Hémon at the period when the Bouchard family and the Bédards, at whose house Louis Hémon lived, 'butchered together.' 'He came to the table with a military step,' Mlle. Bouchard told me. 'He ate very fast. Some of his front teeth were lacking. He had a moustache which became him very well. He wore his hair brushed back, with a part in the middle, and it fell in little curls behind his ears. He wore Canadian clothes. It was my sister, Mme. Bédard, who took care of his linen. When he first arrived, he had a brown suit, which was not new.'

There are only two or three authentic utterances of Louis Hémon which Eva Bouchard remembers. She prefers to speak about Peribonka, the gay village where the young girls dance the *cotillon valsé* and the *cardeuse*. 'At my sister's wedding,' she said, 'we danced for three days.'

One can imagine the circumstances of Hémon's coming. He was her brother-in-law's hired man and an employee like any other. It was not the first time that Samuel Bédard, an occasional farmer, who knew little of the science of agriculture, had taken in someone to help him. There was no particular reason to pay attention to this man, or to remember what he said.

Louis Hémon lived on the Bédard farm, which was about two hundred yards away from the Bouchards'. The work he did demanded that he get up early in the morning and go to bed early at night. And from the time he passed at Peribonka, from the middle of June until the 28th of December, 1912, one must subtract the six weeks when he was working in the woods with the railroad construction gang. Anyone who knows the conditions of life on a Canadian farm must realize that there are few daily contacts between one farm and another, especially when bad weather has made the roads difficult, if not impossible. The people are reduced to seeing each other only on great feast days, particularly that of Christmas, to exchanging casual greetings and news after Mass of a Sunday, and to visiting on occasional Saturday evenings.

'Monsieur Hémon,' Eva Bouchard confided to me, 'did not like to go out visiting. He never went to our evening parties. He was present only at those which occurred in my brother-in-law's house. He must have surely met Ernest Muré, the neighbor, he who "expresses himself in parables" in the novel, at these *veillées*.'

Louis Hémon slept in a large closet near the kitchen. There was no other room to spare in the house. He could have been lodged at the Bouchards', but he said that the closet suited him, and never complained of having slept ill in the little camp bed which they placed there for him, in spite of the fact that the heat when he arrived was great and that the mosquitoes and the black flies, which are so small that no screen can keep them out, were insufferable.

HE RECEIVED many magazines which the itinerant postman brought every day; for there was a post road leading from Mistook to Mistassini which passed in front of the farmhouse. 'One day I saw a postal card on which his mother had written, "Louis, when are you coming home?" He hid nothing from us. It was as if he were at home. All our home people liked him.'

That word, 'home,' on Eva Bouchard's lips was infinitely moving. It created about Samuel Bédard's hired man a familiar atmosphere, which had the value of an adoption. At first, indeed, he must have been received with a certain amount of suspicion. They could not understand what this gentleman whose hands were unused to the work of the farm, and who seemed a little ridiculous, was doing in their country. French peasants would probably have driven him out with a hay fork! But he won all their hearts by his simplicity, by his desire to share their lives, by his care not to disturb their way of living — those who have understood Hémon through his book would probably like to add, by his love. Sometimes the

MARIA CHAPDELAINE

A PENCIL SKETCH of the heroine of Louis Hémon's famous novel. The accompanying article is an interview with the real person, Mlle. Eva Bouchard, who served as a model for Maria Chapdelaine.

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Bédards would wish to go away and they trusted him so completely that they left him to watch their house and the children, the two orphans whom they had adopted. 'For with us,' Eva Bouchard explained, 'one does not like to live in a house without any children.' Hémon had no companions, but Samuel and he 'got along well together.'

They had discovered that Hémon never touched anything, never disturbed anything; fundamental qualities in this race of peasants. 'It was not necessary then,' she said, 'to hide things when we went away.'

I REMEMBER what Mr. Ralph Dawson, who was the manager of the Montreal business office where Hémon was employed as a translator after his return from Saint Gédéon until his departure on the fatal trip to Chapleau, which was to end in his death — from the 9th of April to the 26th of June, 1913 — said about him: 'Hémon used to typewrite his manuscripts at our office after the day's work. He was so honest that he brought his own paper to do it with.'

An extreme honesty, indeed, which must have seemed surprising in a country where office supplies are a mere detail, and where business houses, restaurants, hotels, and department stores offer to everyone free writing paper with magnificent letterheads with which to conduct one's private correspondence.

THE farm where Hémon lived at first is to-day abandoned. Samuel Bédard keeps a hotel at Peribonka, where many tourists stop, each of them supplied with a kodak — especially American tourists who come to visit these parts because of the famous book. Samuel has retained his farm and he intends next spring to paint the house and to put into its original condition the closet in which Hémon slept. 'When the tourists come, we'll show it to them,' said Eva Bouchard.

She has had built for herself on the other side of the street a little cottage. She will receive strangers there. There is to be a large room in it where she will display the handicrafts of the region — homespun linen, blankets, and hooked rugs. All the women in the neighborhood are handy with the loom and the spinning wheel. 'I myself,' she said, 'like to spin.'

I look at her hands and try to imagine those slender hands to be the strong ones of country women. I think of Maria, 'that tall big girl.'

She apparently guesses what I am thinking of. 'I am not strong nowadays. I had to be on a milk diet for three weeks to prepare for my trip to Montreal. I was much bigger and stronger in the old days. I weighed one hundred and thirty pounds at the time of Monsieur Hémon. I did not work in the fields. I took care of the chickens and I looked after the setting hens. I liked that. Quantities of little chicks running around me! I was brought up at Saint Prime, and then I went to the Ursuline Convent at Roberval, the same convent where Mlle. Léon Mercier-Gouin, the daughter-in-law of the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, was a boarding scholar. I had to leave because I was sick. Later I taught school for four years at Peribonka. But that tired me too much. I came home. It was then that I knew Monsieur Hémon. Later I went to Bouchette to the curé's house, where I remained eight years. Bouchette is a place of pilgrimage. I was secretary of the shrine. I met all the pilgrims. What beautiful examples of faith I saw there — people who dragged themselves on their knees praying to Our Lady! It would have been nice to have stayed there, but the curé died and I came back to Peribonka.'

THE VILLAGE BONE-SETTER

A TYPICAL FRENCH CANADIAN FRONTIERSMAN. It is from the lives of such as he that the novel *Maria Chapdelaine* is made up.

Everything begins to become clear. Here we are far from Maria, the simple girl of the fields. Maria Chapdelaine returns into the brain of her creator.

HÉMON was not at Peribonka when the ice left the river. He arrived later, a little before blueberry season. Blueberries! One sees again the exquisite scene: Maria picking blueberries beside François Paradis; the mute sympathy of their hearts. There are questions one would like to ask and yet dares not. One is inclined to transpose the idyl, to give false names to the characters. I tried to imagine Eva Bouchard sixteen years ago, face to face with this young stranger who must have been aware, in this solitary country, of the presence of a pleasant young girl with masses of brown hair and with a fine cut profile, with a look which suggested that there was more hidden in her than she could ever express.

'Do you remember Hémon going to pick blueberries?'

'Blueberries! I should think so. There were lots of them. The savanna was all blue with them. One had only to go to the edge of the river to find them. You see, on our farm the soil is sandy and the blueberries grow well. They disappear only when one begins to till the soil.'

'Did he write in his room in the evening? Did one see his light through the window which opened on to the river as it flowed by a few hundred feet away?'

Her face, tired, and perhaps a little impatient, becomes studied; her eyes, reflective.

'You ask whether he wrote? Oh, no, he didn't write while he was with us.'

'Do you remember the Christmas festivities of that year?'

'No, I can't remember them any more, and I didn't pay much attention to Monsieur Hémon. We must have had dinner together . . . I remember there was pastry.'

I was to learn no more. Louis Hémon will remain always for her Monsieur Hémon, the stranger from a strange land.

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

The American 'Slanguage'

A writer in the *Sunday Times* (London independent weekly) takes delight in selecting every year the choicest morsels from a collection of figures of current American speech. He begins by quoting, 'As noisy as an eel gliding through a pool of oil.' From his picked list we, in turn, make our own selection as follows: —

As suspicious as a corkscrew in a Prohibition home.

As unusual as the man who goes to Canada to see the scenery.

As absurd as expecting a Chicago politician to go to the back door to see what's making a noise like a clock ticking.

She had about as much use for him as a fish has for a bathing suit.

As fair as a Mexican general's trial.

She aged as quickly as wine in the hands of a bootlegger.

Government Wine

The *Prager Tagblatt* (Prague independent daily) prints an excellent and authentic account of methods for ascertaining the purity of one's liquor in the United States. He who tells the tale went one morning to call upon a friend. The friend was about to sally forth to buy 'government wine,' wine whose quality, he explained solemnly, was guaranteed by the government. His listener was incredulous. The tale proceeds: —

We took a taxi. I could not understand the address my friend gave the driver, but twenty minutes later we stopped in front of a gloomy building with broad steps. A crowd of men was pushing into it, shoving and jostling one another. We forced our way through the door and reached a large room which was already thronged. On a raised platform a man in a black robe sat at a table. Behind him on the wall hung an immense American flag. 'Are we in a courtroom?' I asked, abashed.

'Keep quiet,' retorted my friend in a vexed tone.

The black-robed judge was examining a bootlegger on the details of his crimes.

'What kind of alcoholic liquor have you been selling?'

'French cognac. Scotch whiskey. Spanish wine,' replied the accused in a resounding voice that could be heard throughout the court room.

'Real French cognac?'

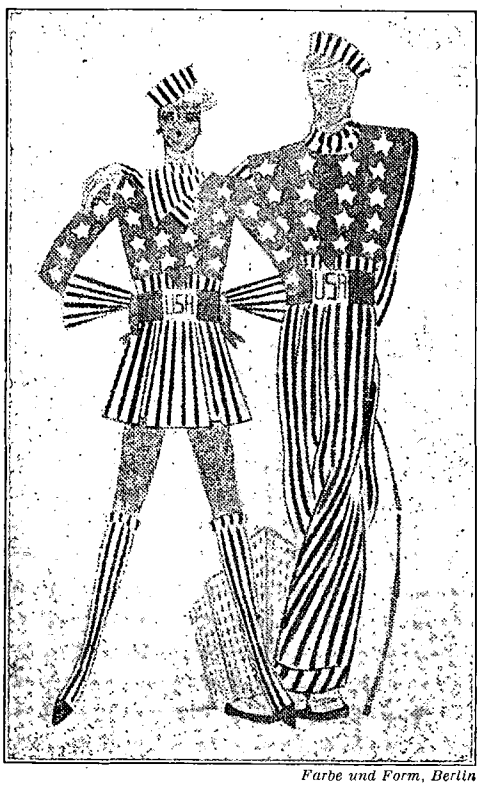
'Yes, real, original cognac, Your Honor,' bellowed the bootlegger.

'Don't shout so; I am not deaf. For the genuine cognac you will have to pay a particularly high fine! And the Spanish wine — that was genuine, too?'

'Guaranteed genuine!' cried the miserable sinner in a thunderous voice which must have penetrated to the furthest corners of the room. 'Crown Madeira of 1845. Four-crowns port wine of 1837. Cork-brand Malaga. Only the finest vintage. Aged in the bottle, Your Honor.'

'I told you that I was not deaf. Three hundred dollars fine.' The judge was getting cross.

Without turning a hair the bootlegger counted out the fine, laid it down, and left the court room which, a moment later, was entirely deserted by the crowd. The listeners rushed out to the corridor and surrounded the bootlegger. He could scarcely take down orders fast enough: 'Ten bottles of cognac; twenty of Scotch whiskey; thirty bottles of Madeira, vintage of 1845.' My friend also gave his order, and explained to me with satisfaction: 'Well, at least we're sure that we are really getting something good. The law of the United States guarantees the quality!'



Farbe und Form, Berlin

German Dancers' Costumes

A contemporary European idea of America — bare-kneed women, athletic men, jazz postures, monotonous buildings — made clear in these costume designs for the vaudeville stage.

Doctrine — or Dogma of Infallibility?

The Monroe Doctrine, which puzzles and sometimes bewilders every country save the one responsible for its origin, has recently been subjected to a penetrating scrutiny in the London *Times*, which publishes two studies of the Doctrine by Salvador de Madariaga. Señor de Madariaga begins by claiming that few Americans would care to deny that the Monroe Doctrine is going through a process of rapid evolution, and that in a sense it has been evolving ever since President Monroe lent his name to it just over a century ago. He discusses the five significant aspects of the Doctrine, showing how they have undergone gradual modification or how in some cases they have been ignored and overridden. The fifth point, which is the policy of non-intervention by the United States in the affairs of other American countries, is the object of prolonged comment. Mr. Madariaga cites several cases of occupation and subsequent acquisition of foreign territory by the United States.

Viewed as a fence to keep Europeans out, the Monroe Doctrine naturally elicited the question: what happens behind that fence? A German professor was conducting an experiment with a view to ascertaining whether it was possible to accustom a lion and a lamb to inhabit the same cage; asked whether he had been successful, he answered: 'Oh, yes, very successful. Now and then, of course, I had to replace the lamb.' This story is a not unfair illustration of the evolution of the Monroe Doctrine in its strictly continental aspects.

In the stage in which international relations were at the time few men would care to condemn the naval policy which inspired the actions of the American Government. But times have gradually changed. A movement is afoot which views with mixed feelings the Monroe Doctrine and the methods which it has cloaked. There are recent signs which suggest that such a movement has at last stirred the powers that be. A few words of comment may be of interest on the causes, growth, and possible development of such a movement.

The cause of the trouble is that the American nation, being built on an Anglo-Saxon substratum, has a conscience. 'Has,' that is, in the pathological sense, as in 'He has a throat.' The Anglo-Saxon conscience may not prevent the Anglo-Saxon from sinning — it prevents him from enjoying his sin. Now that the naval lamb is eaten, signs of moral indigestion are not lacking in the American lion. The books, speeches, and articles on the Doctrine are apt to take on a somewhat melancholy and apologetic turn. A masterpiece of the kind will be found in the February number of the *Century* — a statement full of recondite candor and naïve hypocrisy: 'Peace in the Caribbean' — not that precarious peace of mutually jealous nations in unstable balance of power, as we see in the Mediterranean, but the solid peace resting on the absolute predominance of one Power.

. . . Under the comfortable argument, the uncomfortable conscience wriggles and writhes.

But why should it? Would America be the first to grab and keep? Is she going to be the last? No such facile consolations are likely to appease the American conscience. For it is an earnest, honest, and truly well-meaning conscience, and it cannot wipe away the unpleasant facts of its recent history. Moreover, like King Claudius, it prays and repents but it keeps its Queen. And then the Doctrine is too far removed from traditional American principles and beliefs. A country born of a revolt against

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'tyrants' cannot tyrannize others with self-respect.

A people born and bred in the republican tradition cannot found its foreign policy on a unilateral declaration which erects it as the only monarch and tsar of the continent. Nothing is more anti-republican than the proud assertion made and repeated by statesman after statesman that the American Government reserves for itself the right to define, interpret, and apply the Monroe Doctrine.

How is such a profound departure from national tradition possible? Mostly, perhaps, owing to that tendency to thought inhibition which Americans have developed to an astonishing degree since they found it in the *Mayflower*. But in England, at any rate, there is a considerable and influential minority which keeps an eye on the Government. In the United States the immense majority of the nation have delegated foreign affairs to the State Department, the President, and the Senate, with a touching faith and a blind confidence in the wisdom of what is vaguely described as 'Washington.' Nor is this remark to be limited to 'the people.' The so-called 'leaders' are equally content to delegate their leadership.

To prove this statement, Mr. Madariaga refers to responses sent in by prominent people in the United States to a set of 'straightforward and essential questions on the Monroe Doctrine.' He goes on: —

The most typical answer of all came from 'the editor emeritus of a well-known religious journal.' It must be given in full: 'I do not consider that my knowledge, or that of the average American citizen, is sufficient to warrant an opinion on any of these questions, and believe that they should be left to our Governmental representatives. So far, I am well satisfied with the course of the present Administration.'

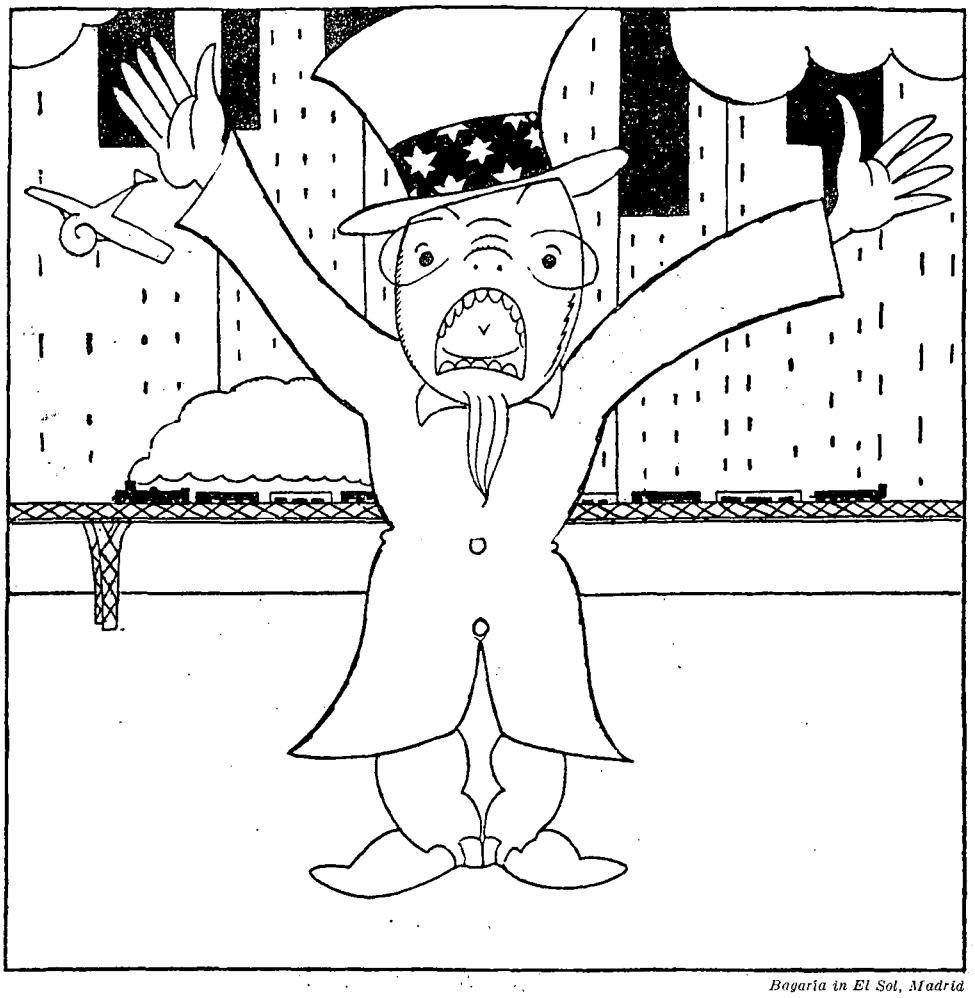
Such a pronouncement should be put alongside the impressive declaration attributed to a famous woman evangelist: 'I believe strictly in the Monroe Doctrine, in our Constitution, and in the laws of God.' Both give the Doctrine its true religious value. 'I do not know what it is. It must not be tampered with'; such are the two facts about the Doctrine in the breast of the average American citizen. They make of it a true mystery of national religion, a mystery containing two dogmas: the Dogma of the Infallibility of the American President, and the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception of American Foreign Policy.

But are we on the eve of a Reformation?

Professor Madariaga investigates in some detail the expansion of the Monroe Doctrine with particular reference to the relations of the United States and Latin America. He finds that 'suddenly, the expansive strength of the Doctrine comes to an end, and when Senator Borah, hard pressed by the orthodox Senators of the Monrovian faith, agrees to mention the Doctrine in his explanatory report on the Kellogg Pact he recedes to a line of strict self-defense, going so far as to declare — and make the Senator declare — that if and when the Doctrine "oversteps the principle of self-defense, reasonably interpreted, the right disappears, and the policy is questionable, because it then violates the rights of others." Here is a new voice. What has happened?

'Spanish America has grown restive and threatens no longer to tolerate her tutelage. This unbid-for protection is not pleasant to the nations of the South. Its strictly unilateral character offends their feeling of sovereignty. In fact, under the forms of favor and protection, the Monroe Doctrine actually cuts off the flower of sovereignty in every nation it professes to protect.' The writer then rehearses a series of events which show the attitude of those nations and of the League of Nations toward the Doctrine. He continues: —

'What is the outcome of all these events? In the aggregate, they bring home to the United States the reversal of the situation for which the Monroe Doctrine was devised. Born to erect the United States as a bulwark in defense of the American nations against Europe, it has evolved so as to drive American nations to seek in Europe a bulwark against the United States.'



Bagaria in El Sol, Madrid

UNCLE SAM REJECTS A PROPOSAL

'THE PRESS reports that Hamilton Fish, Congressional Representative from New York, suggests that a popular vote be made necessary for a declaration of war. Uncle Sam becomes excited and exclaims: "Hamilton is crazy! He believes that the people have the right to vote on war! The duty of the people is to obey, not to vote!"'

THE SENATE ANALYZED

THE ratification of the Kellogg Pact has apparently drawn attention to the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of the Senate of the United States. *L'Action Française* (Paris Royalist daily) meditates upon this subject as follows: —

The American Senate is always original. It is always independent and sovereign. There is no assembly in the world that bears so much resemblance to the Senate of the Roman Republic, just as the political activity of the American Republic makes one think of Roman politics. It possesses the inflexibility — and even the Catos — of the latter. However, no matter what we say about all this from a French point of view, it does not prevent us from having a solid admiration for so much continuity of ideas.

It is perhaps because England reserved [in signing the Pact] regions where she has vital interests that the American Senate did not wish to imitate her. The Senate copies no one. It follows no one. It did not deign to reserve the Monroe Doctrine, which is intangible, above all discussion and beyond all attack. The Senate was satisfied with declaring that it interpreted the Pact in the sense that all the principles of American policy were safeguarded. On top of that, it passed the measure providing for the great armored cruisers.

This disdain for what the world may say has grandeur. It is a sign of power. It has also its hazards, which are those of impulse and even of intoxication. All strong nations are exposed to them.

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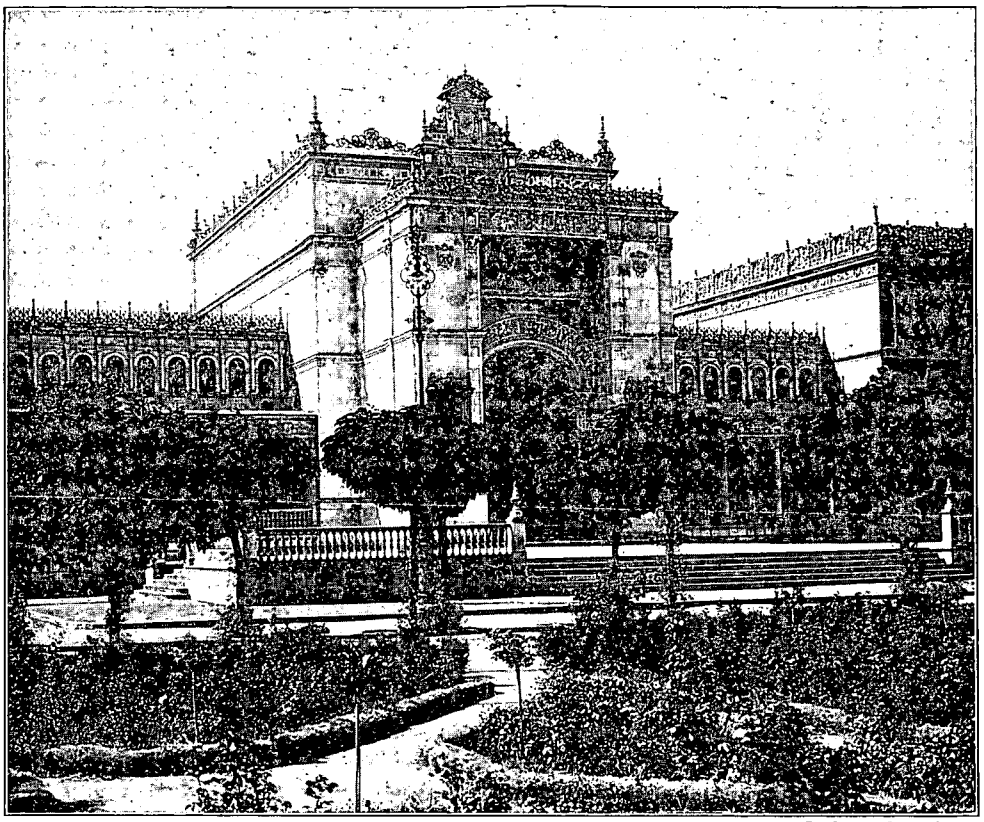
THE SEVILLE OF 1929



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THE PAVILION of Fine Arts at the Seville Exposition, one of the most charming of the many buildings which have been set up in the old city of southern Spain to delight the visitor during 1929.

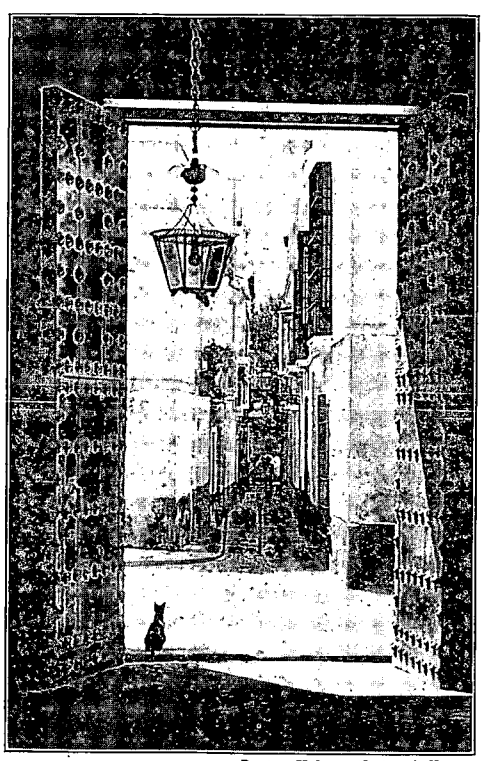
World Travel Notes

Spain and Her Two Great Expositions

SPAIN has, this spring and summer, two expositions of international significance and striking interest to the traveler. The Barcelona International Exposition, under patronage of the King, is the more gigantic undertaking. Planned before the War, its attempt to be the most important industrial exhibition Europe has ever seen is about to be consummated. May 15th is definitely set for the opening. Seville (*Quien no ha visto Sevilla no ha visto maravilla* — 'Who has not seen Seville has not seen a wonder') is the locale of the other, titled the Ibero-American Exposition. It opens on May 7th, after grievous delays and postponements. Both expositions will run until the end of the year.

To differentiate the Barcelona and Seville events in a phrase, it may be said that the former is wholly international, chiefly industrial; the latter emphasizes the fine arts of Iberian Peninsula countries (Spain and Portugal), Central and South America, and the United States (by courtesy).

Almost unspoiled by outside invasion, Spain is unlike any other European country in having maintained its own character and way of life. Modern inventions have hardly conventionalized the Spaniard, though the present expositions will take him far in that direction. In 1925, to be sure, one saw astonishing things at a San Sebastian bullfight. One expected ravishing señoritas of aristocratic families, making the traditional drive about the arena behind prancing steeds, smiling right and left, cheered by the great throng. Actually one saw ravishing señoritas of rich families, whirling around the arena in glittering brand-new Buicks, cheered enviously and rather faintly by the rabble in the stands. But Spain remains a travel adventure. Her churches and monasteries, galleries and palaces, mediæval towns and Roman ruins, Moorish art and architecture are glamorous and fascinating.



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

THE SEVILLE OF THE AGES

SIDE BY SIDE with the modern plaster façades of the exhibition buildings one sees structures of the type that the vanished Moors left behind them. A view from the main portal of the Santa Cruz Convent.

SEVILLE is one of the most charming cities of Andalusia and is also its capital. Splendid boulevards and beautiful parks are everywhere. Part of the exposition itself is in the Parque de Maria Luisa, famous for its trees and flowers. The River Guadalquivir, flowing through a wide and fruitful plain, curves around Seville. From Gibraltar as well as from Madrid, Granada, Cordoba, and Cadiz, Seville is easily accessible by rail and motor.

Of particular interest to Americans

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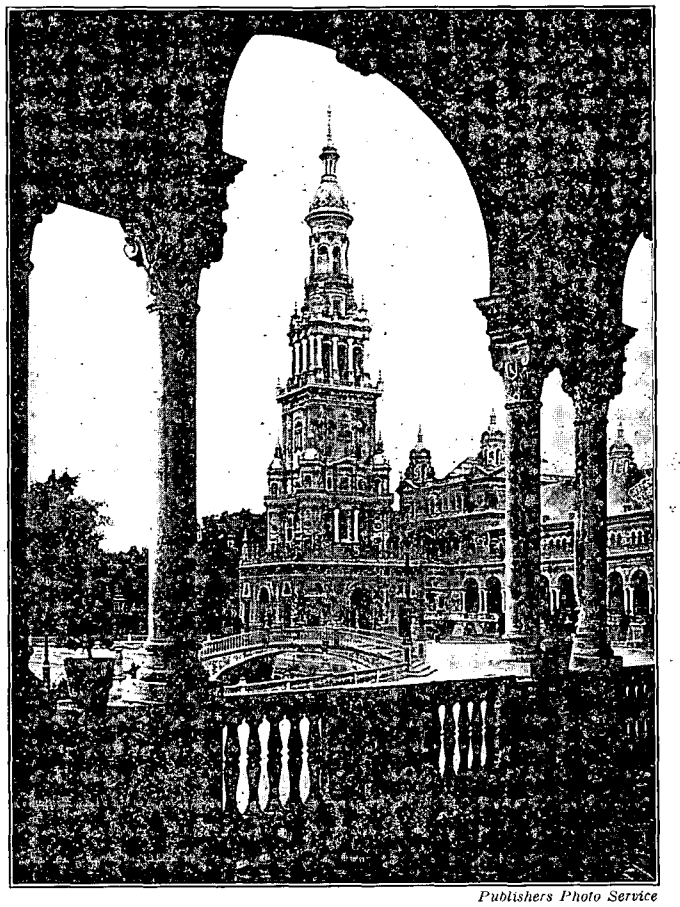
is the permanent building erected at the exposition by the United States. Representative of the best Spanish influence in American architecture, this building harmonizes with Seville's general architecture as well as with the palaces of the exposition. Afterward this structure will become the United States consulate, with living quarters, library, and study room for American students.

Art, history, and commerce are the exposition's main divisions. Seville has set aside the beautiful parks and gardens lying between the city itself and the Guadalquivir for the many palaces. Among the most interesting is the Historical Building, with exhibits relating especially to Spanish discoveries in the North and South Americas. On the *Plaza de América* are the palaces of Fine Arts and Ancient Arts and the Royal Pavilion. Near these is an exhibit of regional customs, music, and dancing of the different sections of Spain.



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A City Built for Visitors

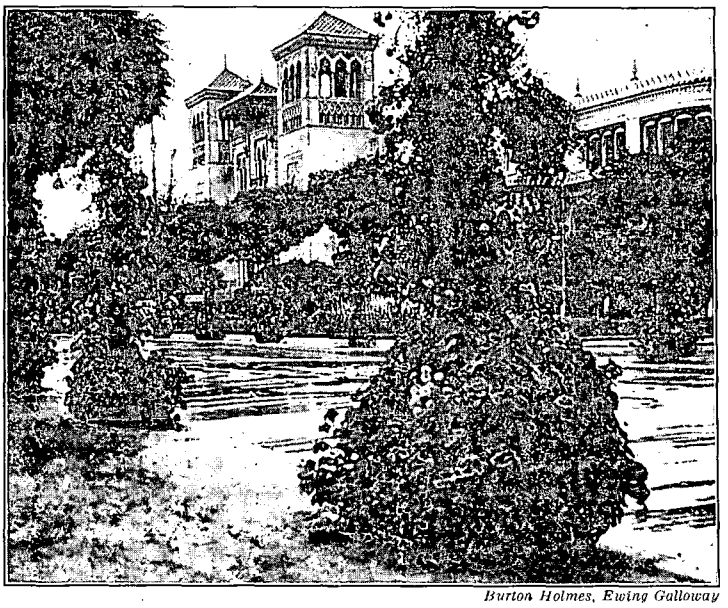
An unusual view of one corner of the grounds of the big Seville Exposition.

BARCELONA is receiving more attention than Seville, though the latter, as a city, is far richer in historical and cultural remains. Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia (which has always resented the domination of Castille and Aragon), is the most active and successful of modern Spanish cities. One wonders, as an aside, whether Barcelona was especially chosen for this International Exposition after due consideration of her vivid sense of racial and political individuality.

On the blue heights of Montjuich Park, overlooking Barcelona's sparkling harbor and the Mediterranean, stand great halls and galleries of marble and gold — palaces holding three types of display: industry, Spanish art, and sport. Though modern industrial prowess and scientific genius are exploited here, Barcelona's antiquities cannot be concealed. Her cathedral, in the old town, is one of the finest Gothic churches in Spain. Above the exposition towers the *Castillo de Montjuich*, one of the valiant Lord Peterborough's conquests in 1705.

Spain is justifiably proud of her heritage in art. The pavilion of Spanish art in the exposition shows examples from primitive times and the first colonization of Iberian soil. Then comes the Mohammedan civilization and reconquest by the Catholic monarchs. Charles V and his empire, the Golden Century and neoclassicism, inauguration in Spain of the first railway, the Romantic epoch and disturbed times of Isabella II — all are illustrated by Spain's finest art work.

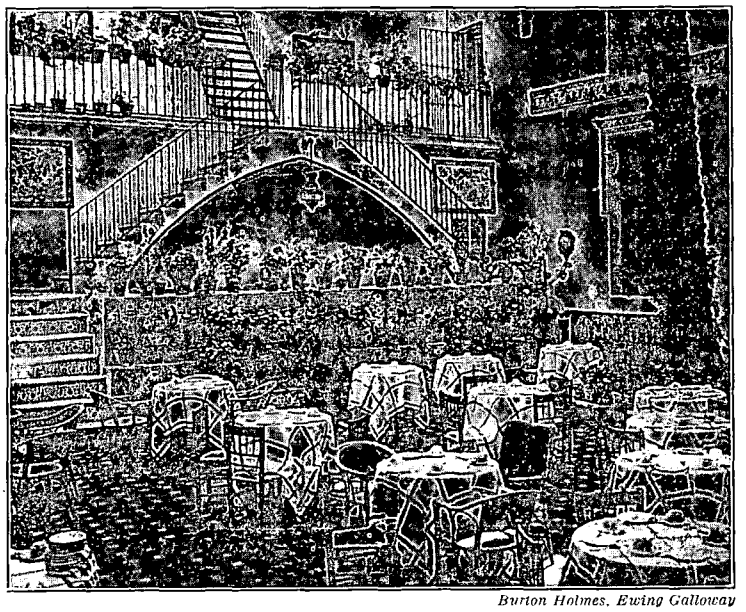
Never spectacular in any sport save bullfighting, the Spaniard is none the less giving the athletic side of life extensive consideration in the exposition. A notable feature of the new stadium is a straight track two hundred and twenty metres long. At the Wembly Exposition some years ago the track of this same length had to have its finish in a tunnel



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

Among the Green Trees of Seville

The organizers of the Seville Exposition chose one of the city's most beautiful parks in which to erect their towers of white plaster, preserving the natural beauty of shrubbery and trees.



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Sunlight, Flowers, and Bright Color

Are the characteristic accompaniments of the pleasures of the table in the better hostelries of Spain. Visitors to this summer's expositions will find excellent hotel accommodations.

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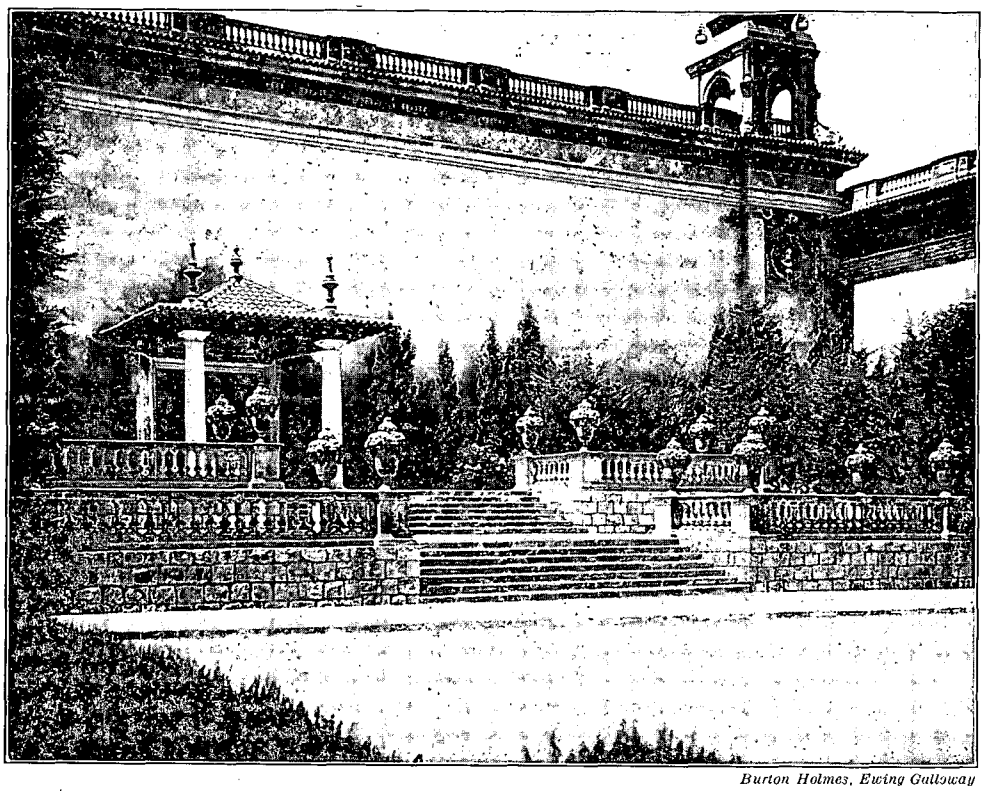


Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

FOR HIM WHO PREFERS BARCELONA

A STRIKINGLY SIMPLE GATEWAY at the Barcelona Exposition, friendly rival of the Seville Exposition for the favor of visitors from all the world.

under the grandstand. Naturally, visitors objected to having every race finish out of sight. At Barcelona the track runs along the grandstand, terminating at the podium supporting the upper galleries. Thus the finish of a race is visible to every occupant of the 60,000 stadium seats.

IN PLANNING the lighting of the Barcelona Exposition, Spanish engineers were first faced with a psychological problem: how to make an impression on the blasé public, already surfeited with spectacular movies. To arouse such a difficult audience, decided Spain's experts, one must offer something truly unique. Magnitude of display must be determined by the amount of money available. Harmony and proportion of colors is important, but no great thrill-producer by itself. Mystery, a potent element, is difficult because of the formation of the hill upon which the exposition is spread. Dark, deep experiments in the cellar of Alfonso XIII's palace finally produced an infallible plan.

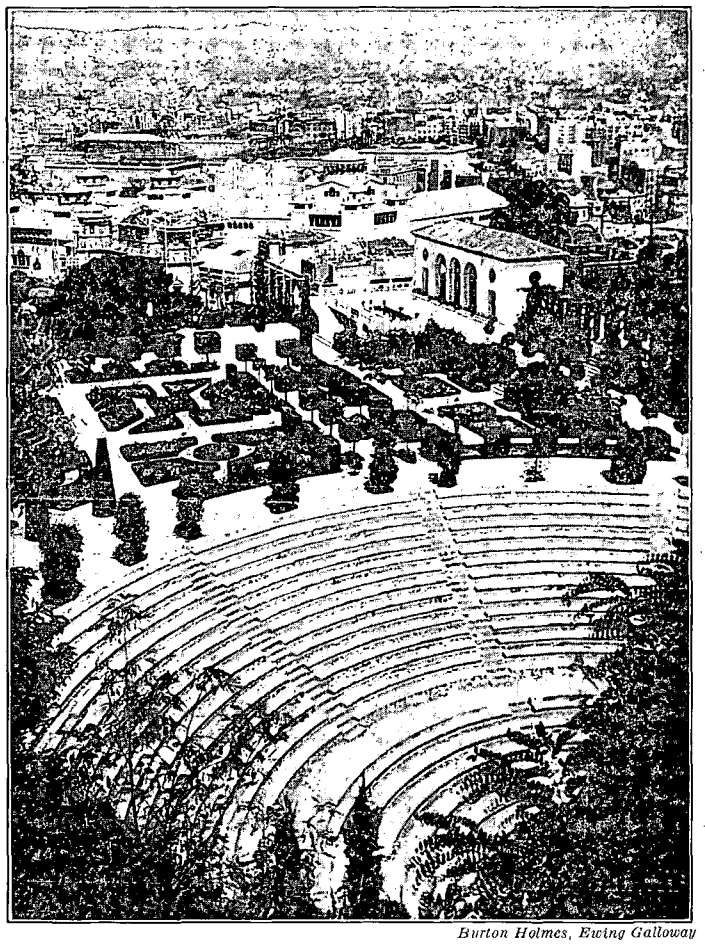
In the Plaza de Bellas Artes is a great luminous fountain, spurting thirty streams of water. Grouped in series of two, three or four, these streams permit an infinite number of light combinations, varied by means of a crown of reflectors. Those who have marveled at the Versailles fountains of a Sunday afternoon will here stand amazed at the quantity of water, intensity of illumination, and variety of forms of display.

A novel garden of luminous water occupies the centre of the Plaza Universo. Cascades running down from the Palacio Nacional flow with brilliantly illuminated water from cleverly concealed sources. Along the Avenida de América is a double line of high crystal pedestals supporting fountains; light suffuses the pedestals themselves and the water overflowing from the fountains. Here the light is decorative as well as utilitarian; combining effectively with water, glass, vegetation, and the shining façades of buildings along the way.

At night a river of fire descends from the top of Montjuich hill along the cascades. Successive waves of mingled water and light roll like luminous billows down the stretches of the Avenida de América and the Plaza de España. Above the Palacio Nacional appear soft beams of light, silhouetting the building itself. Suddenly a great fountain springs into illumination. While this blazes with swiftly changing colors, the Avenida de América glows successively with white, blue, red, and green light.

Visitors to international expositions like to know about hotel facilities before they leave home. Seville has four first-class hostelries, with many hotels barely less accomplished in caring for the discriminating traveler. For the Ibero-American Exposition two new hotels, fully equipped in the modern style, have been built directly opposite the main entrance to the exposition grounds. Already famed is the Ritz, noted for its French cuisine.

Barcelona follows, naturally, the Continental custom of *petit déjeuner*. All her citizens are members of the three-hours-for-lunch club, and offices and shops are closed from one to four o'clock. At seven the Barcelonese returns home for a brief siesta before taking his inevitable promenade on the main boulevards.



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

THE EXPOSITION GARDENS IN BARCELONA

A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN while the exposition buildings were still in process of erection.

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Every Sunday, and occasionally on Thursdays, a bullfight takes place. An almost nightly feature of Barcelona life, somewhere in the city, is the Sardana Dance. To the strains of a municipal band, from four to twenty dancers form in circular groups in the street — and shortly this old Catalonian form of whoopee is in full swing.

Bavaria, The Black Forest, and Saxony

SOUTH GERMANY is rich in exquisitely picturesque old cities of the later Middle Ages — Nürnberg, Ulm, Augsburg, Regensburg, Rothenburg. No other country in the world, probably, can show as many nobly planned and well built towns so perfectly preserving their ancient character. 'The City Time Forgot' is Rothenburg, not so ruinous or gray as its French twin, Carcassonne, yet richer in the picturesque. At Whitsuntide its blossoms cover houses that were old when Columbus discovered America. This is carnival time, when the old legend of the *Meistertrunk* is enacted by the townsfolk.

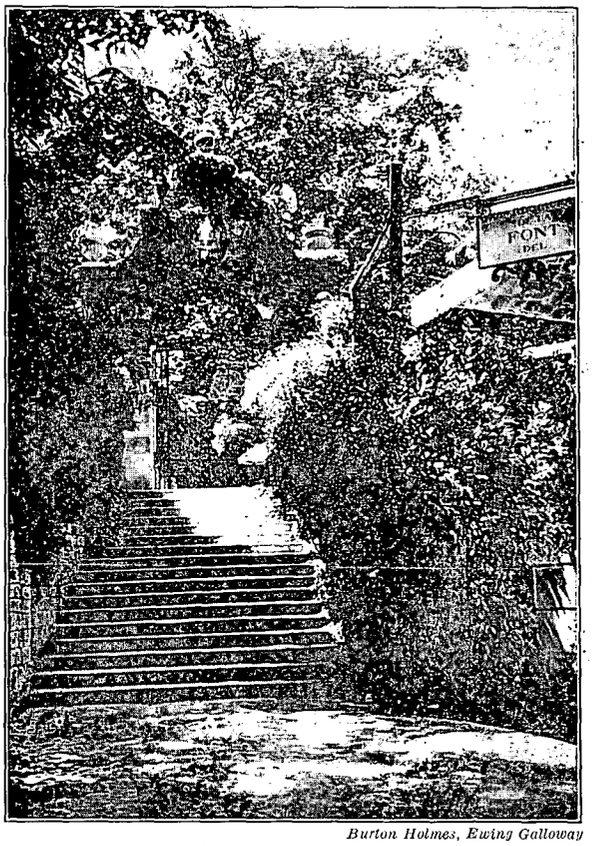
Rothenburg is besieged. General Tilly, commanding the Catholic forces in the Thirty Years' War, breaks down the burghers' magnificent defense. Burgomaster and councilors are condemned to death. There is a slight delay in carrying out the execution. Meanwhile the victorious invader, Tilly, quaffs from the Emperor's huge goblet, filled with rare vintages. Presently mellowed, he offers to spare the city if any condemned councilor can drain in one draught the three-and-a-half quart cup. Burgomaster Nusch steps forward, draws a prodigious breath. With one mighty, sighing gurgle the wine is down, the town saved. Each day at noon this virile performance is reënacted by mechanical figures that issue from behind leaded-glass windows high on the face of the Drinking Hall.

DINKELSBÜHL, smaller sister city to Rothenburg, is just 1,001 years old. Here too a double, ivy covered wall shuts off the outside world. Turrets, bastions, and gateways are overshadowed by rustling trees. On the ancient moat's calm liquid surface glide imperturbable swans. It was no capacious burgomaster who saved Dinkelsbühl from destruction, but the brave, fair daughter of the village watchman. Into the very ranks of the invaders she marched, serene. Behind her came tearful, begging children as she successfully pleaded for the safety of their beloved homes.

Far in the southern reaches of the Black Forest originates the Danube, a slender, tumbling stream there called the Brigach. At Donaueschingen the Brege trickles in; here really begins Europe's great inland waterway. A magnificent park and monument mark this birthplace of the Danube. A little farther down, but before the river is fully navigable, lies Ulm. This is not a tourist town and that is why it is a delight to the antiquarian and artist. Dormer-windowed, half-timber houses of the sixteenth century line streets whose mediæval character has never been changed.

Regensburg, still farther downstream, takes its greatest individuality from high loop-holed defense towers of heavy masonry. He who visits Regensburg, however, cannot prevent his attention from wandering at least six miles. That distance away, on a wooded hill, is Germany's Hall of Fame. It is called, appropriately, the Walhalla. Built by Louis I of Bavaria, this costly reproduction of the Parthenon is rich in colored marbles, gildings, and sculptures. More than one hundred busts of famous Germans grace its interior.

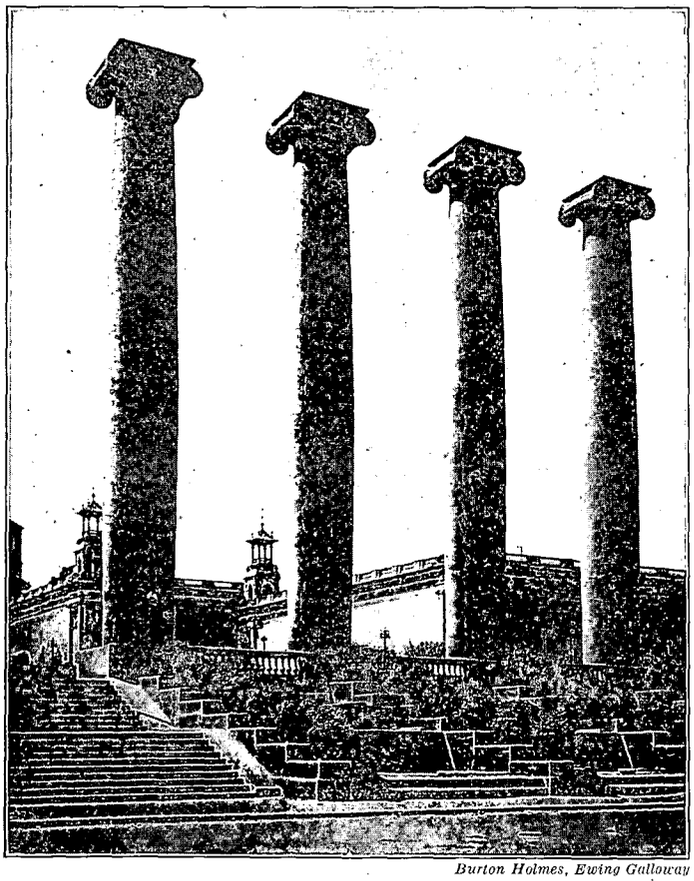
Passau stands on a high rocky peninsula formed by the confluence of the Rivers Inn and Ilz with the Danube. From one of Passau's lofty promenades, in the spring, it is a striking phenomenon to see the gray waters of the Inn, the dark brown stream of the Ilz, and the greenish-blue Danube flowing side by side in the same channel. At Passau the Danube passenger steamers have their upper terminus. Swiftly they slip down to Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and eventually the Black Sea.



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

GREEN SHRUBBERY AND WHITE BUILDINGS

THE BARCELONA EXPOSITION also boasts of splendid gardens, where old shrubbery and crumbling masonry lend a touch of archaic grace to a freshly built city.



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

GREEK COLUMNS AGAINST THE SPANISH SKY

A VIEW WITHIN the grounds of the Barcelona Exhibition, which is especially distinguished for the magnificent lighting effects that are obtained at night.

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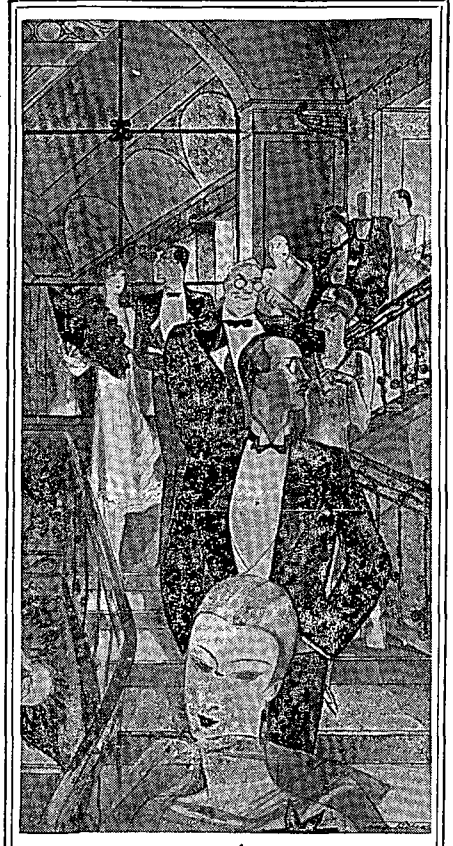

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World Travel Calendar

(Continued from page 82)

COPENHAGEN. *May* 1, Tivoli Gardens open; 11, carnival; 30, Chicago Singing Society concert; *June* 15, Flag Day processions, Mediæval Cavalcade; 26–*July* 4, Lutheran World Convention.
SORÖ. *May* 2, Folk Museum opens, exhibition of Dalsgaard paintings.

ENGLAND

ABBOTSBURY. *May* 13, Garland Day of Neptune.
ALDERSHOT. *June* 18–22, Searchlight Tattoo.
ASCOT. *June* 18–21, Ascot Race meeting.
BANBURY. *May* 14–15, Oxfordshire Agricultural Show.
BATH. *May* 9, annual dog show.
BIRMINGHAM. *June* 15, England v. South Africa First-Test Cricket Match.
BRIGHTON. *June* 12–13, Sussex County Agricultural Show.
BROOKLANDS. *May* 20, Automobile Racing Club meeting.
BUNGAY. *June* 6–7, Suffolk Agricultural Show.
BURNLEY. *May* 1, barefoot procession.
CHESTER. *May* 7–9, Chester Race meeting.
DONCASTER. *May* 31–*June* 1, Spring Race meeting.
DOUGLAS (ISLE OF MAN). *June* 10, 12, 14, Tourist Trophy Motorcycle Races.
DUNSTABLE. *June* 20, Bedfordshire Agricultural Show.
EASTBOURNE. *May* 11–15, Convention of Master Printers of Great Britain and Ireland.
EPSOM. *June* 5, Derby Stakes Races; 6, Coronation Cup Races; 7, Oaks Stakes Races.
GLOUCESTER. *June* 4–6, Three Counties Agricultural Show.
HANLEY. *May* 8–19, National Trades Exhibition.
HARWICH. *May* 25–27, Harwich Regatta.
HATFIELD. *June* 27, Hertfordshire Agricultural Show.
HENDON. *June* 29, Annual Aërial Pageant.
HULL. *May* 28–*June* 1, Music Festival.
HURLINGHAM. *May* 20, Hurlingham v. Indian Army Polo Matches; *June* 14, Polo Pony Show; 24–29, Championship Cup Polo Matches.
ILFORD. *May* 20, competition for the Dunmow Flitch.
KEMPTON PARK. *May* 10, Grand Jubilee Handicap.
KNUTSFORD. *May* 1, Maypole Dances.
LEAMINGTON. *June* 15, 19–22, Music Festival.
LEICESTER. *June* 14–15, Leicestershire Agricultural Show.
LONDON. *May* 6, Royal Academy Art Exhibition opens; 7, Terrier Show, Olympia; 8–9, Ladies' Kennel Association Dog Show; 18, Windsor–London Marathon for world championship; 22–24, Chelsea Flower Show; 23–*June* 8, Royal Tournament Olympia; *June* 6, Royal Horticultural Society Show opens; 20–29, International Horse Show at Olympia; 29, England v. South Africa, second test cricket match at Lords.
LYNN. *June* 19, Royal Norfolk Agricultural Show.
MANCHESTER. *May* 22–25, Manchester Race meeting.
MINEHEAD. *May* 1, Hobbyhorse Parade.
MORECAMBE. *May* 2–4, Music Festival.
NEWARK. *May* 14–15, Agricultural Show.
NEWCASTLE. *June* 14–19, Advertising Association Convention.
NEWMARKET. *May* 14–16, Second Spring Race meeting.
OXFORD. *June* 7–8, Oxford v. Cambridge Tennis Matches.
PENZANCE. *June* 12–13, Royal Cornwall Agricultural Show.
PRESTWICH. *May* 27, Amateur Golf Championship.
RICHMOND. *June* 13–15, Richmond Royal Horse Show.
RIPON. *May* 10–11, horse races.
ROEHAMPTON. *May* 13–25, Whitney Cup Polo Matches; 27–*June* 1, Open Challenge Polo Cup Matches; *June* 3–8, Roehampton Cup Polo Matches; 10–15, Junior Championship Polo Matches.
SANDWICH. *May* 6, Open Golf Championship; 25, Scotland v. England Golf Tournament; 27, British Open Amateur Golf Championship begins.
SHREWSBURY. *May* 29–30, Shropshire and West Midland Agricultural Show.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA. *May* 29–30, Regatta.
SOUTHAMPTON. *May* 29–*June* 1, Royal Counties Agricultural Show.
STAFFORD. *June* 12–13, Staffordshire Agricultural Show.
SWINDON. *May* 22–25, Bath, West, and Southern Counties Agricultural Show.
WIMBLEDON. *June* 24–*July* 6, All-England Tennis Championships.
WISHFORD. *May* 29, Oak-Apple Day (Old English Revel).
WITHAM. *June* 12–13, Essex Agricultural Show.
YARMOUTH. *May* 22–23, Yarmouth Races.
YORK. *June* 13, Agricultural Show.

FINLAND

HELSINGFORS. *May* 16, Liberty Day Parade.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *May*, 15, Jeanne d'Arc Day; 30, *Fête Dieu*.
AMERICAN WAR CEMETERIES. *May* 30, Decoration Day ceremonies.
ARLES. *May* 1–30, exhibition and fair.
AUXERRE. *May* 1–30, exhibition and fair.
BESANÇON. *May* 11–20, exhibition and fair.
CAMARET (FINISTÈRE). *June* 16, Pardon (Fête of the Sea).
CROZON (FINISTÈRE). *June* 30, Pardon (St. Pierre).
ÎLE DE LA CARMAGUE. *May* 24–25, Festival of the Holy Maries, Benediction of the Sea (gipsy religious fête).
ÎLE DE GROIX (MORBIHAN). *June* 24, Blessing of the Sea.
LAVAL. *May* 27–*June* 3, exhibition and fair.
LE FAOUËT (MORBIHAN). *June* 30, Pardon.
LIMOGES. *May* 21–*June* 2, exhibition and fair.
LOCMINÉ (MORBIHAN). *June* 30–*July* 2, Great Pardon.
MARSAL. *June* 11, St. Amable's Day.
MARSEILLES. *June* 16, Festival of the Sacred Heart.
MONCONTOUR (CÔTES-DU-NORD). *May* 25–27, torchlight and bagpipe procession (Pardon).
MONTFORT L'AMAURY. *June* 30, Pardon.
NARBONNE. *May* 5, exhibition and fair.
NIORT. *May* 1–8, exhibition and fair.
ORLÉANS. *May* 5–20, 500th Anniversary of Deliverance of the City by Jeanne d'Arc.
PARIS. *May* 1, National Society of Fine Arts Exhibition of Paintings; 1–31, Horticultural Show; 3, 7, 10, 14, 17, 21, 24, 28, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra; 11–26, International Sample Fair; 19–20, National Aëronautic Meet at Vincennes; *June* 2, *Prix de Diane* Horse Races at Chantilly; 9, *Prix du Jockey Club* Horse Races at Chantilly; 19–22, International Congress of Scientific Organization of Work (scientific management of industry) — meetings, speeches, moving pictures, visits to factories following final date; 28, 'Drags' Races, Auteuil; 30, *Grand Prix* Horse Races at Longchamp.
PLOUARET (FINISTÈRE). *May* 26, Pardon.
PLOUESCAT (FINISTÈRE). *May* 20, Pardon of Notre Dame de Kerzéan.
PLOUGASTEL-DAOULAS. *June* 29, Pardon of the 'White Fountain.'
POITIERS. *May* 1–31, exhibition and fair.
PULIGNY-MONTRACHET. *May* 18–20, Fair of Agriculture, Viticulture, and Burgundy Wines.
QUIMPERLÉ (FINISTÈRE). *May* 20, Pardon of the Birds.

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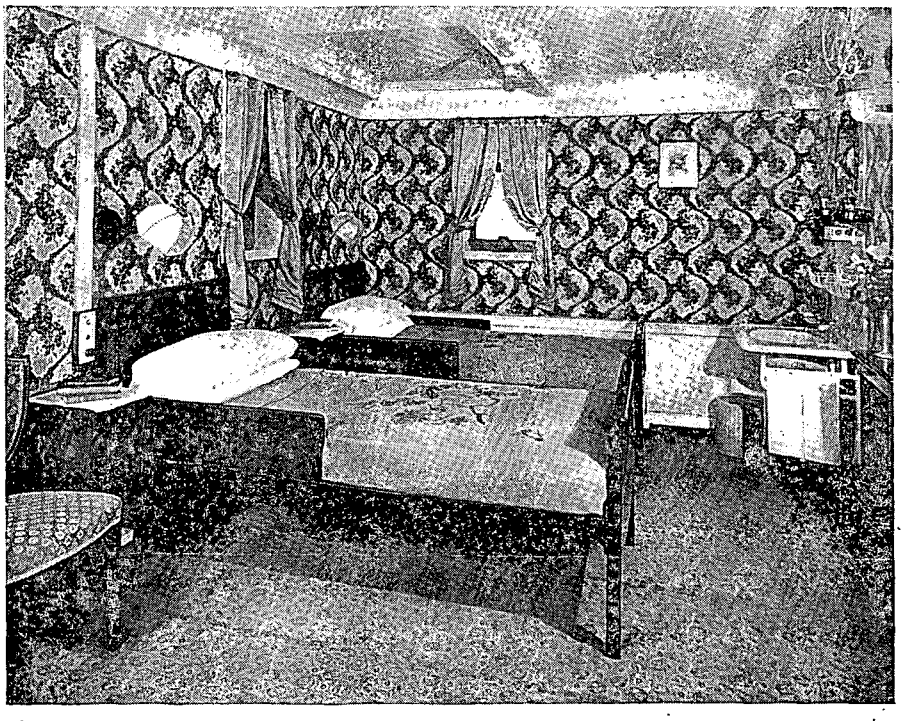
ROUEN. *May* 15, Festival of Jeanne d'Arc; 16–20, Agricultural Show.
RUMENGOL (FINISTÈRE). *May* 26, Pardon of the Ministrels (songs by popular Breton bards).
ST.-BRIEUC. *May* 31, Pardon (torchlight procession).
ST. ELOI (CÔTES-DU-NORD). *May* 23, Pardon of horses.
ST.-ELOI (FINISTÈRE). *June* 24, Pardon of horses.
ST.-HERBOT (FINISTÈRE). *May* 24, Pardon (peasants make offerings of tufts of hair taken from tails of cattle).
ST.-JEAN-DU-DOIGT (FINISTÈRE). *June* 23–24, Midsummer's Day continuation of Sun Worship tradition; huge bonfires set alight by rope fuses hung from church spires.
TOURS. *May* 10–20, exhibition and fair.
TRÉBOUL. *June* 23, Pardon of Saint Jean.
TRÉGUIER (CÔTES-DU-NORD). *May* 19, Pardon of Saint Yves.
VINCENNES. *May* 19, National Aëronautic Meet.

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *June* 23, St. John's Eve (Midsummer Fêtes).
ARNSTADT. *May* 21–23, Congress of Associations of Mathematical and Nature Societies.
BAD EMS. *May* 19, tennis tournament.
BAD NAUHEIM. *May* 2–*September* 15, operatic and choral concerts; *May* 9, symphony concert; 23, symphony concert; *June* 13, symphony concert.
BADEN-BADEN. *May* 1–8, Symphonichaus Society and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra concerts; 4, dancing tournament; *June* 19–24, automobile tournament.
BERLIN. *May* 3, 'Spring Week' opens; 12, Henckel Races (Hoppegarten); 12, sailing regatta, Templin Lake; 18–25, Templin Week; 20, Jubilee Prize Races (Hoppegarten); 25, Scharmuetzel Lake Week opens; 26, sailing regatta, Rummelsburg Lake; 27, Philharmonic Orchestra concert, Furtwaengler conducting; 28, Max Reinhardt production of Gerhart Hauptmann's new drama; *June* 2, Hindenburg Races (Hoppegarten); 3, 'Golden Gallery' of Charlottenburg Castle opens; 9, Union Races (Hoppegarten); 9, sailing regatta, 'Round the Mueggel Mountains'; 16, sailing regatta, Zern Lake; 20, symphony concert, United Berlin and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; 22–23, sailing regatta, 'Round Potsdam.'
BRANDENBURG. *June* 29–30, Aquatic Sports.
BREMEN. *May* 31–*June* 2, Meeting of Reichsverband of German Press.
BRESLAU. *May* 1–30, Technical and Building Trades Fair.
BRUCHSAL. *June* 15–17, Palace Concerts.
COLOGNE. *May* 1–*August* 31, Exhibit of Old Russian Ecclesiastical Art and Treasure of Cologne Museum; *June* 25, Rhine Week opens.
CUXHAVEN & BREMERHAVEN. *May* 17–24, North Sea Week.
DRESDEN. *May* 15–*September* 30, Exhibit of Tourist Equipment; *June* 8–9, Saxon Rowing Society Regatta.
DÜSSELDORF. *May* 20–25, Lower Rhenish Music Festival; *June* 25, Rhine Week opens.
EISENACH. *May* 26–27, Vienna Burg Theatre performances.
FLENSBURG. *June* 16, Nordmark Races.
FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. *May* 20, Rugby Meet; 21, German Rugby Championship; 30, German Esperanto Society meeting.
HAMBURG. *May* 12, Grand Prize of Hamburg Races; 29, German Architects' and Engineers' Congress opens; *June* 9, Regatta on Lower Elbe; 30, German Derby.
HANOVER. *May* 25–*June* 1, Steinhuder Spring Week; *June* 1–30, Dog Show.
HEIDELBERG. *May* 21, Music Festival, direction of Dr. Furtwaengler.
JENA. *May* 29–*June* 2, Brahms Festival.
KARLSRUHE. *June* 16, rowing competitions.
KIEL. *June* 20, International Regattas.



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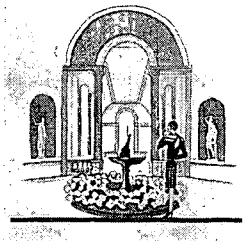

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KOLBERG. *June* 23, seashore motorcycle races.
KÖNIGSBERG. *May* 12, 29, Riding and Driving Tournament; 16, Congress of Ear, Nose, and Throat Specialists; *June* 9, 16, 23, Riding and Driving Tournament; 21–*August* 15, exhibition (wood).
LEIPZIG. *June* 8–10, Bach Festival and Congress of New Bach Society.
LICHTENSTEIN. *May* 20, Peasants' Dances and Illuminations, Nebelhöhle Cavern.
MAGDEBURG. *May* 21, Congress of German Geographers.
MAINZ. *May* 19, Aviation Meet; *June* 25, Rhine Week opens.
MANNHEIM. *May* 1–31, Fair of German Inventions and Novelties; 5, 7, 9, 12, spring races.
MARIENBURG. *June* 22–24, Historical Festival Plays.
MEISSEN. *June* 2–9, Millenial Celebration of Meissen.
MUNICH. *May* 19–28, Motorcycle Cross-Country Races; *June* 4–9, Agricultural Exposition.
NEUENAHR. *May* 4, International Hockey Tournament.
NÜRNBERG. *May* 1–*July* 31, Art Exhibit; *June* 29–*July* 1, Nürnberg Singers' Festival.
POTSDAM. *May* 4–21, Water Sports Exposition; 7, general meeting of Kaiser Wilhelm Society.
REGENSBURG. *June* 29–30, Riding and Driving Tournament.
ROTHENBURG. *May* 18–20, Festival Play (*Der Meistertrunk*) and Shepherds' Dances.
SCHREIBERHAU. *June* 23–29, Johannes and Costume Festival.
STETTIN. *June* 1–*July* 15, Exhibit, 'Technique and the Home.'
STRALSUND. *May* 19–20, Riding and Driving Tournaments.
STUTTGART. *May* 13–*June* 30, International Photography Exhibit; *May* 15, Institute of Technology Jubilee.
WERNIGERODE. *June* 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, Festival Plays (Market Square in front of Mediæval Town Hall).
WIESBADEN. *May* 8–12, Automobile Tournament.
WÜNSIEDEL. *June* 30–*September* 2, Open air plays of Bavarian State Theatre, Luisenburg Castle.
WÜRZBURG. *June* 22–28, Mozart Festival.

GREECE

DELPHI. *May*, whole month, Delphic Festival, ancient drama, athletic games, handicraft exhibits, popular and ecclesiastical music, folk dancing.

HAWAII

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *May* 1, Lei Day.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. *May* 9, University Rowing Races.
BERGEN-AAN-ZEE. *May* 20, Horse Show.
BREDA. *May* 9, Horse Show.
THE HAGUE. *May* 10–*June* 3, Hungarian Exhibition.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. *May* 1–*October* 31, International Exhibition of Balneology and Touring; *May* 4–13, International Fair; 12, Motorcycle *Grand Prix*, King's Trophy Horse Races; 19, International Dog Show; *June* 15–16, Hungarian Automobile Club Race.

ICELAND

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *June* 5, Constitution Day.

IRELAND

BELFAST. *May* 29–31, Royal Ulster Agricultural Show.
CLONMEL (COUNTY TIPPERARY). *May* 3, Powerstown Park Races.
COUNTY DUBLIN. *May* 4, Leopardstown Races.
COUNTY KERRY. *May* 9, Tralee Races.
COUNTY KILDARE. *May* 18, Naas Races.
COUNTY KILKENNY. *June* 13, Gowran Park Races.
COUNTY LIMERICK. *May* 22, Limerick Junction Races; *June* 28, Limerick Junction Races.
COUNTY WESTMEATH. *June* 3, Mullingar Races.
CURRAGH. *May* 29, Irish 2,000-Guinea Race; *June* 26, Irish Derby.
DUBLIN. *May* 8–12, Agricultural Show; *June* 17, Irish Close Amateur Golf Championship at Dollymount.
KINGSTOWN (COUNTY DUBLIN). *June* 12–13, Regatta.

ITALY

BENEVENTO. *June* 30, Feast of Our Lady of the Graces.
FLORENCE. *May* 5, 9, 12, Gallop Races; 23, Festival of the Flowers; 25, Grillo Festival; *June* 9, International Motor Race; 23, St. John's Eve, fireworks and bareback horse races; 24, St. John's Day, chariot races and illuminations.
GENOA. *June* 24, Relics of St. John carried in procession.
GUBBIO. *May* 15, Candle Feast.
MESSINA (SICILY). *May* 12, International Auto Races; *June* 3, Festival of the Madonna della Lettera.
MILAN. *May* 2–31, Gallop Races, San Siro Hippodrome; 3, Holy Cross Relics procession; 5, Grand Ambrosiano Race; 26, International Horse Races for Grand Prize of Italy; *June* 1, Gallop Races, Mirafiori Hippodrome; 11, St. Barnabas Festival; 16, Grand Prize International Race.
MONZA. *May* 1–*October* 31, International Exhibition of Decorative Arts; *May* 19, International Auto Races.
NAPLES. *May* 1, Miracle Festival of St. Januarius.

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ORVIETO. *May* 19, Festival of the Palombella; 23, Festival of the Wood Pigeons; 30, Corpus Domini Procession.
PALERMO (SICILY). *May* 5, International Auto Races.
PERUGIA. *May* 4, festival.
ROME. *May* 2, Royal Derby; 2–31, Gallop Races, Capannelle Hippodrome; 3, Holy Cross exposed at San Croce; 6–8, Rogation Days processions; 12, Ellington Prize Races; 19, International Motorcycle Race for Royal Prize; 26, Albano Prize Horse Races; 26, International Auto Races, Grand Royal Prize; *June* 2, Gallop Races, Capannelle Hippodrome; 13, St. Anthony of Padua Festival; 29, Exhibition of St. Peter's Relics at the Lateran.
TIVOLI. *May* 8, Festival of San Michele.
TRIESTE. *May* 30, Corpus Christi Festival.
TURIN. *May* 12, 19, 22, 26, 30, Gallop Races, Mirafiori Hippodrome; *June* 2, horse races, Prince of Piedmont Prize and Gold Cup; 9, horse races; 23, Critorium Prize Races; 30, International Prize Races.

LATVIA

RIGA. *May* 1, anniversary celebration of opening of Constitutional Assembly; *June* 1, International Yachting Races; 29, School Fêtes and Folk Dances.

MONACO

MONTE CARLO. *June* 30, automobile races (*Grand Prix* of French Automobile Club).

NORWAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *May* 17, Independence Day; *June* 23, St. John's Eve (Midsummer Fêtes).
NORTH CAPE. *May* 16–*August* 1, Midnight Sun remains above horizon.
OSLO. *June* 29–*July* 3, International Regattas.

POLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *May* 3, Constitution Day.
POZNAN. *May* 3, International Hockey Matches; 15–*October* 1, General International Exhibition; *June* 2, International Hockey and Football Matches.
WARSAW. *June* 2, Swimming Championships.

SCOTLAND

AYR. *May* 17–18, Ayr Races.
EDINBURGH. *May* 15–23, Music Festival.
GLASGOW. *May* 7, Glasgow Agricultural Show; *June* 28–*July* 9, 'Clyde Fortnight' Regatta.
ST. ANDREWS. *May* 13, Ladies' Open Golf Championship begins.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *May* 2, *Dos de Mayo;* 15, St. Isidore's Day; 30, Corpus Christi festival, solemn processions at Barcelona and Madrid.
ALGECIRAS. *June* 2–9, Fair and Bull Fights.
BARCELONA. *May* 1–11, International Automobile and Cycle Show; 15, International Exposition opens; *June* 24, St. John's Day Festival.
MADRID. *May* 2, Independence Day.
SEVILLE. *May* 30, Fiesta of Corpus Christi and the dance of the Seises.
VALENCIA. *May* 10–25, International Sample Fair.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *June* 6, Flag Day; 23, St. John's Eve (Midsummer Fêtes).
GOTHENBURG. *May* 1–31, Swedish Industries Fair.
LANDSKRONA. *June* 14, Jubilee Exhibition of Association of Crafts and Industry.
MALMÖ. *May* 5, 12, 19, 26, horse races at Jagersro; *June* 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, horse races.
NAAS. *June* 24, Maypole and Costume Dances.
SKANNINGE. *June* 20–*July* 25, Art Crafts and Industrial Exhibition.
STOCKHOLM. *May* 5, 12, 19, 26, horse races at Ulriksdal; 26, relay races; *June* 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, horse races; 6, Flag Day Festival; 8–9, International Regatta.
VÄSTERÅS. *June* 20–*July* 31, Craft and Industry Exhibition.

SWITZERLAND

AARAU. *May* 26, horse races.
AIGLE. *May* 4, Cantonal Singing Festival opens.
CHUR. *May* 9, popular festival.
COLOMBIER. *May* 9, horse races.
DISENTIS. *May* 5, 'People's Parliament.'
FRAUENFELD. *May* 18, horse races.
FRIBOURG. *June* 1–*September* 30, daily organ recitals at Cathedral.
GENEVA. *May* 12, Cavalry Society Horse Races.
LEOCHE-SPA. *May* 15, season opens.
LUCERNE. *May* 11, fireworks and illumination; 12, festival at William Tell's Chapel; 25, International Tennis Tournament; *June* 16, Mountain Automobile Race; 22, International Rowing Regattas; 29, Venetian Night Illuminations.
MONTREUX. *June* 1–2, Narcissus Festival.
MORGES. *June* 2, horse races.
TRIENT. *June* 26, Festival of St. Vigilius.
YVERDON. *June* 30, horse races.
ZÜRICH. *May* 5, 12, horse races.

WALES

TENBY. *May* 27, Welsh Ladies' Golf Championship.

YUGOSLAVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *June* 28, Vidovdan.

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World Business

The Reign of Gold

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

NEVER has the reign of gold in world affairs been better demonstrated than in the problems which have dominated the first months of 1929.

Money power has become the connecting link between the worlds of politics and economics. It is the nexus between the politics of German reparations and the economic solution of the problem through loan flotations. It is the bond between the politics of the Federal Reserve monetary policy, the bull market in Wall Street, and the difficulties confronting the financial centres of Europe. It is the golden thread by means of which Balkan politics and stabilization loans are bound together in the enforcement of peace.

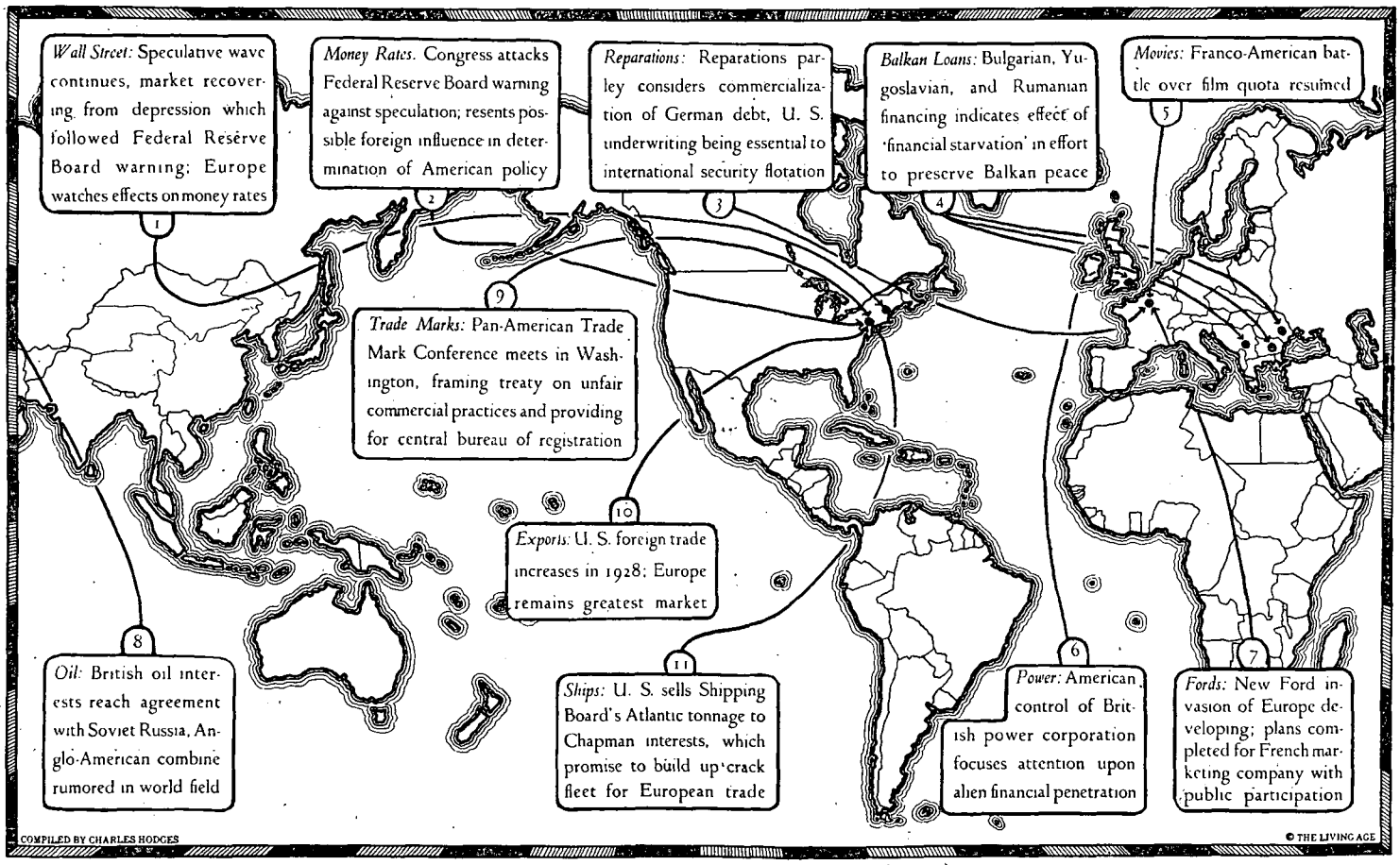
Gold presents a fascinating paradox. It is a kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde power in world life. The essentially cosmopolitan interaction of the world's money markets, whether in dollars, francs, or pounds sterling, perforce binds all the financial centres in a common destiny. It obliges nations to take a more and more international outlook and to act for the general weal. Yet uncompromising nationalism has never had a more formidable ally than finance. Wherever the money power of nations has not been led into the path of international coöperation, economic nationalism is rampant, and national money power buttresses monopoly against the world, strengthens trade barriers, and breaches the market defenses of the weaker states.

More and more to-day, the leading nations, who are the virtual trustees of world power, have to choose between the enlightened international coöperation that leads toward a peace based on the good will of peoples, and competitive nationalistic policies which inevitably engender friction. International bankers have a unique responsibility — they look out upon the two worlds of finance and politics, and they possess the supreme power of life and death over nations.

1. The American Midas

Everything that Wall Street touches, bewildered Europeans are coming to believe, turns to American gold. London, Paris, and Berlin, not to mention Rome and Amsterdam, have come to recognize that the transatlantic bull market has back of it staying qualities that defy economic forecast. The chief factor in this financial education of the Old World has been Wall Street's recovery from the Federal Reserve warning on over-extended brokers' loans early in February. The significance of the market break which followed has not been due to the spectacular 19-point decline which it involved.

The truly significant and fundamentally important thing was the recovery which followed. Notwithstanding the increasing pressure due to dearer money, the American public has continued bullish in a new speculative wave which came rolling in with the 'Hoover inaugural market.'


1 *Wall Street:* Speculative wave continues, market recovering from depression which followed Federal Reserve Board warning; Europe watches effects on money rates
2 *Money Rates.* Congress attacks Federal Reserve Board warning against speculation; resents possible foreign influence in determination of American policy
3 *Reparations:* Reparations parley considers commercialization of German debt, U. S. underwriting being essential to international security flotation
4 *Balkan Loans:* Bulgarian, Yugoslavian, and Rumanian financing indicates effect of 'financial starvation' in effort to preserve Balkan peace
5 *Movies:* Franco-American battle over film quota resumed
6 *Power:* American control of British power corporation focuses attention upon alien financial penetration
7 *Fords:* New Ford invasion of Europe developing; plans completed for French marketing company with public participation
8 *Oil:* British oil interests reach agreement with Soviet Russia, Anglo-American combine rumored in world field
9 *Trade Marks:* Pan-American Trade Mark Conference meets in Washington, framing treaty on unfair commercial practices and providing for central bureau of registration
10 *Exports:* U. S. foreign trade increases in 1928; Europe remains greatest market
11 *Ships:* U. S. sells Shipping Board's Atlantic tonnage to Chapman interests, which promise to build up crack fleet for European trade
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2. Congress Questions Money Rates

To Congress, with its well-known fear of foreign influences' affecting the United States, the Federal Reserve action seemed to have a very British savor. The visit of the Governor of the Bank of England, Montagu Norman, was seized on as an explanation of the Federal Reserve's action. Great Britain, it was emphatically asserted, found the American situation a menace, either because of the threat of indefinite gold drainage across the Atlantic or the fear that it might become necessary to increase London's bank rate and thus add to Britain's business difficulties. Obviously, Washington's move against what it called the speculative use of the ample supply of commercial credit available for American business at reasonable rates must have had certain international considerations in the background.

At any rate, the Federal Reserve pronouncement was so timed that it practically synchronized with the Bank of England's sudden advance of the British discount rate, rather than with the moment when it would least affect the New York Stock Exchange. Both the Senate and the House of Representatives thereupon began to air their views on Capitol Hill. Two lines of attack appeared: the Heflin Resolution in the upper chamber calling for Federal Reserve plans to put a definite end to speculation; and the Black Resolution in the House, asking pointed questions as to the possible bearing of the Norman visit on Washington's financial policies.

The upshot has been to create very confused conditions in the international money market. In America, Wall Street has hurdled the speculative barrier in spite of the utter pessimism of Lombard Street. In London, the bank advance has helped for the moment because it attracts capital from the Continent to make up for the gold loss overseas, which has been temporarily halted. Germany, however, would appear to be adversely affected. Money has tightened in Berlin because of the Reichsbank's effort to prevent gold exports.

3. Underwriting the Reparations

This leads inevitably to a sharp division of opinion in the United States which promises much greater interest in the near future.

The present financial significance of the Reparations Parley may be summed up in two statements. First, the Paris meeting has indicated very clearly that we are to have an international flotation to clear up part of the German obligations. Secondly, the Germans regard continued large-scale borrowing abroad by Teutonic enterprise as essential to the stability of the Reich, quite apart from the fiscal considerations underlying reparations. Primarily, both are dependent on American fiscal policies.

Now one undercurrent of the American resentment against the Federal Reserve gesture may be discerned in the debate that has begun over the exact relation between the American and foreign money centres of the world. Here again, the financial interests of the Atlantic seaboard would appear to be coming into conflict with the rest of the country, which is far less conscious of what has been happening in Europe. The crux of the question may be briefly stated thus: we must recognize the world-wide intertwining of national financial interests and their manifest international consequences. American needs may differ greatly from those of our neighbors. How far, then, should America's interests, when in conflict with transatlantic trends, be sacrificed to bring conformity? This discussion has gone so far that one fact may be stated bluntly: the Federal Reserve assault on what it regards as speculation — though a 'new' school of American financiers says it is just our kind of prosperity — is to prepare the way for international financial operations which will require some hundreds of millions of our dollars.

4. Money Talks in the Balkans

The constructive power of money stands out clearly in recent Balkan developments. While the full significance of the Anglo-French warning to Bulgaria some months ago was covered up by the political fireworks of the Macedonian autonomist movement, we are now told that flotation of the League-backed reconstruction loan was conditioned on governmental changes. These included the resignation of Minister of War Vulkoff and the genuine coöperation of Bulgaria with the Great Powers in their endeavor to strengthen Yugoslavia against Italy. The political house-cleaning in a neighboring state, Rumania, likewise is ascribed to financial pressure. Here, the Brătianu dictatorship collapsed from financial starvation, due to the opposition's effort to impugn the integrity of the régime as a borrower. The French, following their post-War policy of supporting their Eastern European allies, have sponsored the $100,000,000 underwriting signed in Paris. The largest share was taken by the Swedish Match Company, the United States taking one-sixth and the balance being widely distributed abroad from France to Czechoslovakia.

5. The Silent Drama

With the truce between French film interests and American motion picture producers ending, the battle of the silent drama has been resumed. Any solution now reached will probably be final.

The French film-licensing year began March first. American films, having exhausted their quota under the Hays agreement reached last year, face most drastic cuts. Unless the proposed restrictive policy is modified, the French market will be without the American films that the exhibitors of France, in opposition to the indifferently successful producers, declare are necessary to fill the cinema houses. The gist of the situation lies in the fact that the French producers cannot get from their own bankers the backing they need; hence the new line of attack is to force the American film industry literally to finance its rivals under penalty of market exclusion. Though the French say, 'What is a million dollars to Hollywood?' the Americans dislike the larger implications of the whole situation. They object, in short, to the frankly discriminative policy of European countries and the effort to set up restrictions which look suspiciously like violations of the Geneva convention on trade obstruction.

6. Alien Super-Power

The further extension of American financial interests in Britain, now entering the field of electric power, has aroused our transatlantic neighbors. The purchase by the Utilities, Power and Light Corporation of a $150,000,000 British concern which will serve some ninety-five cities appeared at first sight to strike at the homes of millions of Englishmen. Even when it was learned that British business men like Lord Birkenhead would be associated with the project, criticism continued. But, in the United States, it is emphasized that the dollars supplied are not intended to shift actual operations into alien hands, and that the project is a mutually profitable financial undertaking.

7. New Fords Abroad

Having achieved reorganization at home, the Ford interests now are prepared to press once again the battle of motors abroad. As in the formation of the British Ford Company, the Ford enterprise in France will make a stock offering to the public. The French operations, however, are based upon import-

(*Continued on page 156*)

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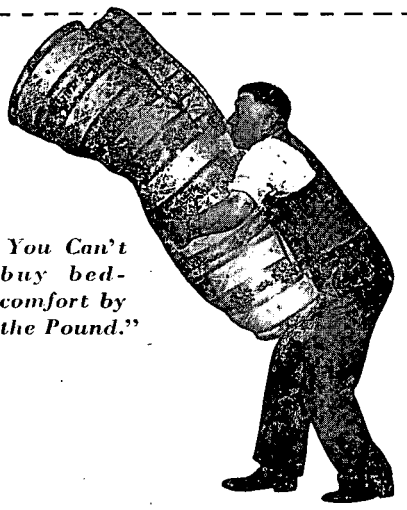

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Travel Books

To anyone addressing himself to the Travel Editor, THE LIVING AGE, 280 Broadway, New York City, any desired information about travel books and travel bibliographies will be gladly given.

ROVING YEARS. *By Sidney Walter Powell. New York: The John Day Company. 1929. $2.50.*

The personal record of eighteen years of colorful wandering by an English novelist. Mr. Powell, beginning his chronicle with the year 1901, carries it through the end of the War to 1919, after he had been wounded while fighting in the Gallipoli campaign. His adventures lead him at various times and by various stages and employments through South Africa, Australia, the South Seas, and Asia Minor. The book makes swift, informative reading, and is enhanced in dramatic interest by a craftsmanlike selective process in the details of the narrative.

TRAVEL AND SPORT IN MANY LANDS. *By P. M. Stewart. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $5.00.*

Major Stewart, big game hunter and world rover, has filled this volume with his adventures of the last fifteen years. One follows him hunting bear in Alaska or elephant in Africa, motoring in New Zealand, angling in Scotland, and resting in Florida (just in time for the Miami hurricane); but a tepid and conventional style somehow prevents one from envying his exploits, or wishing to learn if he really got home safely after it was all over.

THE LAND THAT IS DESOLATE. *By Sir Frederick Treves. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1928. $4.00.*

This is a reprint of an account of a tour in Palestine first published in 1912. The date, however, makes little difference, as the author is concerned entirely with the Biblical and the picturesque, and not at all with the modern country.

He makes the conventional tour — Bible in one hand, guide book in the other, and a dragoman at his elbow. He sees the usual temples, tombs, et cetera, and recounts at length the Biblical stories connected with various places. The latter habit has rather a bathetic effect, as he promptly assures us that all the relics that he has so punctiliously viewed are, of course, fakes, shown only from commercial motives.

Unfortunately, he chose the winter season in order to avoid other tourists, so we get a very barren, desolate, and muddy picture of the country.

BENEATH TROPIC SEAS. *By William Beebe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. $3.50.*

William Beebe is one of those rare writers who can successfully combine science and literature — who can transform the discoveries of a scientific expedition into high romance and breathless adventure. He does this in *Beneath Tropic Seas* for the expedition of the New York Zoölogical Society to the Bay of Port-au-Prince, Haiti, for the purpose of studying coral reefs and fishes. The technical results will be written up in a series of scientific papers; this book presents the 'highlights' of the expedition to the general public. It takes the form of essays dealing, not only with submarine life as seen in diving experiments, but with an airplane trip over Haiti, and other interesting features.

Mr. Beebe writes a sensitive, colorful prose. He is keenly alive to the dramatic values of the non-human world of which he tells. Fishes and jellies and other marine folk assume a strange and delightful reality as we view them, with him, through the glass windows of a diving helmet. A giant searchlight, used beneath the surface of the water at night, discloses further wonders of the sea world. Air and land, likewise, contribute to the natural magic of Haiti.

Perhaps the most delightful thing about Mr. Beebe is his fine proselyting fervor: he would make scientists of us all. The cost of diving apparatus being what it is, he says, there is no reason why every reader should not duplicate his experiences. And that we may, he adds several appendices listing the equipment, costs, and results of the expedition, and giving other useful information.

THE MISSION OF GREECE. *Edited by R. W. Livingstone. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1928. $2.50.*

The authentic traveler, as distinct from the casual tourist, often turns from his Baedeker and Blue Book with a sense of distaste and unfulfillment. For facts and statistics and anecdotes are slim diet for a pilgrimage to Greece or to Rome. It is not the monuments themselves but the spirit which produced them, the inner attitude which they express

(*Continued on page 148*)

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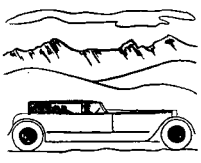

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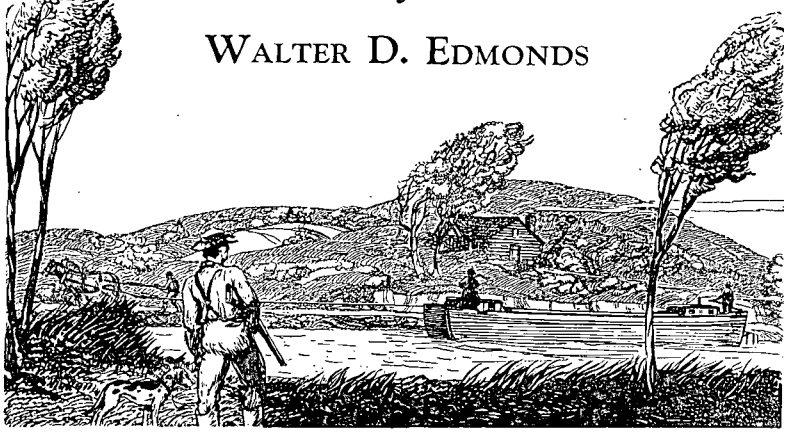
ROME HAUL

by

WALTER D. EDMONDS



What Mark Twain did for life along the *Mississippi,* and Melville did for *Nantucket* whaling in "Moby Dick," this first novel does for the old *Erie Canal* in its heyday.

The book made me curious about the Erie Canal, and eager to undertake a tour on what remains of it. Show boats have been given a new lease of life; the drama of our fathers responds to the Morley pulmotor in Hoboken. Why not make a literary tour of the Erie? We submit the idea, free of royalties, to Clara Laughlin. — HARRY HANSEN in the *New York World*

Mr. Edmonds writes with an engaging simplicity and frankness exactly suited to his theme. "Rome Haul" sets up a broad canvas on which many figures appear for a moment, disappear for a long time, and reappear, some of them only for a moment. But no matter how brief the appearance, while the figure is there it is clear and distinct and real. — JEAN WEST MAURY in the *Boston Evening Transcript*

It seems to me a book of power, beauty and insight. I found it intensely interesting — all the more so because, without saying one single definite word which could be construed into any sort of propaganda, it nevertheless has a bearing upon the present evolution in morals, which is causing many people of the older generation anxiety. — MARGARET DELAND

The author has ploughed into new soil, and has produced some very interesting characters in a life of which we know very little. I was interested from the first page to the last. — EDWARD W. BOK

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and symbolize, which is, first of all, interesting.

The mission of Greece, as it has come down to us, was to educate Rome, and the mission of Mr. Livingstone's excellently balanced and selected digest of late Greek and Roman thought is to furnish the reader with a simple guide to the spirit of the Greco-Roman world. Too often it is assumed that Greek culture came to an end with the loss of Greek freedom. But this is to ignore, not only the fact that every important Roman monument which has come down to us is Greek by inspiration, but also the literature of the three philosophical schools — Epicurean, Cynic, and Stoic — brought about by the fusion of the Greek and Roman geniuses. Finally, it is to pass over entirely such important writers as Philostratus, Marcus Aurelius, Aelius Aristides, Dion Chrysostom, and Lucian.

The question that each school of philosophy asked was, 'How shall a man live?' And the answers furnished by them form a more vivid picture of the past than the ruins of many temples and palaces.

SLAVES OF THE SUN. *By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc. 1928. $3.75.*

If you cannot make a trip to Africa, this book, which breathes the spirit of the Dark Continent, will be a splendid substitute; if you can, it will be excellent preparation.

EGYPT IN SILHOUETTE. *By Trowbridge Hall. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $3.50.*

THE TRANSIT OF EGYPT. *By P. G. Elgood. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1929. $7.50.*

Mr. Hall's nicely illustrated collection of Egyptian travel impressions adds little that is new in the way either of information or of belles-lettres. If, as he thinks, a people is best judged by its contemporary literature, the lengthy final chapter (devoted to translations from contemporary native novelists and poets) indicates a rather discouraging outlook for civilization in Egypt. The translations themselves, however, leave much to be desired both in polish and in choice of material.

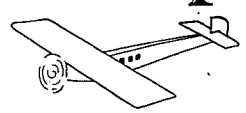
In *The Transit of Egypt*, Colonel Elgood has written a carefully documented survey of Egypt's history to the present day, though his aim appears to be rather to consider that country's relation to the ever present Anglo-Egyptian situation than to evolve an objective view of its history. He says that the problem before Britain is either to make Egypt a steadfast friend and ally or 'to dominate the country.' For the last fifty years Britain has been 'halting between two opinions,' and one judges at the close of the volume that no satisfactory solution has been found. The book is perhaps chiefly interesting as a document which strongly indicates one side of a prevalent British view of the Egyptian question.

DREISER LOOKS AT RUSSIA. *By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $3.00.*

Now, ten years after the commencement of the Soviet experiment, Dreiser visits Russia, travels throughout that vast domain as guest of the Government, and gives to his fellow countrymen a book of impressions, not judgments, which is easily (not forgetting

(*Continued on page 150*)

Europe



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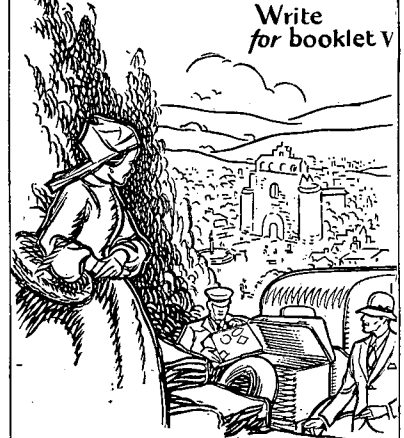

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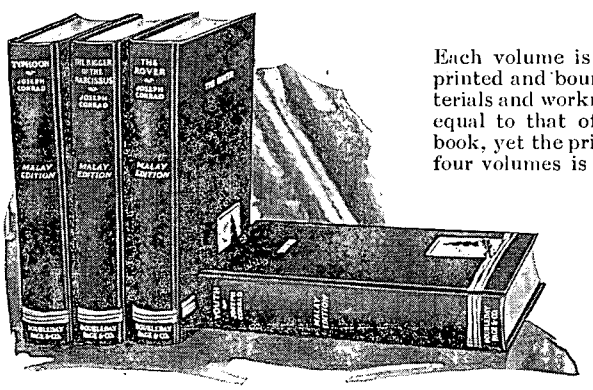

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Mrs. McCormick's *The Hammer and the Scythe*) the finest book of observations on Russia to have been published during the past year. One willingly overlooks the cluttered style, so characteristic of the author of *An American Tragedy*, in order to assimilate the great mass of important observations he so patiently selects out of the confusion that is Russia.

LEISURE AND ITS USE. *By Herbert L. May and Dorothy Petgen. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company. 1928. $2.00.*

The published report of a year's study of the place of leisure in European social and educational systems. Mr. May and Miss Petgen deal at length with phases of recreation in France, Germany, and England, and provide a framework of notes on the use of leisure in Belgium, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Italy. Scarcely a complete or an authoritative treatise, it should help to provide a background for public instructors in physical education and for students of European social problems.

A WAYFARER IN AUSTRIA. *By G. E. R. Gedye. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1929. $3.00.*

Making no pretense of writing an explicit guide book to Austria, Mr. Gedye says enough both 'to pave the way for visits to the places described and to create a desire to visit them,' to quote E. V. Lucas's appreciative comment; and this method of approach often achieves the *summum bonum* for the leisurely wanderer. The book, a trifle larger than pocket size, is illustrated with endpaper maps and clear, well chosen photographic plates. It contains also a more than adequate index, a rare virtue indeed.

TWELVE DAYS. *By V. Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1928. $3.00.*

Twelve days in a mountainous and remote section of Persia; that does not seems a very long stay in which to gather material for a book. Yet Miss Sackville-West has made a very fine little book from the exhilarating hardships of that twelve-day journey. In the company of her husband, Mr. Harold Nicolson; of Mr. Gladwyn Jebb (who has supplied notes on distances and on camping grounds in a brief appendix to the volume); of Mr. Lionel Smith, another Britisher; and of Mr. Copley Amory from the American Legation at Teheran, Miss Sackville-West set out with nothing in the way of a guide book save the published letters of a few travelers who had traversed the same ground almost a century earlier.

Partly by motor and partly on donkey-back or by foot was her pilgrimage through Persian wildernesses performed. At most, the expedition was a little uncertain, what with the unreliable information supplied by naïve native guides and the poor roads and muddy mountain passes. Camping at night in small, cramped tents, these civilized wanderers did not look forward to the five o'clock rising hour. But once the morning repast of thick sour cream and apricot jam had been taken, they felt again the urge of magic names: through Isfahan and Shalamazar they passed to Gandom Kar, to Aaleh Madrasseh, to the ruins of Palmyra, and, surveying at last the rich plains of the Persian oil fields below, they knew that modern civilization had partially preëmpted the glamour of those deserted hills over which Omar had once brooded: —

> They say the lion and the lizard keep
> The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.

On the journey through these hills Miss Sackville-West and her companions met, now and then, groups of the Bakhtiari, one of the great nomad tribes of Persia, driving with them their flocks, their wives, and children: —

'Behind each separate herd — for each herd in its way represented a self-contained little family — came the men, beating the stragglers up with sticks and uttering strange cries which the beasts recognize and obey; then came the women, also beating up the stragglers, young women in bright red and yellow shawls, old women who must have crossed the mountain a hundred times.'

Even of the now-populated oil regions, Miss Sackville-West has melancholy premonitions that again recall the unforgettable words of the philosopher-poet of Persia: —

'It seems not irrelevant to wonder whether in the course of centuries the Anglo-Persian oil fields may not revert to the solitudes of the Bakhtiari hills, while London, Paris, and New York lie with the wild flowers blowing over their stones, and fields of corn bend to the breeze for the bread of the population in some distant capital whose name we do not know.'

Of such prose is her little book of Persian memories compact; in it she reveals herself as a travel writer who, as someone else has already very justly remarked, 'makes literature of her travels.'

JOHN J. TROUNSTINE

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HAPPY MOUNTAIN
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ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY

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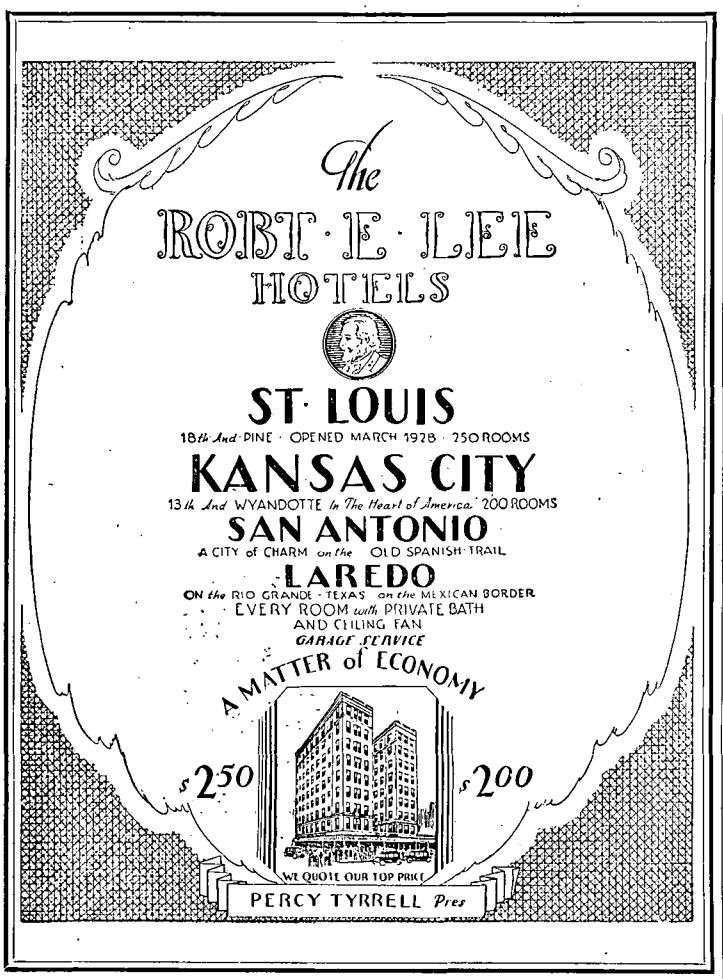

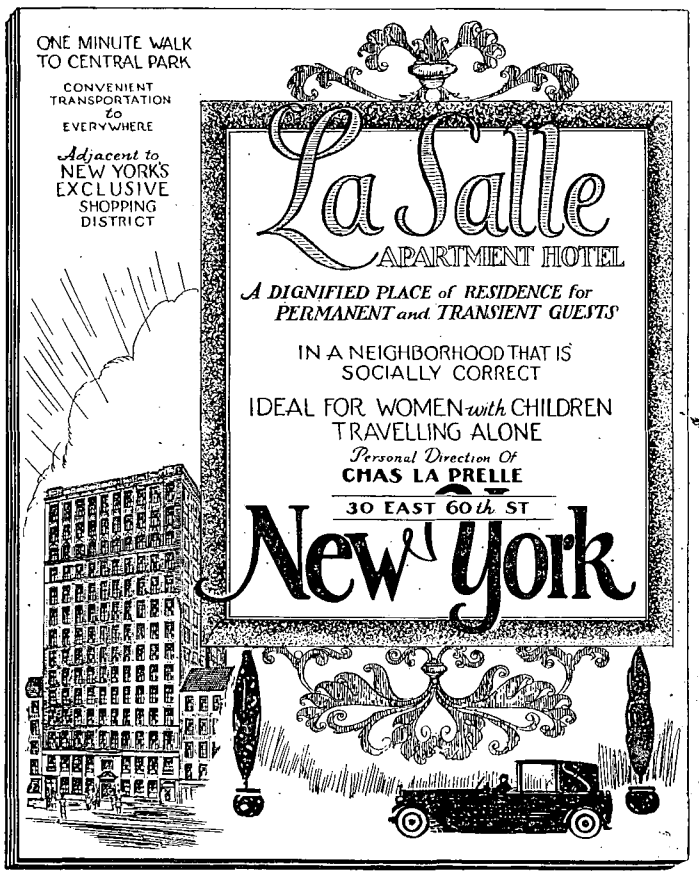

An Aërial Passage to India

(*Continued from page 126*)

ing the enormous importance and value of the development of a complete system of air lines to link together the cities and provinces of our Eastern Empire.

The development is bound to come, and will give a new impulse to the progress of our Indian fellow citizens. With such a system in being, and the air route from England working regularly in both directions, as it soon will be, it will be possible for a busy Londoner in a month's holiday to see India from one end to another as easily and as comfortably and very nearly as cheaply as he can now spend a holiday on a month's cruise in the Mediterranean or in a hotel in the South of France.

The flight to Jodhpur lay across the southern portion of the Indian desert, and as the Hinaidi, the troop-carrying machine to which we had transferred at Karachi, bumped furiously in the heated air, I felt that I was becoming somewhat over specialized in desert flying. I began to think that there could be few of the more arid spaces of the earth's surface that I had not flown over. The sight of Jodhpur from the air made up for it all. As we drew nearer it unveiled itself: a city gay with palaces and lakes, surrounded by old walls and adorned by a magnificent fortress which in turn is crowned by a splendid palace.

Next day we flew northeast to Delhi in four hours, and again learned the supreme advantage of meeting a great city from the air. The plan and conception of the new city could be seen in all its magnificent completeness, and when we landed and looked at the buildings from the ground we were able to view each with a realization of its place in the whole design.

There followed the flight back to Karachi in two moderately long stages, via Quetta and including the stretch from Miram-Shah across Waziristan. After Karachi, which we reached on October 24th, came the sea flight back to Irak along the Makran coast, in whose inhospitable wastes even Alexander lost a great part of his army.

From Bagdad, on the 30th, I went up the Tigris to Mosul and on the way saw Samarra — another walled town with a golden-domed mosque. The outlines of the great city of Eski Bagdad, in the midst of which Samarra stands, can be seen only from the air. It is very remarkable to look down, as though through the soil itself, and follow the outlines of the houses and courtyards, the great avenues, the race course, and the sites of gardens and temples.

We flew from Mosul round some of the frontier country and over the villages inhabited by the devil worshipers. They are not so black as they are painted. We returned over Erbil, the oldest inhabited city of the world, built on what looks like a hill, but which is really the deposit of seven older cities.

Next day I saw King Feisal open Parliament. Then on to Cairo and Abukir, where we joined the *Iris* once more and went in her via Solum to Bengazi, where the clearness of the water actually deceived us into thinking that the harbor was not deep enough to land on. Thence we flew across the open sea to Malta to visit the headquarters of the Royal Air Force in the Mediterranean. We started off for Naples on November 10th in a storm, and learned that Plutarch's dictum, that a pilot cannot mitigate the billows or calm the winds, still holds good. We were compelled to return to Malta to refuel, but then fortunately the weather moderated. Late as it was, we succeeded in making Naples as dark fell.

The remainder of my journey, across France and up the Channel to Calshot, requires no special mention. It had been a wonderful trip — wonderful especially in the promise it held out that one day a civilian service would follow the same route and give many others a chance to see the sights I had enjoyed.

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33

The Guide Post

(Continued from page 82)

TO THOSE of our readers who are fortunate enough to be planning a trip abroad this spring, perhaps our most interesting article this month is Sir Philip Sassoon's account of his recent flight to India and back. Sir Philip wrote this account for the London *Times*, which felt that its readers would like particularly to know whether the trip would be as interesting for tourists as it undoubtedly will be valuable to business men. Sir Philip's articles carry an assurance that a trip by air from England to India is well worth anyone's time and money. It now appears that this trip will be possible for anyone desiring to make it. Imperial Airways, Ltd., has announced that at the end of April it will commence a regular passenger and mail service between London and Karachi, Bombay Presidency. The trip will take seven days and will cover nearly five thousand miles. The route will be a little east of that described in the article, crossing the Alps to Greece rather than skirting Continental Europe and traversing southern France.

What happens in a country subjected to a blockade under the conditions of modern warfare should be of interest to anyone concerned with the prevention of wars. It is the hope of averting the suffering and destruction necessarily associated with war that most prompts workers for peace to persevere in their efforts. And when a member of the French Chamber of Deputies sets out to describe the conditions caused in Germany by the Allied blockade, one may be certain of getting a thoroughly trustworthy and unexaggerated account. M. Guichard set out to tell the readers of the Paris *Correspondant* what happened to the 'man in the street' in the German Empire between 1914 and 1918. His account is so convincing that we present it to our readers also.

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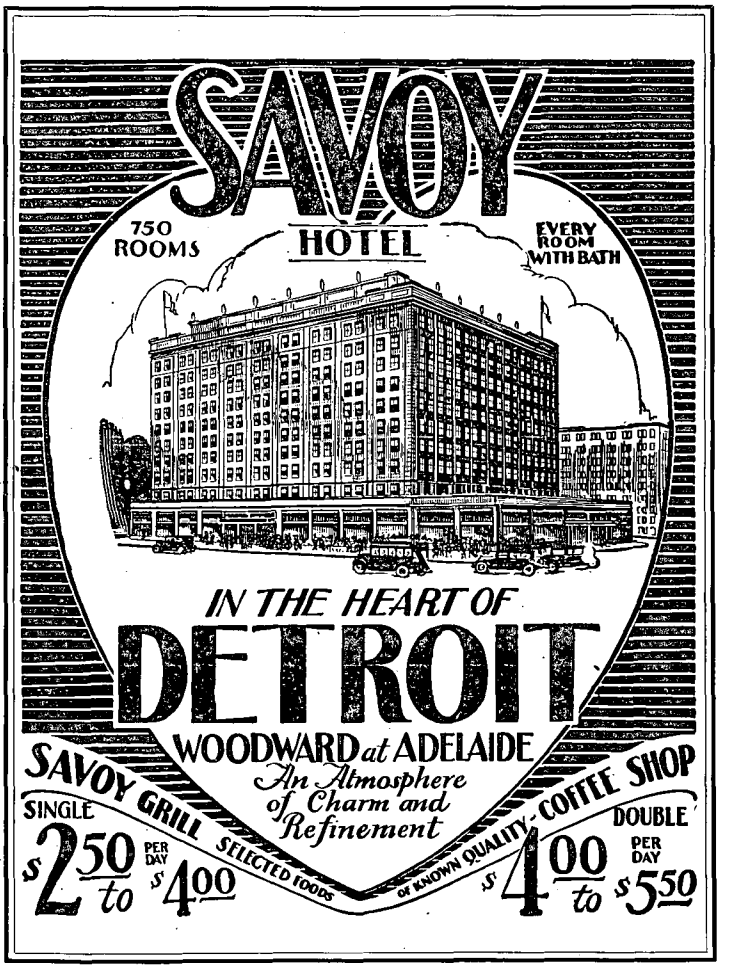

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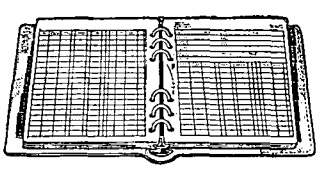

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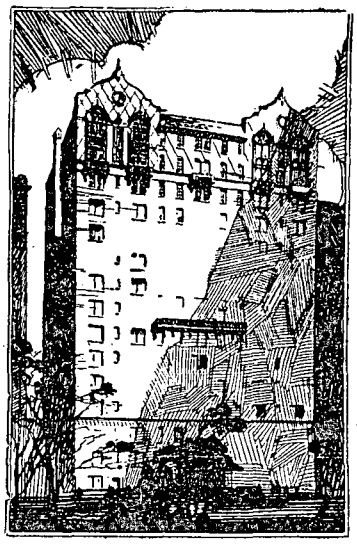

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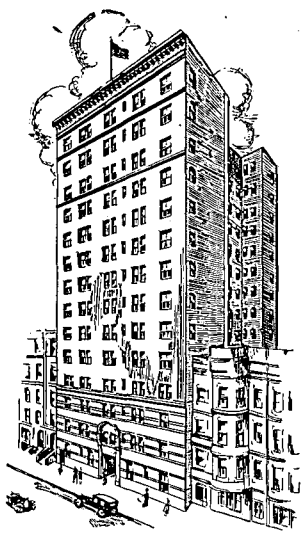

Restaurant direction
Pierre Couset

World Business

(*Continued from page 145*)

ing parts from Detroit, as well as special small engines from the Cork factory, for assemblage. Even with the French protective tariff of forty-five per cent, Ford is expected to be able to compete in price with the famous Citroen.

8. Red Oil Deal

The settlement between the 'ROP,' or Russian Oil Products, and the archenemy of Soviet Russia in the oil world is in the form of a marketing agreement whose commercial features are less important than its international consequences. The settlement removes from its field the strongest British opposition to Russian trade — Sir Henri Deterding and his Anglo-Dutch oil interests. Apparently no compensation for the nationalization of British properties is provided by Moscow, at least directly. The American policy of entering into mercantile relations with Russia, pursued by the Standard Oil Company of New York in the face of British denunciation, is vindicated.

9. Pan-American Trade Marks

Commercial Pan-Americanism has progressed once again, this time in its legal aspects. The calling of a conference on the protection of trade marks throughout the Americas, to be held in Washington and to be sponsored by the Pan-American Union, is of prime importance to the United States. American business has been the greatest sufferer from the piracy of industrial property in Latin America and in the Orient. The present negotiations, an outgrowth of the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana, have aimed at a general convention for uniform trade-mark regulations, and the suppression of unfair commercial practices. A protocol for the establishment of an Inter-American Trade Mark Bureau also has been planned.

10. U. S. Export Trend

A general increase in the foreign trade of the United States is reported for 1928 by the Department of Commerce. The Washington figures for exports, by continents, are: to Europe, $2,347,000,000; North America, $1,322,000,000; South America, $480,000,000; Asia, $653,000,000; Oceania, $180,000,000; Africa, $116,000,000. Similar statistics of imports are: from Europe, $1,248,000,000; North America, $960,000,000; South America, $569,000,000; Asia, $1,168,000,000; Oceania, $53,000,000; Africa, $90,000,000. To summarize, only the Pacific area (Oceania), shows smaller purchases from the United States in 1928 than in 1927; similarly, imports from Asia decreased most decidedly, the drop in rubber alone, a commodity whose prices were demoralized, being held largely responsible for the decline.

11. Shipping Board Exits

The consummation of the sale of the principal steamship lines owned by the United States Government to the Chapman interests points definitely to the end of Shipping Board activities. Though the Senate started its inevitable investigation, the Shipping Board accepted the $16,300,000 offer for the United States Lines, the American Merchant Line, and terminal facilities. An attack on the responsibility of the bidder served to reveal a carefully planned scheme for the operation of the highest type transatlantic tonnage under the American flag. The Chapman group plans to use the eleven ships now acquired, which range in size from the Leviathan to the smaller combination passenger and freight vessels in the London service, as the basis for further maritime expansion. These vessels will be supplemented by new tonnage, we are told, able to compete with the finest being built in Britain, Germany, and France.

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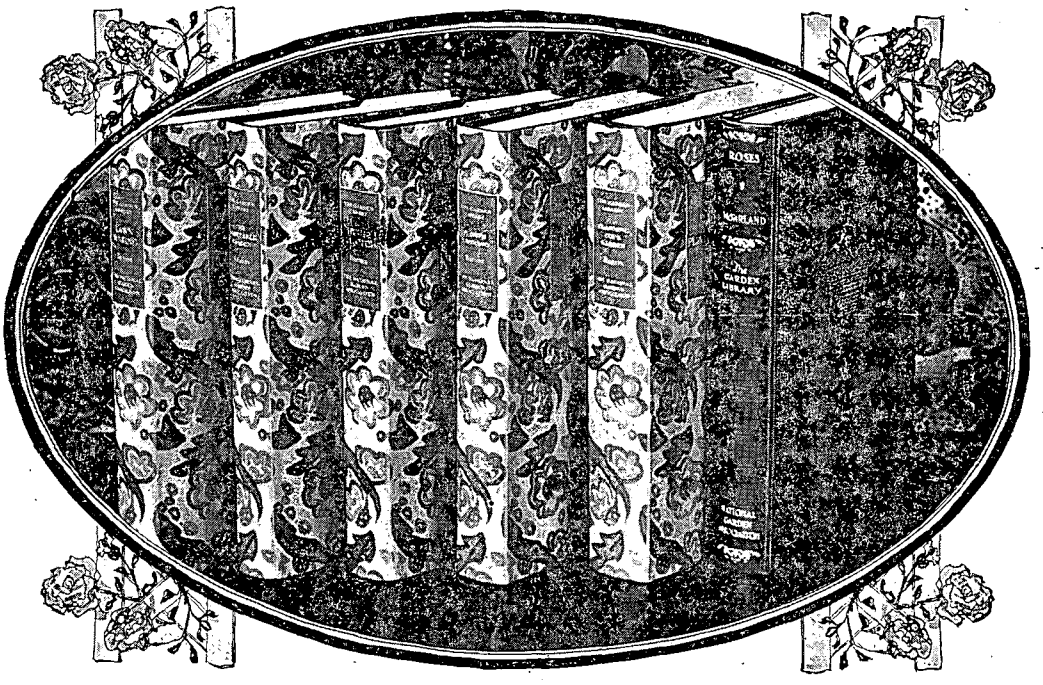

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War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question That Vexes All the World

Kladderadatsch, Berlin

WAR AND PEACE

WAR: 'Take off your mask, cutie! I want to look at your face!'

¶ What is the good of talking about 'peace with our enemies' when our guns are still within their gates? What is the good of making peace with them when English and French armies manœuvre together in battle array over their fields? We outlaw war in a great pact and hardly have the plenipotentiaries left the council chamber than we are negotiating a secret pact with France to perpetuate armaments. The pact is no more, but the evils it has caused remain. America is bristling with suspicion. Italy is frankly alarmed. To disturb Italy was foolish. To antagonize America was madness. — *Earl Beauchamp, leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords.*

¶ It is upon a nation's industry that the chief burden of paying the cost of any war falls, for no nation can pay any more than it produces. Therefore, industrialists have learned that war is unprofitable in the long run, as well as wholly undesirable from every other viewpoint. We are not through paying the economic cost of the Mexican and Civil Wars and are only beginning to pay that of the World War. Through peace alone can be achieved that permanent progress that comes out of aspirations of the human soul. — *John E. Edgerton, President of the National Association of Manufacturers.*

¶ The duty of a soldier is not to make war, but to end war. — *Field Marshal Viscount Allenby.*

¶ If we have another war on a scale commensurate with the last during the next fifty years, there will not be enough of civilization left to make it worth while to pick up the pieces. — *Bishop Francis J. McConnell.*

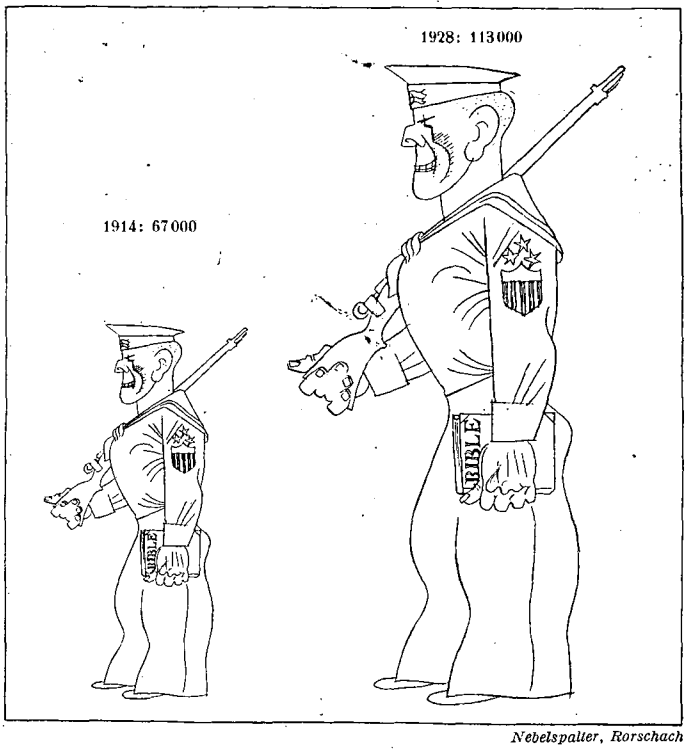
¶ The three great powers to-day are the United States, England, and Germany. A trade alliance between these powers would make a great war impossible. They control the money and the materials of the world. — *Sir Charles Higham, publicity adviser to the London Board of Trade.*

¶ Individual nationalism with a superstructure of world government, like State and Federal government in the United States, is the only guarantee for world peace. There is no doubt that world peace can be achieved, and that we ourselves in this generation can create its safeguards. The United States of America showed us how it can and should be done. You have no fortresses between any of your States. The world needs only to follow the example of this wonderful piece of statecraft to assure world peace. — *Madame Rosika Schwimmer, Hungarian feminist.*

¶ The families of the world are plotting the destruction of their own boys in the next war. . . .

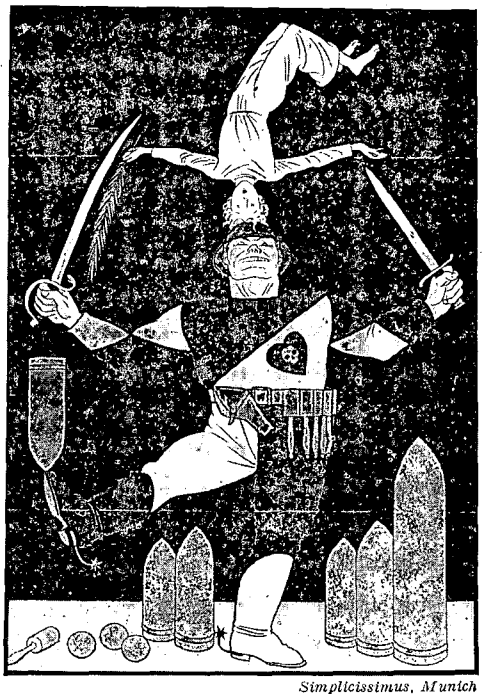
Feed them effective propaganda and at the right psychological moment let the bugles blow and the snare drums rattle and they are off, once again off, off to war. No prayer will stop them, for all the prayers will then be for victory for one side or the other, which means the prayers will be for war, not for peace.

No measure will prevent recurrence of war but a world organized for peace in lieu of a world organized for war. The world must substitute law for war. By law I mean organized and enforced law. I mean a world code of laws with a world court to interpret it and world power to enforce it. I mean the existing or another world court and league or society of nations which shall include the United States. Without the United States, the most powerful military nation in the world to-day, world law and order cannot be organized as a substitute for war. — *Major General John F. O'Ryan.*



Nebelspalter, Rorschach

AMERICAN NAVAL STATISTICS!
PEACE OR WAR?



Simplicissimus, Munich

WAR AND PEACE: THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL JUGGLING ACT

WAR: 'Little Brother, are you still there?'

¶ If there be anything in the world that should be taken in hand with fear and doubting, yea, that ought by all manner of means to be fled, to be withstood with prayer and to be clean avoided, verily it is war; than which nothing is more wicked, or more wretched, or that more farther destroyeth, or that never hand cleaveth sorer to, or doth more hurt, or is more horrible, and briefly to speak, nothing doth worse become a man (I will not say a Christian man) than war. — *Erasmus, 1509, in 'Dulce Bellum Inexpertis.'*

¶ I distrust disarmament because it would conduce to secretiveness and because each nation can raise a sufficient force for attack in a short time. I distrust also an agreement to disarm which would never hold before human passions so easily raised in the hearts of nations. — *Primo de Rivera, Premier of Spain.*

¶ Decay of the efficient will to peace will not be remedied until military notions cease to be inculcated as admirable in our schools and military pageantry to be advertised as the appropriate accompaniment of our public and royal functions and until governments are elected on the clear understanding that the nations are determined to have no more wars on any pretext whatever, and that governments are to order their proceedings, domestic and foreign, on that understanding and not on the theory that it is their duty to maintain their country's power against that of all others. — *Lord Oliver of Ramsden, former Secretary for India.*

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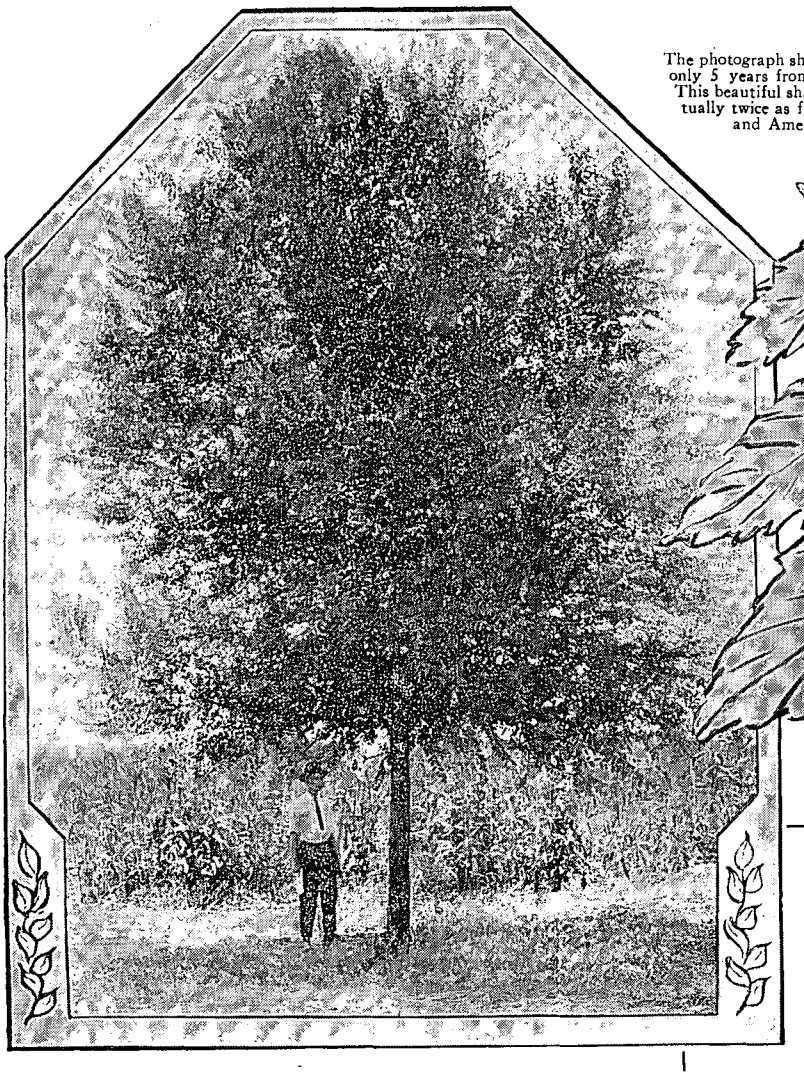

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World Records

(Continued from page 82)

¶ SWIMMING. Arne Borg, of Sweden, over an eight-lap course at Sydney, New South Wales, recently swam a half mile in ten minutes and twenty-seven seconds, a feat claimed to be a world's record. This was the third New South Wales record for Arne in a single week, the others being 220 yards in 2 minutes, 20 seconds; and 400 yards in 5 minutes, 5½ seconds.

¶ PHILANTHROPY. During the past year the Charity Organization Society, of New York City, U. S. A., expended the largest amount in its history ($312,982) out of a total of $1,070,990, in service and relief to families. Of this, the largest percentage (37.7%) went to native-born American families and the smallest percentage (2.6%) to German families, who were found to be the most thrifty and least impoverished of all races. The intermediate percentages were: Italians (20.5%), followed by negroes, Irish, and white Porto Ricans in the order named.

¶ RUNNING. Paavo Nurmi, of Finland, started his second American invasion by establishing three unofficial world's records at the fifteenth annual Brooklyn College track and field meet, held at the Thirteenth Regiment Armory in Brooklyn (U. S. A.). His new standards were set at 3,000 yards, 2,500 metres, and one and five-eighths miles, his time being respectively 7 minutes, 43⅗ seconds; 6 minutes, 58 seconds; and 7 minutes, 23⅗ seconds.

¶ DARNING NEEDLES. The darning needle record, for subcutaneous explorations, is awarded to a sharp-pointed, medium-sized steel implement of this description, which surgeons recently removed from the right shoulder of Mr. Porter L. Smith, sixty-three years old, of Roanoke, Virginia, U. S. A., track foreman for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Family records showed that Master Smith had swallowed the needle when but three years old, and had seemed to relish it, exhibiting a keener appetite for some days thereafter. Since then, for threescore years, the needle had been traveling incessantly in his system. The surgeons said that during this period every known and perhaps some unknown portions of Mr. Smith's anatomy must have been visited by the nomadic needle. A complete and accurate travelogue might give new points to the doctors, it was hinted.

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